★ PHOTOPLAY

combined with Movie Mirror

November

15¢

Judy Garland
By Paul Hesse

U-U 2/47 3V R
MRS C GLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS 46

No other Shampoo

leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits! *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. *Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing . . . due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Learn about Hair-dos

from the girls who know!

HERE'S LOVELY NORMA RICHTER . . . one of New York's top-flight fashion models, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"! On this page she shows you three stunning hair-dos, keyed to the kind of simple clothes smart girls will wear this fall and winter!



TO BRING NEW ENCHANTMENT to your profile . . . this unusual new "up" hair-do, with its lovely sculptured lines. That wonderful polished look of Norma's hair . . . that sleek, lustrous smoothness are due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

FOR HATLESS OCCASIONS, on windy winter days, tie a small silk scarf around your head. Sweep hair up and arrange ends in big puffs, right over forehead. Slip ends of scarf through puffs. But make sure your hair has the lustrous smoothness which only Drene with Hair Conditioning action can reveal!



MULTI-COLORED PLASTIC COMBS add a p touch to the classic simplicity of this sm page-boy and complement the colors of gay sleeveless jacket. Norma says no sh poo except Drene with Hair Conditionin tion leaves her hair so shining, yet so smo

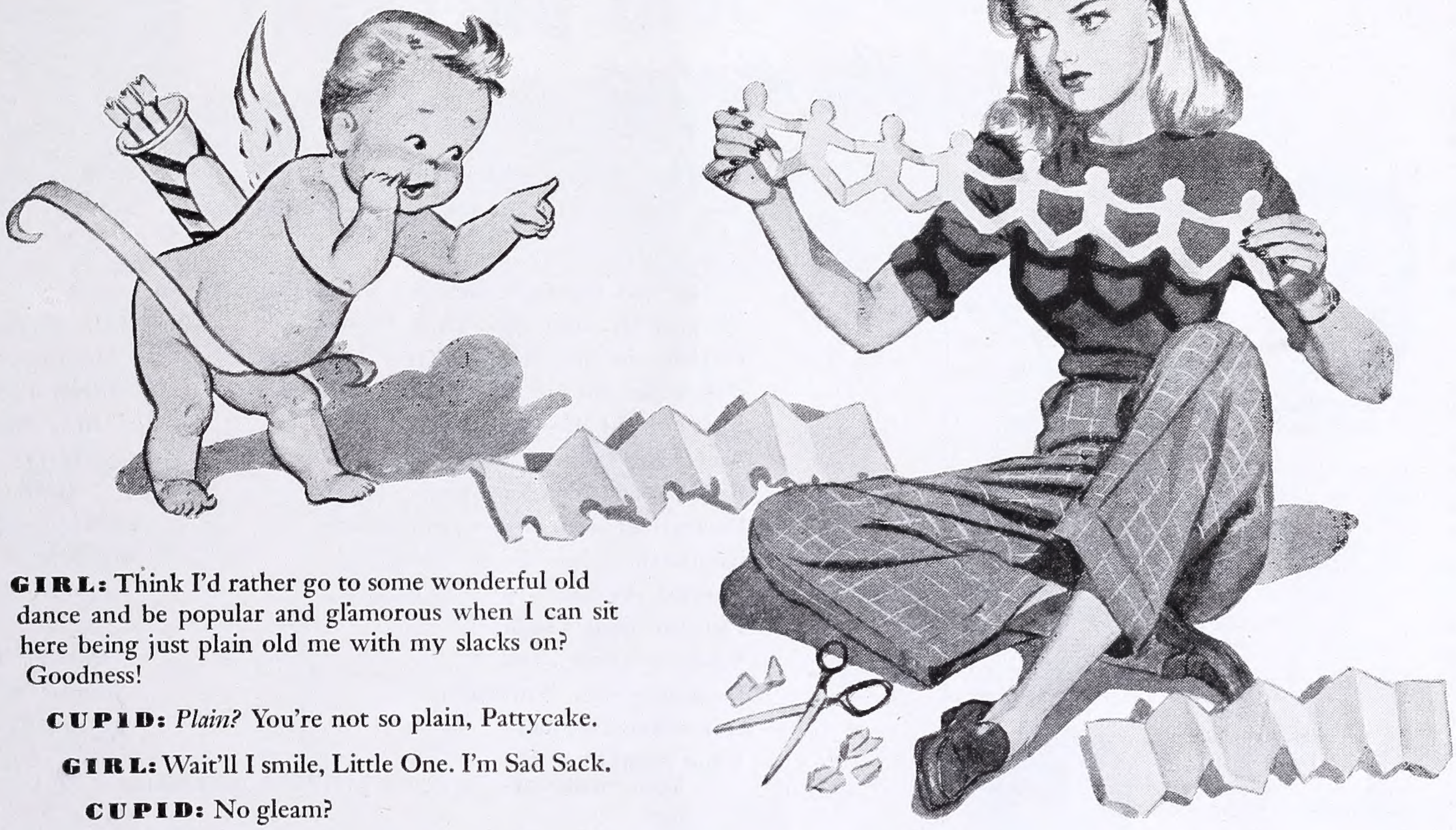
Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

"Rather cut dolls than rugs, Sis?"



GIRL: Think I'd rather go to some wonderful old dance and be popular and glamorous when I can sit here being just plain old me with my slacks on? Goodness!

CUPID: *Plain?* You're not so plain, Pattycake.

GIRL: Wait'll I smile, Little One. I'm Sad Sack.

CUPID: No gleam?

GIRL: No gleam, Little One. No sparkle. I brush my teeth. And brush 'em. But it's no glow. No gleam.



CUPID: And 'pink' on your tooth brush, I'll bet!

GIRL: We-ell . . . only lately . . . I—

CUPID: Stop stuttering, Sis. That 'pink' on your tooth-brush is a warning! It means see your dentist—and fast!

GIRL: Dent— But I haven't got a toothache. I—

CUPID: Quiet, Powderpuff! Dentists aren't just for toothaches. Visit yours tomorrow. He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: Sure. Sure, sure, sure. But *what's that got to do with my smile?*

CUPID: This, my mentally under-privileged friend: Ipana not only cleans teeth. With massage, Ipana helps your gums. Massaging a little extra on when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth. A smile that'll have you cutting more rugs and fewer paper dolls. Get started tomorrow, Baby!

Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty— IPANA AND MASSAGE

PMM 1

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Sometimes we get to thinking about titles like "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes". Why do authors choose 'em?

★ ★ ★ ★

Take a recent M-G-M picture—"The Clock", for example. That was about a soldier on a 48-hour pass. So the title was quite logical.

★ ★ ★ ★



EDWARD G. ROBINSON

Now try to figure out "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" and what does that tell you? Well, *plenty* if you've seen the picture, and love it as much as we do.

★ ★ ★ ★

G. V. Martin, author of the best-selling novel, took his title from "The Song of Solomon": "*Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes*". We guess the author meant it to say: when you've helped a wonderful thing to grow, you've got to watch over it.

★ ★ ★ ★

That's why it's a great title—and a great picture! It reaches straight down to your heart—without pretense or sham.

★ ★ ★ ★



MARGARET O'BRIEN

And it's brought touchingly to life by the finest performers it has ever been our pleasure to watch: delightful, wistful little Margaret O'Brien; granite-faced, golden-hearted Edward G. Robinson, hardboiled and hilarious little "Butch" Jenkins. What wonderful contrast of character.

★ ★ ★ ★

Like a promising young vine herself, Margaret O'Brien grew beautifully past "Meet Me In St. Louis" and "Music For Millions". Now, in "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" she matches her brilliant talent with the rough, earthy greatness of Edward G. Robinson.



"BUTCH" JENKINS

★ ★ ★ ★

Yes, a truly fine wine has come from these grapes: a taste of romance with James Craig and Frances Gifford—flavor from Morris Carnovsky and Agnes Moorehead—and a bit of tang from "Butch" Jenkins—the belligerent brat you loved in "National Velvet"

★ ★ ★ ★

A great vintage, with screen play by Dalton Trumbo, direction by Roy Rowland, production by Robert Sisk.

★ ★ ★ ★

This fine motion picture had its World Premiere at Radio City Music Hall.

★ ★ ★ ★

We urge you to see it as soon as you can.

—*Leo*



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOER

PRESENTS FOR NOVEMBER

Story Highlights

Here Is a Sailor!—Victor Mature — *Fred R. Sammis* — 2

The Miracle of Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Shelton — *Louella O. Parsons* — 2

Judy— — *Adela Rogers St. Johns* — 3
The girl who became "the world's best-dressed woman"

They're Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell — *Ruth Waterbury* — 3

British—on the Beam—Peter Lawford — *Maxine Arnold* — 3

Bohemian Buccaneer—Hurd Hatfield — *Eleanor Harris* — 4

They Might Have Been— — *Elsa Maxwell* — 4

American from Vienna—Helmut Dantine — *Jerry Asher* — 4

Redheaded Woman—Greer Garson — *Herb Howe* — 4

Portrait of a Realist—Tom Drake — *Joseph Henry Steele* — 4

Romantic Lug—Dane Clark — *Danton Walker* — 5

Because You're Brave Enough . . . — *Loretta Young* — 5

Put out That Torch! — 5

Where's Gene Kelly? — *Harriet Eaton* — 5

Deanna—with Variations — *Sidney Skolsky* — 5

Horseshoe Haymes — *Ann Madison* — 6

What Should I Do? — 6
Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Portraits in Color

June Allyson and Dick Powell 35

Peter Lawford 37

Hurd Hatfield 40

Helmut Dantine 44

Greer Garson 46

Special Features

Beauty Workshop 150

Brief Reviews 143

Casts of Current Pictures 148

Inside Stuff 4

Man on an Island 66

One Girl's Courage 22

Pennies for Peace! 80

Photoplay Fashions 73

The Shadow Stage 24

Cover: Judy Garland, appearing in "The Harvey Girls"
Miss Garland's costume designed by Irene, Executive Designer of M-G-M
Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director
Elaine Osterman, Hollywood Manager
Edmund Davenport, Art Director
Hymie Fink, Photographer
Helen Gilmore, Editor
Adele Whitely Fletcher, Associate Editor
Sara Hamilton, Associate Editor
Ruth Waterbury, Contributing Editor

NOVEMBER, 1945 — **VOL. 27, NO.**

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Dunellen, N. J. ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO: 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. (Executive, advertising and editorial offices): O. J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise, Senior Vice President; S. O. Shapiro, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Carroll Rheinstrom, Executive Vice President: Walter Hanlon, Advertising Manager, Chicago Office: 221 North LaSalle St. E. F. Lethen, Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast office: San Francisco, 420 Market St., Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 21, 1931, at the post office in Dunellen, New Jersey, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Subscription rates: U. S. and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland 2 years $3.60; 3 years, $5.40. Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, 2 years $5.60; 3 years $8.40. All other countries, 2 years $7.60; 3 years $11.40. Price per copy, 15c in the United States and Canada. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

Copyright 1945, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Copyright also in Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office.

Member of Macfadden Women's Group.

The contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission.

Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.

THREE GREAT PERFORMANCES IN M-G-M's THRILLING TRUE-TO-LIFE DRAMA!



● The screen's tough guy in an absorbing new role!

● Never greater! She wins your laughter and tears!

● The hard-boiled hilarious brat, "Butch" himself!

EDWARD G. ROBINSON · MARGARET O'BRIEN



Our Vines Have Tender Grapes

with

JAMES CRAIG · FRANCES GIFFORD
AGNES MOOREHEAD · MORRIS CARNOVSKY

and JACKIE **"BUTCH"** JENKINS

Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo • Based on the Book, "For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," by George Victor Martin • Directed by ROY ROWLAND
Produced by ROBERT SISK • *A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE*

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Strictly okay: Beauteous Kay Williams gave the party with such gay guests as John Dall, Keenan Wynn and British-born Peter Lawford

Cal Goes Partying: The girl with the bluest eyes in Hollywood, pretty Kay Williams, gave the most sumptuous party—just before her surprise elopement with Adolph Spreckels Jr. And because John Dall seems the man of the hour in Hollywood, Cal took him along.

Walter Pidgeon and Errol Flynn were in the bright array. Peter Lawford, the Englishman with the grin, suddenly attached himself to our little group. So did the Keenan Wynns, Mervyn LeRoy and Sonja Henie, decked out in more diamonds than there are in South Africa. Keenan got funnier as the evening wore on and Mary Livingstone's sense of fun and way of saying things that's typical of her on the radio, delighted all hands.

Altogether it was a highly successful evening.

Gala Goings-on: The Charles Feldmans gave a wonderful party for Marlene Dietrich. They borrowed Joe Schenck's house for it. Cal roamed around lost in a sea of familiar Hollywood faces—some two hundred of them. Everybody liked the way Charles Feldman introduced Marlene as the German girl who had done so much for America and Americans.

For the first time in many a moon, not only did the men wear their tuxedoes to the last man, but the gals left their dinner dresses home and burst forth in full (or maybe you'd say scanty) evening attire.

Lana Turner was bemoaning the fact that only a few nights before she had lost a gorgeous hunk of diamond pin worth twelve thousand dollars. And up to the night of the party all the detectives on the case hadn't been able to find it. Which reminds us to tip you off on something that may mean nothing. We're talking about the date that Lana had with John Dall, new Warner rave from "The Corn Is Green." They went to Mocambo on a party with another couple—and boy, did the eyebrows go up to there! Besides, we happen to know that Dall has been doing a lot of swimming up at Lana's pool. Maybe he only went for the water. Anyway, John is back east now.

Half the stars at the party wore their hair piled up to various heights (and the few who wore top-knots looked like baby-frighteners). Many more wore their hair down and soft. Clark Gable went to the soiree stag—and had a wonderful time—even though his current "best girl," Anita Colby, was there with somebody else. (Editor's note: If you'd like to know what the stars wore at this party, turn to "Cinemodes" on page 78 of Photoplay Fashions.)

A few days later Cal ran into Marlene in the market and was struck by the haunted weariness in her eyes. She appeared to see or look directly at no one. In fact there was a pathetic vagueness about her as she looked over the fruit stalls. That year and a half with our boys over there seems to have left the former beauty weary and worn and indifferent to her looks or the world about her. We heard Eve Wynn, Keenan's wife, say to the clerk, "Marlene would like a pear to eat." We watched Marlene dive into it and realized that fresh fruit must seem heaven after a long siege of restricted diet abroad, Marlene plans to return to France and Jean Gabin as soon as she is able.

Neighbors: It's nice meeting contentment these days—and at the butcher stall of all places, it is most unusual! But Cal and his neighbor Alexis Smith meet there often by chance (*Continued on page* 6)



Based on the Novel of Suspense And Mystery by Chris Massie

Jennifer Jones

Joseph Cotten

In Hal Wallis' Production

"Love Letters"

with

ANN RICHARDS and Cecil Kellaway

Gladys Cooper · Anita Louise · Robert Sully

Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE · A Paramount Picture



***JUNE LANG,** charming screen actress, smiles her approval of Princess Pat Rouge.*

Into Your Cheeks there comes a new, mysterious Glow!

Into cheeks touched with Princess Pat Rouge, there comes color that is vibrant, glowing, yet sincerely real—natural.

Just contrast Princess Pat with ordinary rouges of flat "painty" effect. Then, truly, Princess Pat Rouge amazes—gives beauty so thrilling—color so real—it actually seems to come from within the skin.

The 'life secret' of all color is glow

The fire of rubies, the lovely tints of flowers—all depend on *glow*. So does your own color. But where ordinary one-tone rouge *blots out* glow, Princess Pat—the duo-tone rouge—*imparts* it.

But remember, only Princess Pat Rouge is made by the secret duo-tone process—(an undertone and overtone).

So get Princess Pat Rouge today and discover how gloriously lovely you *can be*.

The right way to Rouge



Rouge before powder; this makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smile into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area which forms a > pointing toward the nose. That's Nature's rouge area. (2) Blend rouge outward in all directions, using fingers. This prevents edges. (3) Apply Princess Pat face powder over it—blending smoothly.

And lips to match!

You'll love the smoothness of the new Princess Pat "Color-Stay" Lipstick. One application stays, Stays, STAYS! And the shades are just heavenly. Complete your make-up with the new Princess Pat light-as-air Face Powder.

Wherever good cosmetics are sold Princess Pat Duotone Rouge, Lipstick and Face Powder are on display. Discover today your own Princess Pat color harmony shades.

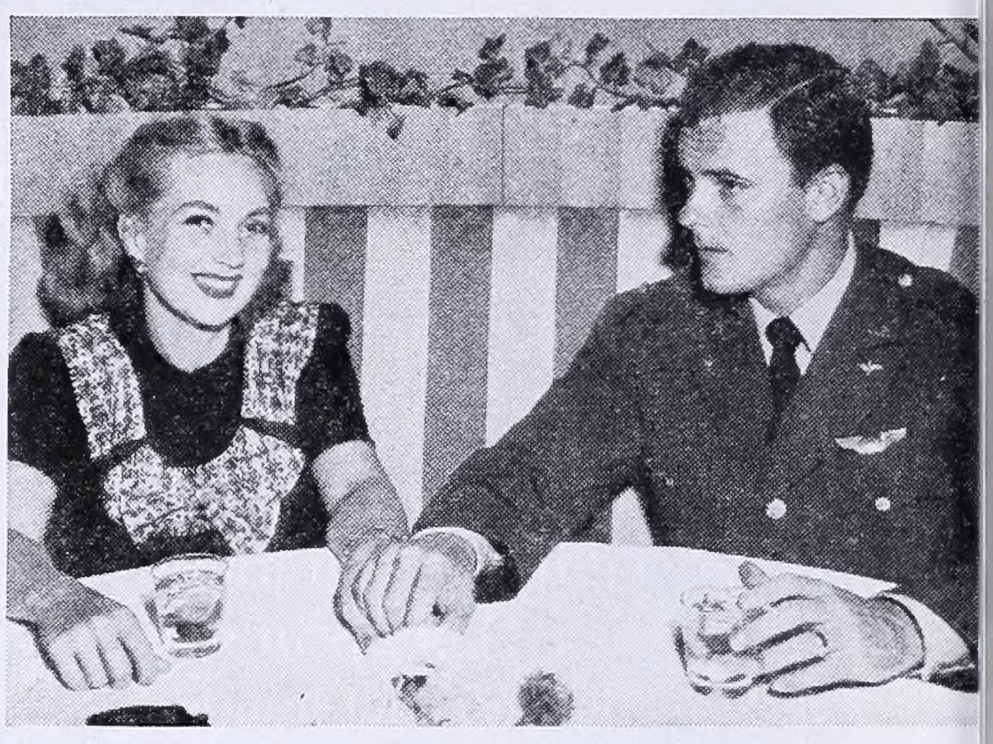
Princess Pat

P M M

INSIDE STUFF



Party-noted: Captain Ro ald Reagan and his wife Jan Wyman pause for a drin at the "Blackout" part



Reunion at La Rue: Army Air Force Lieutenant Robert Sterling and his cute wife Ann Sothern dine out

(*Continued from page* 4) and each time Alexis radiates the happiness she has found in her marriage to Craig Stevens. The handsome Craig is just as happy, we note. "He was hard to land," Alexis kids, "and I'm hanging on to him." Craig beams. The two live in a simple apartment on Olympic Boulevard in Beverly Hills and manage to combine careers, housekeeping and marriage very well.

Noted: You can add Jennifer Jones and Joan Fontaine to the list of gals who are taking French lessons—everybody's doing it! Joan says that marriage is far from her mind—to anyone.

Her ex, Brian Aherne, has been seeing Garbo a bit, but is really making goo-goo eyes at Eleanor le Brot, sister of the well-known stage producer, Alfred de Liagre . . . Anne Baxter, on location at Kanab, Utah, for "Smoky," has conquered her fear of horses and can't get enough of riding now. At fourteen she won prizes for horseback riding in contests but later was thrown twice and hasn't been on a nag in years . . . All of little Mary Anderson's pin-up pictures (for overseas consumption) are taken in a tiny old-fashioned black corset which originally belonged to her grandma in Birmingham, Alabama. Phil Harris's nickname for Alice Faye is "Peaches"—and what's more he says she really can put up peach preserves . . . Alan Curtis and Ilona Massey, divorced a long time, have been dating so much lately, that a lot of people thir they'll re-marry one of these days . Ann Miller has a new steady fellow Harry Karl, a big shoe manufacture bless my sole . . . Navy Capt. Ge Markey and Myrna Loy, lunching Romanoffs, have achieved that dign fied happiness that surpasses the co ing-in-public kind Hollywood is giv to. In a plain brown dress and flat hee Myrna was still different looking.

Marital Shake-ups: Lieut. Hen Fonda got back to Hollywood just time to celebrate the glorious V-J D news. Fonda was en route to Was ington for further orders but no dou will be discharged from the service the time you read this. And don't surprised if Hank and his wife Franc say "adieu" to their marriage as so as he is mustered out. Ditto Son Henie and Dan Topping.

The Zachary Scotts keep denyi there is trouble at their menage—b there has been too much "smoke" abo these two for there not to be any fi somewhere in the background. An way, Zachary has been going to awful lot of parties by his lonesom And everybody knows that his M just loves to go to parties. That's ju one of the things that has started t gossips to gabbing about them.

Martha O'Driscoll, after trying a trying to divorce her Navy spouse, h finally given up—for the time being, least. She got (*Continued on page*

THE KIND OF WOMAN

MOST MEN WANT –

but shouldn't have!



She knew there was
trouble coming... trouble
she made for herself!



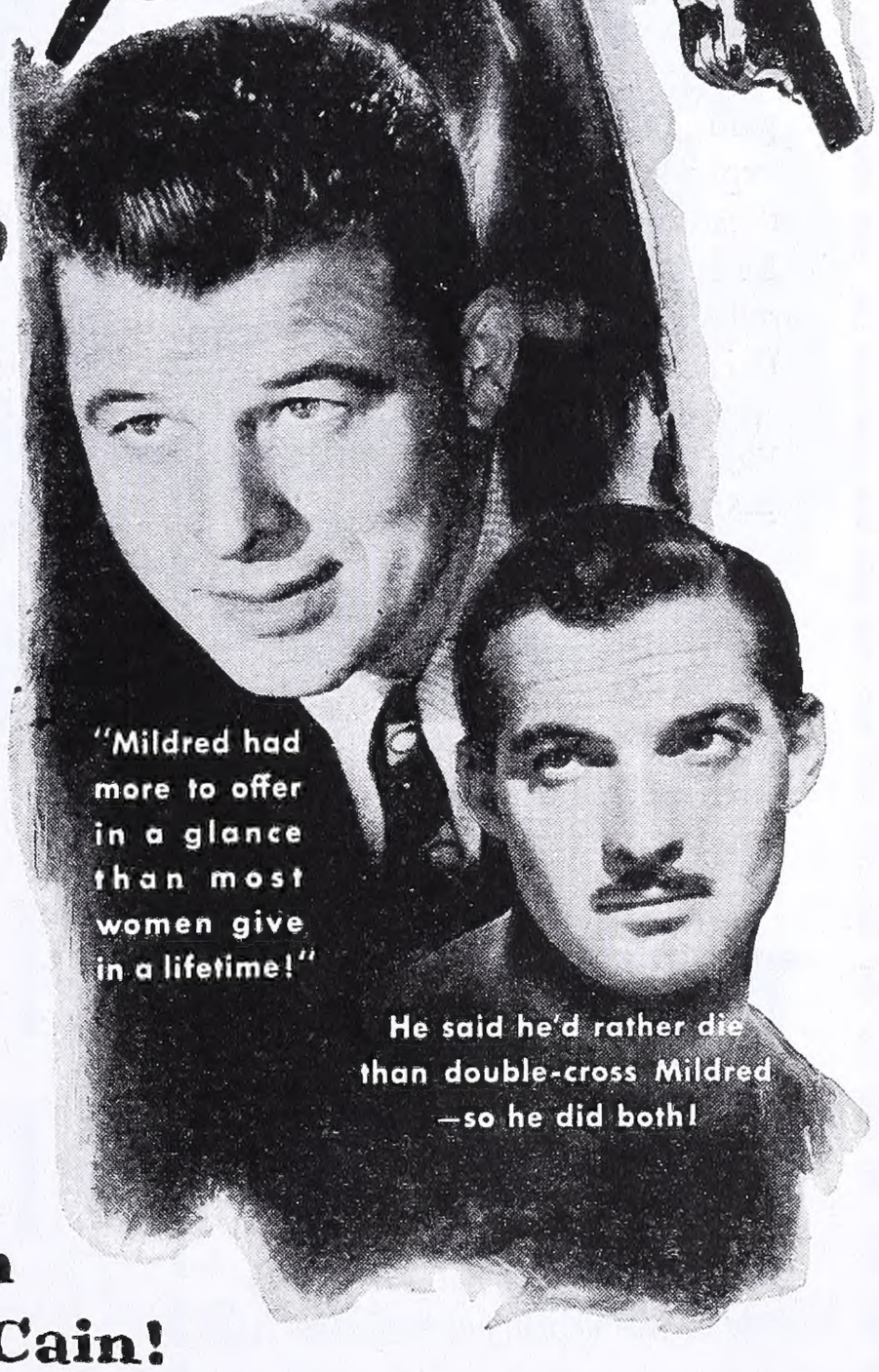
Mildred Pierce

STARRING

JOAN CRAWFORD

JACK CARSON

ZACHARY SCOTT



WARNERS' daringly bring to the screen the daring novel by James M. Cain!

with
EVE ARDEN • ANN BLYTH • BRUCE BENNETT • DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ • PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Ranald MacDougall • Based on the Novel by James M. Cain • Music by Max Steiner

"Don't tell me how you feel-- I know!"



Taking pity on yourself "these days"? Sitting it out just because menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues" are making you feel slightly lower than sea level?

You don't have to take stop-and-go signals from menstrual pain. Instead, take Midol and experience the quick comfort these tablets can bring you. Midol is offered *specifically* to relieve functional periodic pain. It is free from opiates, and its speedy action is three-fold: *Eases Cramps—Soothes Headache—Stimulates mildly when you're "Blue".*

So don't let up just because Nature lets you down. Perk up—take Midol with complete confidence and enjoy real comfort! Get Midol today at any drugstore.

MIDOL

used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

INSIDE STUFF



Gay point: Pev Marley and his wife Linda Darnell dress up and dine out at the Beverly Hills Hotel

(*Continued from page* 6) another turndown from a Los Angeles judge so there's just nothing she can do about shedding the ties that bind until her husband is a civilian again.

Town Talk: Hollywood's steadiest threesome has broken up. Cal means the combination of the Keenan Wynns and Van Johnson, of course. Peter Lawford seems to have replaced Van in all their night club outings—in fact everywhere they go. We don't mean to imply any "triangle"—but the Wynns don't ever seem to want to be alone.

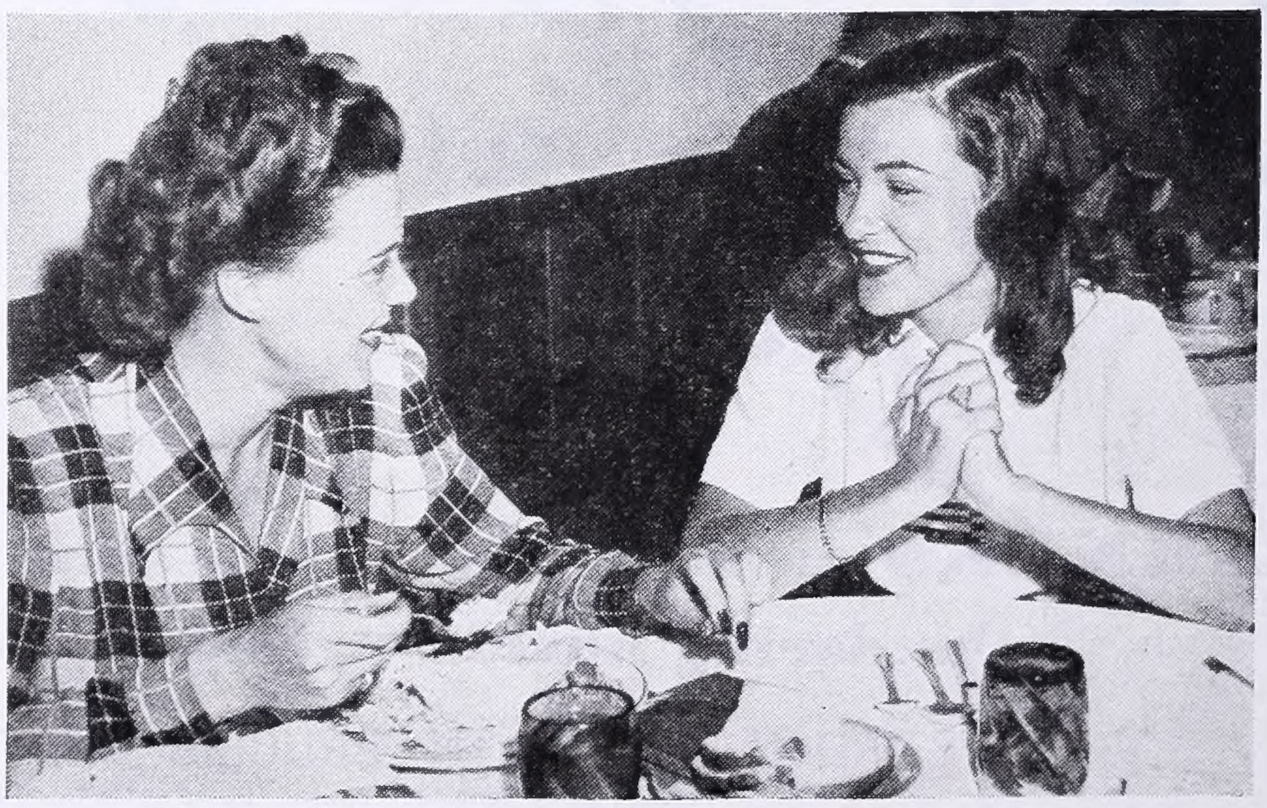
People certainly stared at Mocambo one night to see the Wynns at one table and Van Johnson at another—they couldn't believe their eyes! Besides which, the "two tables" hardly exchanged glances. Some think the studio broke up the three-way friendship because Van was taking too much advice from Evie Wynn on matters professional and other things. One bit of advice he did take from her was to switch agents—but her influence didn't end there and studio bosses may have resented the whole thing out loud.

Van is still beauing Jaqueline Dalya about—but not too steadily. Still on the old stag routine for the most part.

Incidental: June Allyson who just loves Hollywood and everything about it, was talking with a soldier, just back from the Pacific, during the wild celebration at the Hollywood Canteen V-J night. Later she drove him out to Beverly, where the moon outlined the lovely hills—and shone on the beautiful houses and estates of filmdom's upper-crust. "This is wonderful," said the former flier, "Never saw anything like it. It just takes my breath away. These beautiful houses nestling among the palm trees. What a *target!*"

Bing's Brush: Well, der Bingle has finally given in. Yessir—he's fought against it for years—nine years—but, by golly, in "Blue Skies" Bing Crosby will bust out with a full-grown moustache. In fact, he and Bob Hope sort of made a pact a long time ago that nobody could get either one of them to set foot in front of a camera with hair on their (*Continued on page* 10)

Fun between femmes—Joan Harrison, producer of "Uncle Harry," with star of picture Ella Raines at the Universal commissary



The Night you will Never Forget...

Heaven was in her Eyes...
And her Lips were Paradise



Night in Paradise

in TECHNICOLOR

The screen's glorious new love-match!

Starring **MERLE OBERON**
TURHAN BEY

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE with

THOMAS GOMEZ · GALE SONDERGAARD · RAY COLLINS · ERNEST TRUEX · GEORGE DOLENZ · JEROME COWAN

Directed by ARTHUR LUBIN · Produced by WALTER WANGER · Associate Producer: Alexander Golitzen

From the Novel "Peacock's Feather" by George S. Hellman · Screenplay: Ernest Pascal · Adaptation: Emmet Lavery

UNIVERSAL

P
M
M



"Before, I was SELF-CONSCIOUS,

on the 'plump' side. My hair-do was wrong. My 'Photo-Revise' (center) showed me how I *should* look," says Mona Desmond, Santa Monica, Cal.



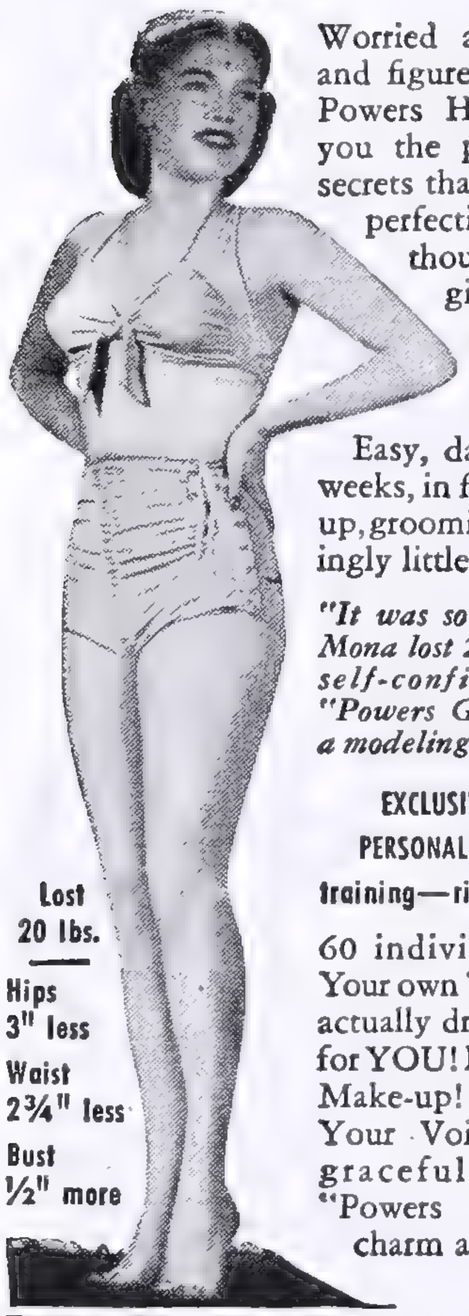


"NOW I'm SELF-CONFIDENT,

proud of my sleek figure, my new, smooth hair-styling. The Powers Home Course really does deliver all it promises."

"Powers Girl" Creator Offers YOU, too, new charm, loveliness

A "MODEL" FIGURE



Lost 20 lbs.

Hips 3" less

Waist 2¾" less

Bust ½" more

Worried about your beauty and figure problems? Let the Powers Home Course teach you the personalized beauty secrets that have given figure-perfection and loveliness to thousands of "average" girls . . . made them "Powers Girls", the world's most envied women!

Easy, daily "lessons" for 7 weeks, in figure control, make-up, grooming. The cost? Amazingly little!

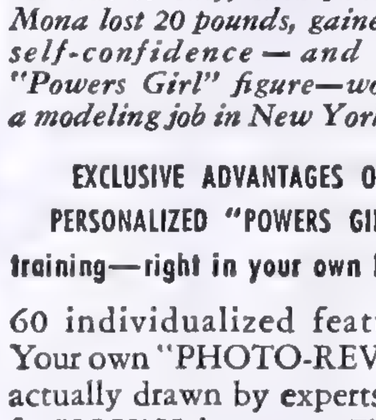
"It was so easy, such fun!" Mona lost 20 pounds, gained self-confidence — and a "Powers Girl" figure—won a modeling job in New York.

EXCLUSIVE ADVANTAGES OF PERSONALIZED "POWERS GIRL" training—right in your own home!

60 individualized features! Your own "PHOTO-REVISE" actually drawn by experts just for YOU! Help on your Figure! Make-up! Grooming! Styling! Your Voice! How to walk gracefully! The famous "Powers Girl" formula for charm and magnetism!

Clip the Coupon NOW! **Send for**

Write John Robert Powers today for *free* confidential questionnaire, illustrated booklet "The Powers Way", and details of Powers training.



Booklet

John Robert Powers Home Course
247 Park Ave., Suite L365, New York 17, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course.

Name_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Street_____

City & Zone_____ State_____

Occupation_____ Age_____

INSIDE STUFF



Three cheers from Dana Andrews in an off-guard moment, hereby nominated for the candid-of-the-month shot

(*Continued from page* 8) lips—and they've stuck to it. But what could Bing do? Hope was overseas in Europe entertaining the boys—and they just worked on Bing's resistance till he gave in. One way they got him to give in (after he swore up and down he just couldn't kiss Joan Caulfield with a tickler on his lip) was to get an artist to sketch a moustache on a picture of Bing to show him how well he'd look—and he liked it so much he went for the whole thing. Result—he may even keep it after the picture is finished. Bing, you'll remember, was male winner of the Photoplay Gold Medal Award in the poll conducted by Dr. Gallup of Audience Research Inc., for Photoplay—the only magazine poll of its kind.

Back-fence News: Greer Garson has wild strawberries growing along the bank of a tiny stream behind her home in Bel-Air. And Laraine Day has a narrow stream that flows through her property and this little strip of water is what makes her swimming pool. Laraine received dozens of complaints from fashion editors and fashion-minded fans because she wore high-heeled shoes with a playsuit in some ads for "Those Endearing Young Charms." Now, Laraine knows better than that. Fact is, some character in the publicity department of the studio thought it would be more glamorous for her to be in high-heeled shoes, so he painted heels onto her play shoes!

Hilarity: Dennis O'Keefe got the tops in hilarious chain letters and has been sending copies to all his friends. It says, "This chain letter does not cost you money. Simply send a copy to five male friends, then bundle up your wife and send her to the person whose name is at the top of the list on this page. When your name comes to the top, you'll get 1,958,475 beautiful girls. Don't break the chain! One man did—and got his own wife back!"

Ingrid Bergman was a sensation with the GIs on her overseas tour with Jack Benny. Especially when the two of them did a burlesque of "Casablanca" together with Jack being a sissy Bogie—and Ingrid knocking him down a couple of times. The soldiers had all seen the picture and they ate up their comedy version of it.

Bulletins: Happiest couple in town at the moment—the Ray Millands. Boy! what a torch he toted—but everything is wonderful now. Buff Cobb Bautzer, supposed to be "engaged" to Vic Mature, has been beating Florence Pritchett's time with Bob Walker. They've had a lot of dates . . . Jon Hall, very ill in a hospital at Fort Ord, expected to be out with a medical discharge any minute . . . Eleanor Parker and Joe Kirkwood, the golfer, are about to say their "I do's"—at least Cal will bet they are . . . Louise Allbritton is a chain coffee-drinker—the percolator in her dressing room at the studio is always busy. She went out with Eddie Albert a few times—but that was before Margo, his old love, hit Hollywood. Now Eddie and Margo have announced their engagement and will no doubt marry any minute for they said they would "when the war is over"—and it's over.

Concerning Dantine: Helmut Dantine stood on the stage of a Detroit theater, selling his continental charm and sending his fans into screams of joy. But behind that personal appearance was something the public out front was unaware of and only a few people in Hollywood knew. Helmut's notice that he had been placed on the twelve-week layoff all contract actors are given each year by their studio, had arrived when he was least ready for it. Spurred on by the recent (*Continued on page* 12)



IT'S THE PROMISE OF A RARE GOOD TIME!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

FRED MacMURRAY

in

Pardon My Past

with MARGUERITE CHAPMAN

AKIM TAMIROFF · WILLIAM DEMAREST · RITA JOHNSON

Harry Davenport · Douglass Dumbrille

Produced and Directed by
LESLIE FENTON

Original story by Patterson McNutt and Harlan Ware
Screenplay by Earl Felton and Karl Kamb

A MUTUAL Production

COLUMBIA PICTURES



INSIDE STUFF

Comic cue: Gracie Allen waits her turn to take over the telephone from George Burns



(*Continued from page* 10) magazine and newspaper accounts of affairs in Vienna, he had started negotiations when the war was almost over to bring his parents out of the Austrian city to America. The twelve weeks without salary left him with insufficient funds for the involved negotiations and transportation of his parents here. Begging his studio to permit him to work that twelve weeks, he was granted permission and immediately accepted the Detroit offer.

So Helmut's smiles and bows from the stage accompanied by the squeals of fans are all a part of a man's burning desire to help his folk across the sea. More power to him, Cal says.

In the romance division—all is so serene with Ida Lupino and Helmut now that Freddie de Cordova, who started madly to rush Ida, is back rushing the femme field again.

Good News: Dick Quine, handsome husband of little Susan Peters, reached out a hand for the same ear of corn as Cal. We looked up, grinned and shook hands while somebody else walked off with the corn. Of course we talked of Susan, but we didn't need Dick's words to tell us of her rapid improvement. From the drawn haggard misery of his face those months after her tragic shooting accident, Dick has gradually relaxed into hopeful happiness. His Susie is alive and getting well. May even walk again one day.

"If only we could find a small house somewhere," he told Cal, "we'd ask for nothing more. It's difficult for Susan to get out in the air in a crowded apartment building with so little garden around." Cal, who witnessed the wonder of their love as Susie walked up the church aisle to become Dick's bride, prays their (*Continued on page* 14)


ONE-MAN
Invasion!
One lone Yank secretly embarks on a dangerous mission . . . infiltrates the heart of Japan . . . lives the war's most exciting adventure!
FIRST YANK into TOKYO
WITH
TOM NEAL · BARBARA HALE
MARC CRAMER · MICHAEL ST. ANGEL
LEONARD STRONG · RICHARD LOO
KEYE LUKE
Written and Produced by J. ROBERT BREN
Directed by GORDON DOUGLAS
RKO RADIO PICTURES

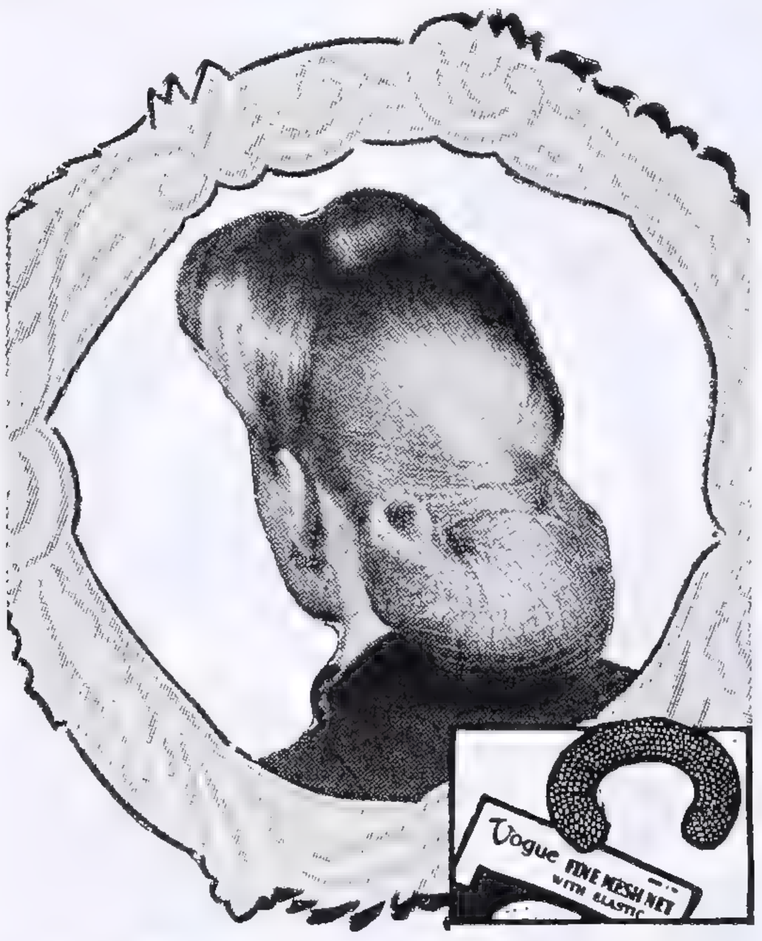
Picture yourself in a

FLATTERING NEW HAIR-DO

It's so quick and easy with the new VOGUE braids, rolls and nets



CURLS 'N BRAID—Such a gracious "fair lady" coiffure. Curls to catch the masculine fancy . . . a braid to lend artistic smoothness. You'll find this new Vogue hair-do simple to duplicate with a Vogue pin-on braid to match (or contrast with) your own hair. *See your nearest Vogue counter for all kinds of other smart new Vogue hair-do suggestions.*



THE CRISS-CROSS—A flattering frame for your beauty, from every angle. Soft. High-style. Fashion-wise. Front and sides are upswept over tiny Vogue rolls for contour firmness. The picturesque criss-cross low on the neck is turned under à la page boy over a Vogue hair roll, then held neatly and surely with a Vogue mesh net. *Vogue hair rolls and nets come in "natural" hair shades.*

Vogue Hair Rolls 5¢ to 59¢
Vogue Braids. 39¢ to 79¢
Vogue Nets. 10¢

In Hair-Matching Colors . . . Wanted Sizes and Shapes

On sale at 5-and-10¢ stores and department stores

Vogue
HAIR ACCESSORIES

The Glemby Co., Inc. • 111 Eighth Ave. • New York City

P
M
M



Strictly man-about-town—Van Johnson with Jacqueline Dalya at Ciro's

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 12) little house materializes and Susan and Dick find more and more happiness in it.

Cal Observes: John Payne looked awfully funny in that Anticipation Shop helping his wife Gloria De Haven Payne select maternity clothes. There's so much of John, somehow, for a small shop like that . . . Cal got a first-hand view of Hollywood photographers (including our own Hymie Fink) snubbing Garbo as she emerged from the Crillon . . . Ginny Simms's sudden marriage to wealthy Hyatt Dehn left Pat Nearney hanging on the ropes. They tossed a big party just before they tied the knot and during the evening a lighted candle dropped into Cary Grant's lap and covered him with wax. That's the second time this year! If you remember, Cal told you about a similar mishap to Cary at a party of Lady Mendl's . . . Reminds us that Barbara Hutton (about to go to court for her divorce) and Phil Reed are so bored with the whole thing now—but Cary and Betty Hensel seem mad about each other and they're everywhere together . . . Haven't seen Errol Flynn at any parties with Nora for weeks—but he has been all over the place . . . Evelyn Keyes, Roz Russell and Cornel Wilde are all madly searching for new places to live. Fans would sure be surprised to note how much younger Cornel looks off the screen than on—and he looks young enough in the movies.

A Line or Two: Ralph Bellamy is now a free man but the John Bolesses deny their intention to divorce . . . The Anthony Quinns have a new baby boy, Duncan Christopher, which friends hope will ease the memory of the tragic death of their other small son who was drowned in a swimming pool . . . That dead ringer for Gene Autrey is the Boston socialite Lieut. George Miller (Harvard '41) (*Continued on page* 16)

Another leaf in Van's date book—this time Gretchen Hearst Donohue





Gentle words, gentle ways . . . the soft butterfly touch of fingers . . . will tell a man he's home.

Let your hands be soothing music, sweeter than he could have dreamed.

There's a lovely, *different* hand lotion to help you — creamy, flower-fragrant Trushay.

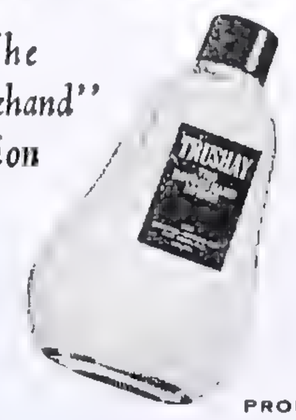
It softens hands so wonderfully. And you can use Trushay in a very special way — the *"Beforehand"* way!

Before daily tasks, *before* you do dishes, smooth on Trushay. It helps *guard* beautiful hands even in hot, soapy water!

Use Trushay whenever, wherever skin needs softening.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

P
M
M



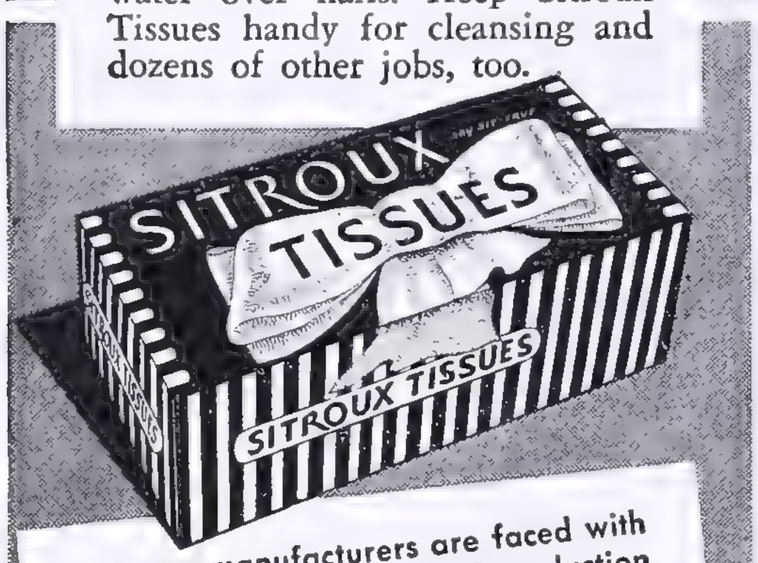
After removing polish . . . *round* nails, with emery board, to oval shape—*never* point! Never file down into corners. Good strong corners near fingertips help prevent breaking and splitting.



. . . After soaking fingertips in warm, soapy water—scrub with nail brush. Tear an absorbent Sitroux Tissue in quarters. Wrap tip of orange-stick in one quarter —push back cuticle gently. Use another quarter Sitroux Tissue for left hand. (Remember—never *waste* precious Sitroux Tissues!*)



. . . If nails are small, cover entire nail . . . if long, leave half-moon, small tip. Remove excess polish with remaining half of Sitroux Tissue. To hurry drying, run cold water over nails. Keep Sitroux Tissues handy for cleansing and dozens of other jobs, too.



* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 14) who is beauing Bonita Granville around . . . The town is getting ready to greet David Niven (now out of uniform), his wife and baby when they arrive here in December. David will make more movies for Goldwyn.

Oh Danny Boy: If anyone doubts the natural spontaneous humor that is a part of the many-sided Danny Kaye let him ask us. Our sides still ache from the antics of Kaye at a recent luncheon given by Sam Goldwyn in honor of actor Clarence Kolb's seventieth birthday and fifty years in show business. The party was held on an empty sound stage on the Goldwyn lot. All the actors from Kaye's picture, "The Kid From Brooklyn," came over from the next set to join those of us who had been invited by Mr. Goldwyn. We've heard a lot in our time about the cantankerous Mr. Goldwyn but if ever a man took a ribbing good naturedly from one Kaye it was producer Goldwyn.

The quiet director Norman McLeod came in for his ribbing. "Here's Norman getting mad," Danny said, and proceeded to raise his voice an octave higher than a henpecked professor. Double talk with Cal tossing in his share went on between Danny and Mr. Moran the writer. Even Mr. Goldwyn began looking bewildered at the three of us.

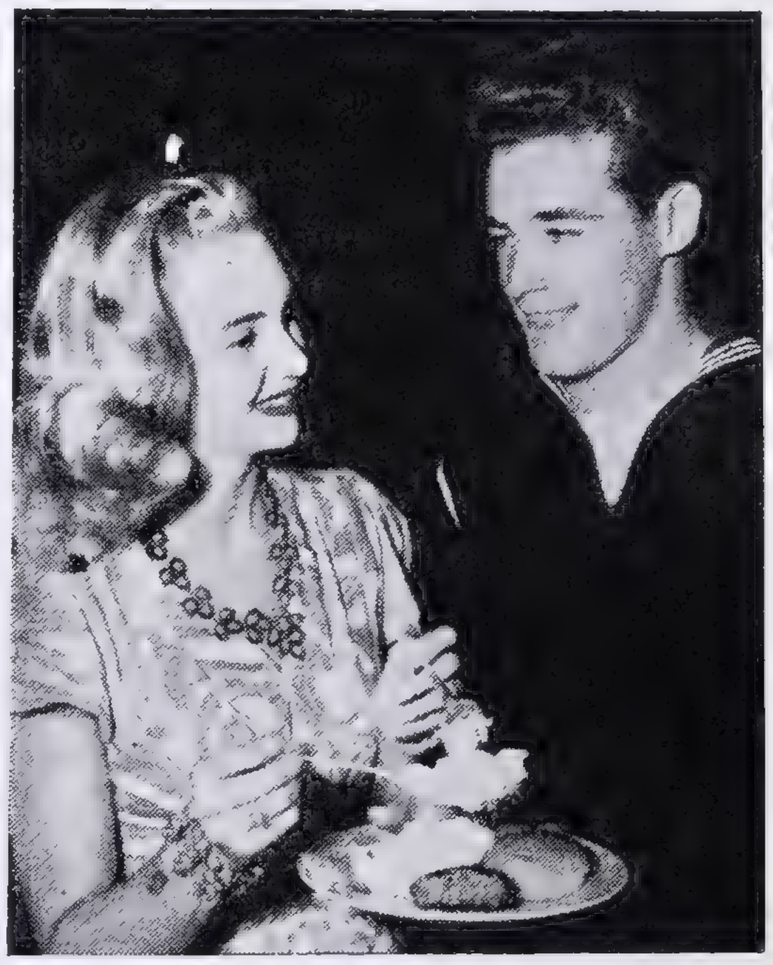
Kaye is funny, he's childlike in his desire to perform, he noisily begs for notice and he's that rarity of rarities—a natural-born comic who needs no help outside himself.

And we for one would pay to lunch with the blonde and blue-eyed buffoon any day.

Cal Visits Leo: Even brokers from Tucson are curious about movie making so Cal took his friend Frank Stone (back in civvies after nine months in an Army hospital) to lunch and to pry around Leo's huge cage known as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Cal waved to little June Allyson at a table in the commissary, her hair almost straight as a poker, which made her look even more like the kid next door. Peter Lawford came flying over to thank Cal for a written word or two and Tom Drake's cinnamon brown sport coat whizzing past held us all speechless for a second.

The set of "This Strange Adventure," closed by order of the front office, was miraculously thrown open for our short visit. On a steep incline built to represent a street in San Francisco, a yellow taxi seemed to hang by its teeth. Inside sat Joan Blondell and the gentleman grabbing open the taxi door with a nasty snarl was Mr. Clark Gable himself—movie (*Continued on page* 19)

The gob and the gal who gave the party — Guy Madison, actor-sailor, with his pretty blonde hostess Leslee Gray



In another corner—Dick Byron, Suzie Crandall and Steve Dunhill catch the fun mood at Leslee Gray's soiree





coming up!.. 3 new Sweet Treats!

Yes Ma'am...a touch of sweet makes a meal a treat... energizing and delicious. Try these 3 new Karo sweet treats...you'll like 'em as much as we do.

THE KARO KID



© Corn Products Sales Co.



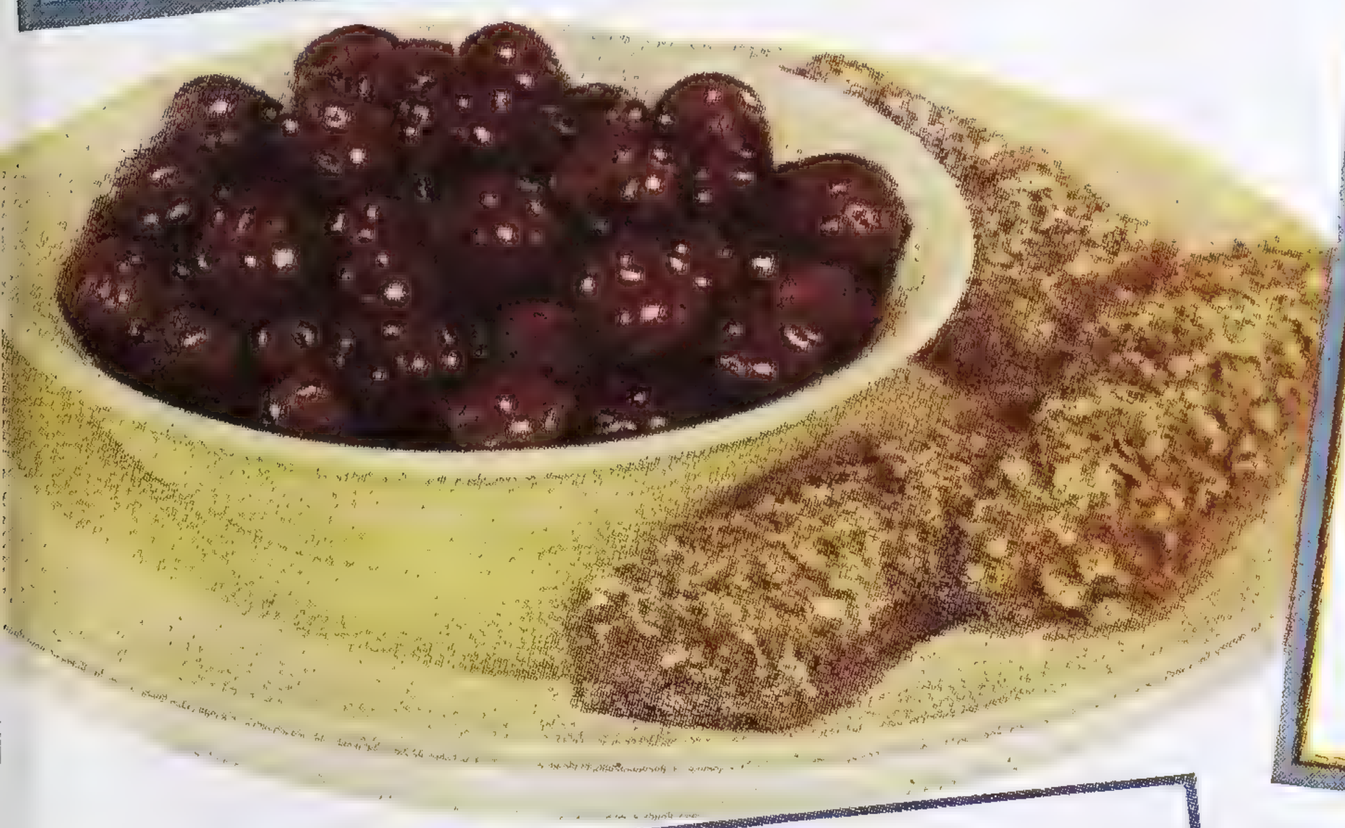
MORNING

PANCAKES — KARO-ORANGE SAUCE

1 cup Red or Blue Label Karo
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
¼ cup orange juice
¾ cup orange (sections or diced)
12-16 thin pancakes.

Combine Karo, butter, orange rind and orange juice; heat slowly until butter is melted, stirring occasionally. Add orange sections. Roll thin pancakes, and arrange in a lightly greased baking dish. Pour Buttered Orange Karo over pancakes, and bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 10 minutes. If desired, the orange sections may be omitted from the Buttered Karo, and rolled inside pancakes before baking. Makes enough syrup for 12-16 thin pancakes.







NOON

CRUNCHY KARO STRIPS

8 slices white bread
2 tbsps. butter or margarine
2 tbsps. honey
1 cup Blue Label Karo
1½ cups crushed, ready-to-eat cereal
½ cup finely chopped nuts
1 tsp. grated lemon and orange rind

Cut trimmed bread slices into halves or thirds as desired. Add butter and honey to Karo; heat slowly until butter is melted, stirring occasionally. Crush cereal, combine with chopped nuts and lemon and orange rind. Dip bread strips into warm buttered Karo, and roll lightly in cereal mixture until well coated. Bake on oiled cooky sheet in hot oven (400° F.) for 10 minutes, or until light brown. Remove at once with spatula to rack or waxed paper to cool.



NIGHT

KARO GLAZED APPLE ON CAKE

4 red apples, medium size
1 cup Red Label Karo
1 cup water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ stick cinnamon
6 whole cloves
¼ cup raisins (optional)

Wash and core apples; if desired do not peel. Cut into slices about ⅓ inch thick. Combine other ingredients; bring to boiling. Drop in apple slices; cover and simmer about 20 minutes or until apples are tender and transparent. Serve hot or cold on gingerbread, spice cake, plain cake, shortcake, or marble cake. Serves 6 to 8.





JEWELS BY OLGA TRITT

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 16) acting for the first time since putting off his major's uniform.

While her handsome husband Lauritz Melchior was going through his routine for a scene in "Two Sisters From Boston" we chatted with Mrs. Melchoir, the prettiest little trick that ever came out of Denmark. Her short cropped brown hair and wide apart eyes, trim figure and cute accent make something of a glamour girl of Kleinschen Melchior. Kleinschen was embroidered, Cal noticed, on the pocket of her sport shirt.

Our Boys Come Home: Capt. Robert Preston is home again after twenty-four months overseas. Bob, who went in as a private, has done splendid work. He'll be right back at Paramount making more pictures for us if strike conditions permit.

Corporal Bill Lundigan, a bit pale and wan, lunching at Romanoffs with his bride Rene Morgan, daughter of Helen Morgan, tells Cal he'll go back to M-G-M the minute he's out of the Army.

Bill was just starting to climb when he joined up. He, too, has one of the best records of any actor in Hollywood, having experienced plenty of hot action.

It's news to movie-goers that Jackie Coogan, "The Kid" in that Chaplin film, will also return to pictures, as well as help manage a flying school near Hollywood. Lieutenant Coogan wears the Air Medal with the Oak Leaf Cluster and the Presidential Citation.



Canteen capering—Bette Davis dances with Johnny Wakefield at the party the Hollywood Canteen gave for itself

Stirring up laughs in the Daniels manner—Bebe Daniels, a veteran at entertaining service men, at the Canteen

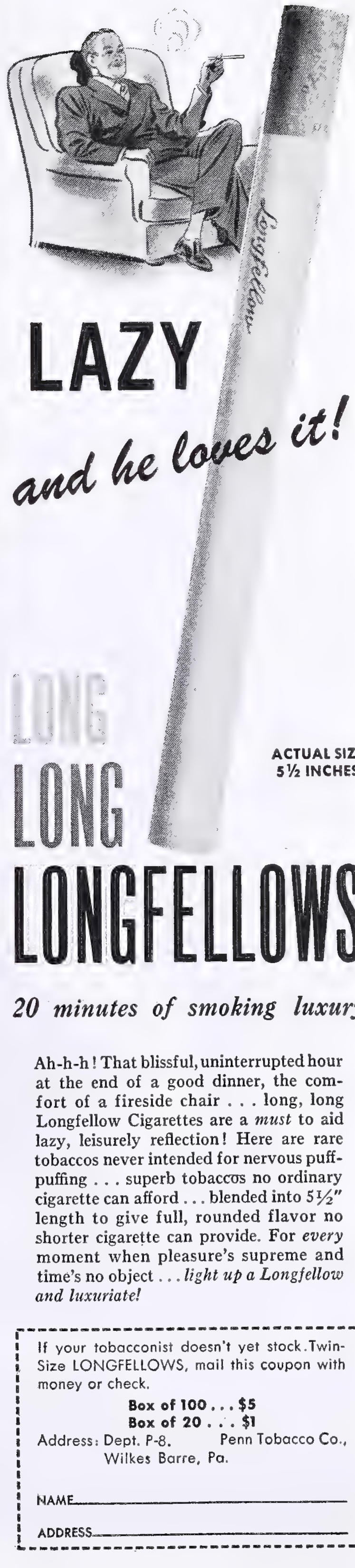


Flying Sgt. Sabu, who was born in Karapur Jungle in India, trod the red carpet laid out for his benefit by Universal Studios who are so proud of him. And no wonder. The twenty-one-year-old Moslem, slim and handsome, who exchanged his elephant for a B-24 bomber, is a veteran of forty-two aerial missions as a gunner in the South Pacific. He wears the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with three clusters, four battle stars and the ribbons of all major campaigns from New Guinea to the Philippines. Cal hopes the studio will give him roles fitting his manhood when his final discharge papers come through.

Brigadier General Elliott Roosevelt, who obtained his release from the Army Air Corps, will return to Beverly Hills to make his home with his wife, Faye Emerson. Faye hopes for a release from her Warner contract and to be known in the future as just Mrs. Roosevelt.

Pharmacist's Mate Gig Young, who made several crossings, was finally sent to Mare Island with an illness that proved painful all through his enlistment. Upon recovery, Gig, too, will report back to Warner Brothers with the hope you fans haven't forgotten him.

Chief Petty Officer Cesar Romero was one of the most popular actors in



20 minutes of smoking luxury

Ah-h-h! That blissful, uninterrupted hour at the end of a good dinner, the comfort of a fireside chair . . . long, long Longfellow Cigarettes are a *must* to aid lazy, leisurely reflection! Here are rare tobaccos never intended for nervous puff-puffing . . . superb tobaccos no ordinary cigarette can afford . . . blended into 5½" length to give full, rounded flavor no shorter cigarette can provide. For *every* moment when pleasure's supreme and time's no object . . . *light up a Longfellow and luxuriate!*

If your tobacconist doesn't yet stock Twin-Size LONGFELLOWS, mail this coupon with money or check.

Box of 100 . . . $5
Box of 20 . . . $1

Address: Dept. P-8. Penn Tobacco Co., Wilkes Barre, Pa.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

theme with variations

Rarely does a perfume meet with such response that it becomes an instant classic . . . eternally stirring, essentially great. "Bond Street," by Yardley, holds this precious distinction . . . in full measure, for its fragrance pervades beauty aids as well, to weave one golden theme of loveliness for you.

"Bond Street" Perfume: $13.50, $8.50, $4.50, $2.50. Powder: See ROSE TAN in the famous "English Complexion" texture, $1. Lipstick: Cued to fall costume colors, $1.

ADD 20% FEDERAL TAX

YARDLEY

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

ADV. BY N. W. AYER



Two dolls—Capt. Craig Vinmont with Gail Russell and doll she won at a bazaar

INSIDE STUFF

the Coast Guard, we hear, working like a trouper on his ship, and taking it along with the other boys on Saipan. Cesar really dreamed of the day Twentieth would say he'd done a good job over there and could go on to better roles. But no—he's right back where he started, playing another giddy Latin lover in "Three Little Girls In Blue." He says the transition from battle action to movie making is something beyond description, especially when one is called upon to be silly.

Those "Corn" Characters: How would you like to have dinner with John Dall and Joan Lorring? The young lady (she's nineteen) is amazingly talented and very pretty off screen. Between her and John, we noticed, was a bond of two people who had worked and hoped together. That each should emerge so successfully in their first film is amazing.

There's a youthful exuberance about the two that's refreshing after so much pseudo sophistication. At the little French restaurant where we dined the two burst into song at the slightest encouragement from the soloist. They were loudest in the routines of "Alouette" in French, and "Roll Out The Barrel" in American. They enjoyed the people about us, the dancers on the floor, the food—and John sat entranced by Lili Damita who danced by.

Joan, naturally emotional, wept over her father, a prisoner of war in China, and John, trying to add cheer, related some of his experiences playing comedy roles in New York benefits.

His romance with cute little Nancy Walker now in "On The Town" seems to be one of those prankish, puckish things, with each trying to out-do the other in clowning. John told us of the time Nancy attended a matinee of his show spilling cans all down the aisles,



Young and rhythmic—Diana Lynn and Pat Nearney go dancing at Mocambo

INSIDE STUFF

sneezing in his best lines, rattling paper bags in his love scenes. And how he got even by attending her matinee and reading a magazine, held way up, in the front row while Nancy tried to sing.

And since Dall (nicknamed Doll Face by his pals) promises to be a near future sensation, let us tell you his laugh is the loudest thing in Hollywood and comes often and spontaneously. Born in New York, he's seen just about every movie ever made (even the old silent ones), been on the stage seven years and after three months in Chicago in "The Hasty Heart" comes back to make it a film for Warners.

Joan, tiny as a bug, goes almost at once into "The Vortex" (another cockney role) with Sidney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre. "So what chance have I?" she moans.

A good one, Cal says, if she keeps pace with her *Bessie* of "The Corn Is Green."

V-J Day: We can't duck out without mentioning V-J Day, Hollywood fashion. It hit here with the same terrific impact that caused the cheers, the parades, the milling crowds, the solemn meditation and the heartfelt prayers in every city and town in the land. The prevailing spirit in movieland on the night the first official flash of Victory came through was one of quiet thanks. There were mobs in the streets, like everywhere else—the Hollywood Canteen, jammed to its doors with service men who were being entertained, danced with, kissed by stars. In the swankier homes small groups of stars, producers and directors gathered in fives, tens and fifteens at the most. And so it went—that great night of thanksgiving, with very little whoopee in Hollywood.



But will you stay as sweet as you are?

YOU STEP from your bath all fragrant and fresh. But how long will that freshness last? Will it begin to fade almost before you're dressed?

Not if you know the simple One-Two of day-long daintiness! *One* for your bath—to wash away *past* perspiration. And *Two* for Mum—to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor.

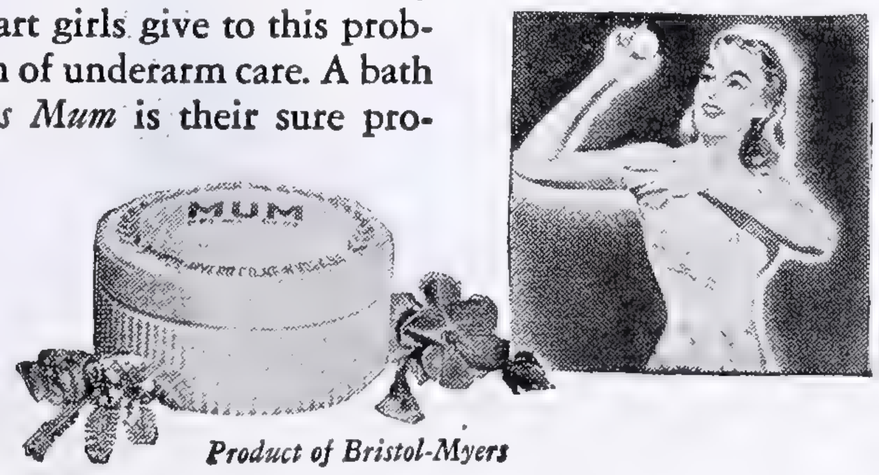
That's the answer so many smart girls give to this problem of underarm care. A bath *plus Mum* is their sure protection against a fault so hard to forgive.

So take 30 seconds to smooth Mum on each underarm and stay nice to be near. You can depend on Mum's protection to last for a whole day or evening.

Remember, too, that gentle Mum won't irritate your skin, won't harm fine fabrics—can be used before or *after* dressing. Use Mum, *to be sure.* Get some today.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ELYSE KNOX, ENCHANTING STAR OF MONOGRAM PICTURES



Invitation to Love— ELYSE KNOX'S HANDS

YOU: *Wish my hands were soft like yours, Miss Knox.*

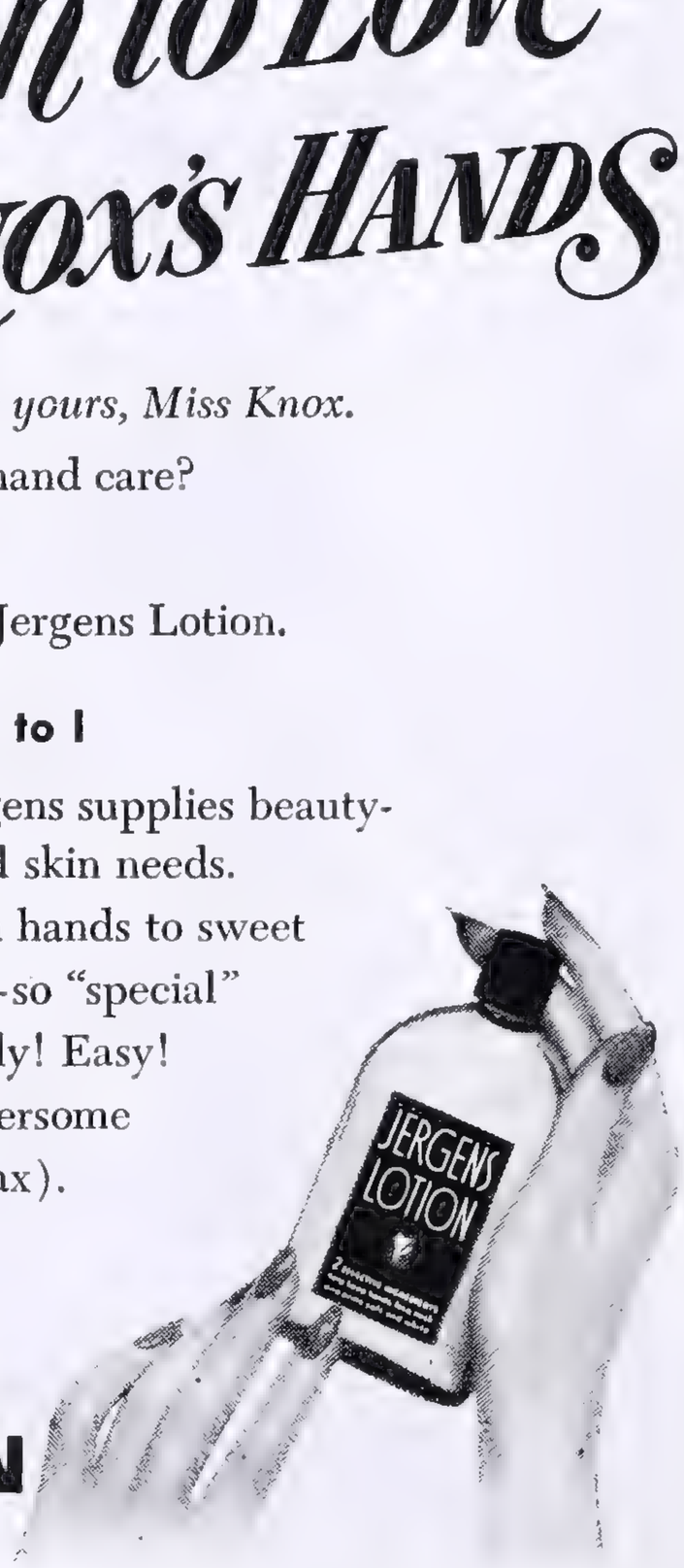
ELYSE KNOX: Then why not use my hand care?

YOU: Your *hand care, Miss Knox?*

ELYSE KNOX: Yes—it's so easy. I use Jergens Lotion.

The Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

Why? For *softness-protection.* Jergens supplies beauty-guarding moisture most girls' hand skin needs. Encourages even mortifying rough hands to sweet smoothness with two ingredients—so "special" that many doctors use them. Lovely! Easy! Jergens leaves no oiliness, no bothersome sticky feeling. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax).



FOR THE SOFTEST, ADORABLE HANDS USE

JERGENS LOTION

One Girl's COURAGE



Lucille Ball, whose story of faith is sure to inspire you. You'll see this vivacious girl next in "Easy To Wed"

YOU wouldn't think that tragedy once shadowed the life of Lucille Ball, now would you? But if you knew the strength of character that lies behind her pretty vivacious face, you might suspect that once she had come a cropper and had learned how to handle it.

Here's the story in Lucille's own words:

It happened when I was eighteen. I had been modeling a long time for Hattie Carnegie and I was not too well.

One winter night I was driving home in my little open car. The car skidded and I was thrown out. When I was rushed to the hospital I was only half conscious but I was aware of some very solemn whispering going on around me. "Am I in pretty bad shape, Doc?" I asked.

His words came slowly, "You won't walk for a good many years—if ever."

I don't think I took on much at the time. And a few days later I came down with pneumonia and was so sick I didn't care what happened to me. Finally I recovered sufficiently to be sent home to my mother. The day I was to leave I sort of went to pieces for the first time. It didn't seem fair that this should have happened. I was only eighteen. Wasn't I entitled to more in life than being a cripple?

I shall never forget that ride I took through Grand Central station in my wheelchair. How people stared! They seemed to crowd around me and I saw the awful curiosity in their eyes, as well as the pity. It was a terrible experience!

BY MARTHA RAND

Home in Jamestown things were better. At first I was in bed. Later, I graduated to my wheelchair. Still later they put big, ugly, high shoes on my feet, heavy braces on my legs, and let me try to get about on crutches. One of my legs had grown much thinner than the other. I was terribly sensitive about this, my unsightly shoes and braces, my terrible awkwardness. I wanted to crawl away and die!

I was bitter and rebellious. Kind, gentle, as my mother was; considerate as Grandfather and my brother Fred were, I'd snap at them all too often. But Mother's patience never failed her. She'd say to me: "Honey, that sort of thing is awfully bad for you. We all love you and we'd give anything if his hadn't happened to you. But being bitter and rude won't help. Your legs are crippled. But there's nothing wrong with your mind. You shouldn't allow that to become crippled, too."

I realized how right she was. Gradually I learned to restrain myself and found it was a wonderful feeling to know that I possessed self-control.

Most of that year I lived in a wheelchair. I read incessantly—mostly biographies. Being almost helpless, it was somehow a release to read about others who had done things. I even found a certain contentment. Perhaps this was because, at nineteen, you have instinctive confidence in the future. While I railed at what had happened, I never did say to myself in despair, "Lucy, you'll never walk again. I always seemed to think that, someday, someway, I would.

And I began to do something about it. I didn't tell anyone, though. If I was going to fail, I didn't want anyone to know. So I would wait until the family had gone to bed and to sleep. Then, *alone in my room in the middle of the night, I'd try to walk!* I tried and I tried and I'd fall until I was black and blue. I'd lie on the floor and sob, with a handkerchief stuffed in my mouth so no one would hear.

I had a long mirror put in my room and I'd practice walking before that. Since I had to consciously will every movement, the mirror helped me to see if I was moving correctly. Gradually, it was two steps before I'd go down. Then three steps. Finally, one night, almost exactly two years after my accident I walked from my bed across the room to the door. "Mother!" I screeched. "Mother! I've done it!"

She came running, of course, and so did Grandfather and Fred. "Look!" I said to them, and I walked across the room once more. Then I threw my arms around Mother's neck and we both cried. Then Mother went to the kitchen, fixed up a little supper and we held a celebration.

Later, after we had gone to bed and I lay there thinking, I knew I'd never feel sorry for myself again. I knew that having come through this, every other blow that life could hold in store for me would be—well, sort of an anti-climax.

Of course, my pain and discomfort didn't end with that night. I spent many more weeks hobbling about in my high shoes and braces.

I stayed home three years—until I could walk as well as ever. Then I went back to New York and modeling, and eventually Hollywood. Each year the memory of that part of my life grows dimmer. But I shall never forget the lesson it taught me: It isn't so much what happens to you that counts, as how you handle it.

Are you in the know?



Too bad she doesn't care about—

- ☐ *Her competition*
- ☐ *Boogie-woogie*
- ☐ *The Three D's*

Men never make passes at untidy lasses—droons who ignore the three D's. (Daintiness, deodorants, dress shields.) Warm wool frocks *will* tattle on such charmlessness. So, take care! Busy perspiration glands work time-and-a-half on problem days. Let Kotex help you outsmart them. You see, *now there's a deodorant in Kotex.* It's locked inside each Kotex and can't shake out—because it is processed right into each pad, not merely dusted on. Try Kotex-with-deodorant for daintiness!



Which would you use?

- ☐ *The guest towels*
- ☐ *The Turkish towels*
- ☐ *The end of your slip*

Freshening up at a friend's house? Let's pray those dripping little paws will reach for the *guest* towels—not the family's! Even if they look unapproachably lovely, *use* them. Spare yourself needless puzzlement, too, over which sanitary protection to choose on difficult days. Kotex, of course! For it's Kotex that has the *different* kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. You're cushioned-in-comfort for hours and hours, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.*



Can you be picture-perfect—

- ☐ *With a shiny nose*
- ☐ *Without benefit of bangles*
- ☐ *In winter pastels*

Si, si to all 3. Copy this chick for whom the camera clicks, spurning heavy makeup (a slight shine helps model the face). Forsake all bangles, "posey" clothes. Skip sweaters, slacks. Simple winter pastels photograph best. You can *be* at your best even on trying days—with the self-assurance Kotex gives. The patented *flat tapered ends* of Kotex free you from worrisome "outline" fears, for those flat pressed ends don't cause revealing outlines. And thanks to that patented *safety center*, you get *plus* protection with Kotex.

*T. M. Reg U. S. Pat. Off.

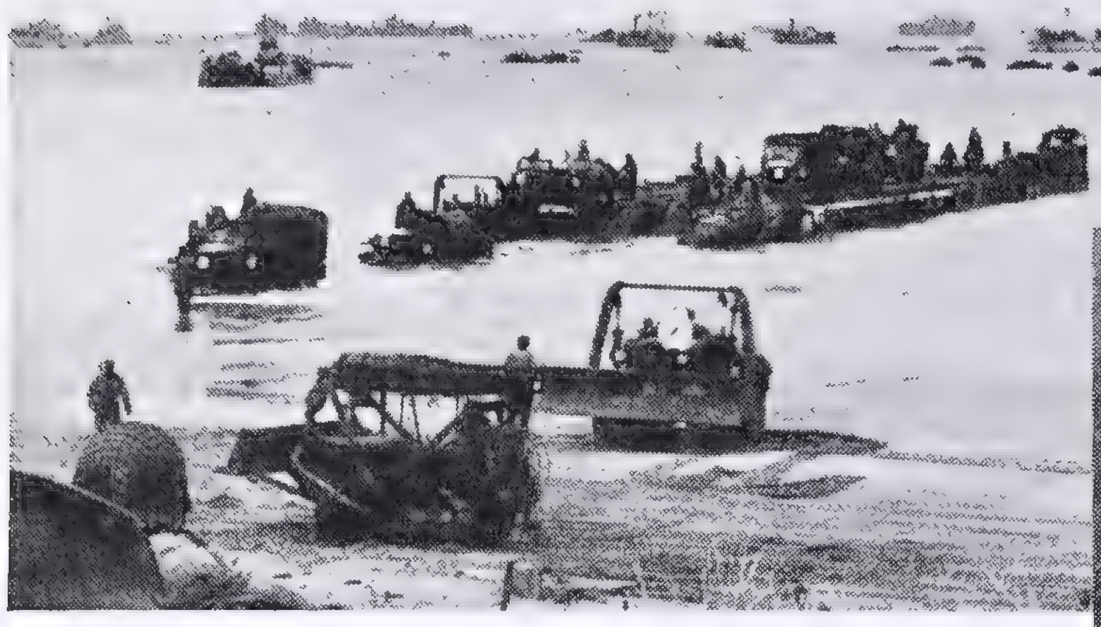
More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together



A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

P M M

The Shadow Stage





General Eisenhower introducing "The True Glory"

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

By Sara Hamilton



✓✓✓ The True Glory

(Produced under supervision of the Joint Anglo-American Film Planning Committee—released by Columbia)

IT isn't easy to describe in a few words the immortal quality of this film —for immortal it will be so long as men walk upon the face of the earth. You can call it the greatest newsreel of all time—and you'd be right. You can call it the greatest historical document ever written on film —and again you'd be right. But if you don't add that it's the transcription of the thoughts of all the little guys who fought the war for democracy, no matter what Allied banner waved over them, then you would have missed the heart of the thing.

To begin at the beginning, "The True Glory" was conceived in the minds of two men, Winston Churchill and Franklin Delano Roosevelt. They decided that it would be wrong for the American people to be told only the story of what Americans did in the gigantic Battle of Europe and the British to be told only what Britons did. There must be an over-all record given to the peoples of the Allies relating the thrilling story of the greatest teamwork in history. To accomplish this a joint board of the American and British military was set up. But it soon became evident that the weaknesses of the military flesh would produce a stalemate.

So the project was turned over directly to those who would be responsible for the telling of the story through the medium of motion pictures. Representing the United States was Captain Garson Kanin, brilliant young Hollywood director of such pictures as "A Man To Remember" and "The Great Man Votes," now of the U. S. Army. Britain was represented by Carol Reed, who gave the movie-going world "Night Train" and "The Way Ahead" among others.

As the two men sat in an English projection room, reviewing 8,000,000 feet of film from which they were to carve "The True Glory," any feeling of national pride was obliterated by the humbling scenes of gigantic human effort that flashed before their eyes on the screen—scenes shot by military photographers from every nook and cranny of the armed forces of the Allies. What stopped them was a theme on which to hang this maze of plenty.

Finally they hit upon an inspiration. Let it be predominantly the thoughts of the little guys, the GIs of Russia, France, Poland, Scotland, Canada, Norway, New Zealand, Australia, Holland, Greece, England, the United States. And let the sequences of France be told in the dialect of a French *poilu,* the action of a Scottish regiment told in the dry burr of a Scotsman, the scenes in the control room of a British air base manned by women, told in the clipped English of a British girl, a Yank artillery nest described in the best Brooklynese or a raging tank charge, in a Texas drawl.

And so you will see and hear it on the screen—this autobiography of the Allies in The Western World from the dark days of 1943, when the plan for V-E Day first came into being, through the fall of Germany. You will find difficulty picking out individual highlights. One breath-taking moment pushes the other off the reel as fast as the camera can turn, which, if there be a fault, is the only one to be found. And for the majority there will be one outstanding actor to remember—General Eisenhower himself who, as Commander in Chief of the European forces, speaks the opening words (and thereby provided Captain Kanin with the most potentially hair-raising moment of his (*Continued on page 135*)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 136. For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 148.

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 143



Was This the Night She Dreamed About?

Ever since she'd met him the week before she dreamed of this . . . their first real date together.

Soft summer air, the magic of the moonlight, the shimmering stars, and the whispering of the ocean, sweetly conspired to make it a night for romance, and yet . . . here she was, hurt and troubled, on her way home by ten.

He pleaded an early train to catch. Even so, that couldn't explain the contrast between last week's ardor and tonight's studied indifference! She simply couldn't understand his attitude.

No matter what your charms may be, they can count for little if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

You, yourself, may not be aware of its presence, so why not be always on guard? Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderfully simple and wholly delightful ally in helping you to be at your best. Use it morning and night and before every date.

While sometimes systemic, most cases are due, say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never omit this wise and delightful precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Before any date

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for oral hygiene

THOSE Lovely DOLLY SISTERS!

THOSE Glamorous DOLLY SISTERS!

THOSE Scandalous DOLLY SISTERS!

THEIR LIVES AND LOVES...
IN THE GREATEST MUSICAL STORY EVER

Thrilling as they are beautiful! Glorious as they are gay! Dazzling a world with the songs they sing and the things they do!

A picture spectacular as their own flamboyant drama!

THE DOLLY SISTERS

in Technicolor!

Starring BETTY GRABLE

and

JOHN PAYNE • JUNE HAVER

with S. Z. SAKALL • Reginald Gardiner

Directed by Irving Cummings • Produced by George Jessel

Original Screen Play by John Larkin and Marian Spitzer

Dances Staged by Seymour Felix

Songs you'll be singing!

"I Can't Begin To Tell You"

"Don't Be Too Old Fashioned"

By Mack Gordon & James Monaco

Songs you'll remember!

"I'm Always Chasing Rainbows"

"Dark Town Strutters Ball"

"The Sidewalks of New York"

"Give Me The Moonlight, Give Me The Girl"

"Carolina In The Morning"

"The Vamp"

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



Here is a Sailor!

WHATEVER Vic Mature may mean to you who buy admission tickets—or did when he was in Hollywood making motion pictures—at sea in wartime he was a first class Coast Guardsman. This had been told me before by some of his former shipmates, but now I have been to sea with the man and have seen for myself.

Last summer I went aboard a Coast Guard-manned troop transport and found that Vic was a shipmate, one of the U.S.S. Admiral Mayo's Chief Petty Officers.

A ship's crew is a closed corporation. You either belong or you are an alien treated with the hostility of an unaccredited visitor on foreign soil. A former movie star is not one whom a ship's crew can be counted on to receive with open arms.

Vic came aboard the Mayo knowing this from his previous tour of duty nearly two years ago in the North Atlantic. I watched him from the day we weighed anchor in a California port, through the weeks in the Pacific and the weeks in the Atlantic that followed when our transport sailed into a French port and took aboard its precious cargo of RAMPS (American soldiers who had been in German prison camps and now, liberated, were faced homeward).

We made a liberty together in Cristobal, the poverty-stricken, filth-ridden town which marks the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal. At Le Havre we went ashore with the U.S.S. Mayo band and drove to an Army camp back up the hill, where the band and Vic for two hours entertained men who were enduring the vigil of waiting for their own particular ship to sail with them for America.

On the Mayo itself, I stood by and watched as Vic ran the ship's mess deck, the huge cafeteria where nearly 6,000 men ate three meals every day. I saw him at his job of assistant master at arms—the ship's policeman—straightening out a mate who momentarily had run afoul some naval regulation. I talked to him about his crew and heard the advice that he had to give them. It was straight from the shoulder, practical, and always, if followed, advice that would help the troubled sailors.

It is one thing to retain your poise, your sense of humor, your willingness to overlook jibes from the press and sneering strangers in night clubs when you are under contract to a motion-picture studio and your salary has passed the $1,000-a-week stage several options ago.

It is another to have charge of the garbage detail aboard a troop ship, with the refuse from 18,000 meals a day to be disposed of in a shipshape manner. It is something else when your hours, with troops aboard, are likely to be from four in the morning to ten at night, with little time during that sixteen-hour day to catch a smoke or some chow. And, as Vic himself said, "At that salary, too," and then smiled though the joke was on himself.

Vic took whatever sea life dished out to him and somehow managed to make it seem just what he always had been looking for. Of course you didn't really believe him, and he didn't, either, but the result was a feeling that you'd been to sea with an actor you wanted to see come back to Hollywood and back to the business of making movies.

You felt that you had taken the measure of Vic Mature and had found him a man.

Fred Sammis

The Miracle of



Sweethearts again—Kathryn Grayson and John Shelton (just returned from the Pacific)

by Lucille O. Parsons

Kathryn and Johnny

War, which so often breaks hearts and wedding promises, mended like magic the one marriage no one—not even the bride and groom—believed could last



John's wife, Kathryn, of "Two Sisters From Boston"

IT IS sad, but bitterly true, that the war has broken many marriages. The newspapers are daily filled with stories—the same old story, really—of the wife who couldn't take loneliness while her young husband overseas was taking bullets and torn nerves. Or else it is the man's fault—married too soon and too hurriedly under the impetus of "farewells" and the emotionalism of parting, perhaps, forever. The stories aren't new. They are as old as war and human nature, itself.

But this is a different story—the other side of the picture—that I want to tell you about this month. It's the story of two people—Kathryn Grayson and John Shelton—and of their marriage that would have definitely hit the rocks except for the great experience they have shared together—and apart. It's the story of two young people of Hollywood who were just quarreling, bickering kids before the war, but who have emerged, two adults who now know what they might have lost.

During the first year of her marriage to John, Kathryn twice filed for divorce, left him fully six times and was so apparently miserable all Hollywood took it for granted that the Grayson-Shelton marriage was a glaring mistake.

They fought so bitterly and publicly that no one believed their marriage could last. Those of us who write on Hollywood happenings heard many stories of John's failure to understand his pretty little songbird wife. Stories of cruel things he said to her and her equally heated replies were discussed over dinner tables.

For some reason no one could understand, John Shelton seemed to be carrying a chip on his shoulder where Kathryn was concerned. I pictured him as a self-centered young man whose brief career as an actor had unfitted him temperamentally to be an understanding husband to a girl who, apparently, was outdistancing him in the fame stakes.

Then came the war—and Shelton went into the Air Corps. I think, at that time, Kathryn was planning on filing her third divorce suit. But the fact that he was in the service stopped her. A woman may not divorce her husband without his consent if he is in the armed forces, and everybody felt John would never agree to such action. Furthermore, Kathryn was determined to have another go at her marriage and hastened to be near John when he was stationed at Camp Crowder, Missouri, and later at Monmouth, New Jersey. But still things didn't go too smoothly.

After he had been in training awhile he fell ill and was transferred to the Sawtelle Hospital near Hollywood. He was in a disillusioned, almost neurotic mood and a friend who went down to visit him at the time felt that he might even "crack up" from nerves. He spoke bitterly about Kathryn and her family and even of his own career. I remember printing at the time, "The Grayson-Shelton marriage is certain to be a war casualty when the war is over!"

And then this boy, who was spiritually and almost mentally ill, was sent overseas (*Continued on page* 95)



Clothes-minded cover girl—Judy Garland, currently starring in M-G-M's "The Harvey Girls"

Judy—

the girl who became "the world's best-dressed woman"

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



Typical suit by Irene — Judy has several in different colors



Judy's trousseau housecoat of palest blue by Dorn Ltd.

IT KNOCKED her silly, and that's a fact.

When the French Congress of Fashions, composed of the most famous and exclusive designers, met in Paris and selected Judy Garland as the smartest woman in the world in the matter of clothes in the year 1945, nobody was as completely surprised as Judy Garland.

In the first place it's only about a year ago—apparently about the time she fell in love with the gentleman who is now her husband, Vincente Minnelli—that Judy Garland ever began to think of clothes as anything except what you have to wear to keep from getting arrested.

And in the second place, Judy does not regard herself as the fashion type, being little and young and not allowed to have the sophisticated type of garments for which she really yearns.

But there it was, in black and white, with a Paris date line. Judy Garland's name, first in the list of ten which included Lily Pons of the Metropolitan Opera, Mrs. Paul Getty, wife of one of Oklahoma's oil millionaires, Polina Semyonovna Zhemchugina, wife of Foreign Commissar Molotov of Russia, Mrs. Anthony Eden, whose husband as of course you know was the British Foreign Secretary, Mrs. T. V. Soong, wife of the Chinese Foreign Minister and a sister of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Mrs. Eduardo Villasenor of Mexico City and Mrs. Victor Borge of Denmark.

"It's—certainly a very international list, isn't it?" said Judy weakly.

She thought about it for a while and then added, "Well, if I am the best-dressed woman in the world, so is every other American girl!"

Her explanation of that was simple. "I don't really have any clothes that aren't—well, just about what every other American girl likes and wants. I can't see that I look any different. None of my things are—spectacular and theatrical or anything like that. I'd call them all—plain! I'm pleased, of course, but—I couldn't be more surprised and that's the truth."

Judy Garland has not been considered as a leader of fashion before this. Since the tastes, shopping habits, likes and dislikes, wardrobe and clothes philosophy of the girl the Paris leaders of design call the best dressed of our time right now are news to every American woman interested in clothes, I decided to find out about them.

The Garland philosophy about clothes is simple. For instance, there's this from her mother:

"When Judy was little," she said, "I bought her a dress to go to a party. She was a—a pretty little thing, and you know how mothers are. But Judy burst into tears when she saw it and after a while, begging and pleading, I got her to tell me what was the matter with it. Finally, through her tears she said, 'Oh Mama, it has *ruffles!*'

"She's been about like that ever since. No ruffles. As far as clothes are concerned I should say that was her pet dislike.

"The way Judy feels about clothes—what you call her philosophy on clothes—I think she put to me herself one night after she had been to a Hollywood party. She said, 'Mother, it's wonderful when people say you looked nice—or they never saw you look better. But I don't think it's so good when they say you are wearing a lovely dress.' "

Judy doesn't want anybody (*Continued on page* 121)



A favorite afternoon or cocktail dress by Donn Ltd.



Alex jersey cocktail dress by Donn Ltd.



Beneath the cashmere jacket of this suit designed by Billy Gordon, Judy wears a sequin blouse

They're Mr. *and* Mrs.





There's enchantment in this story of June and Dick, themed on laughter and climaxed with wedding bells

BY RUTH WATERBURY





ALMOST at the crack of dawn on Monday, August 20, 1945, the yawl Santana pushed from its anchorage in the Balboa, California, harbor towards the blue, still waters of the Pacific Ocean. Aboard it, besides its crew of two, were its owners, a pair of very famous, ecstatic people. Their names, that day, were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Powell.

They had been aboard the Santana scores of times before this, though only an inch or so beyond the Balboa basin, so the freedom of this dawn of August 20 was particularly felicitous to them as well as to the world in general.

For the world it was the first peacetime Monday following the ending of World War Two.

For June Allyson and Dick Powell it was the first day of their wedded life.

Dick and June knew just how lucky they were. They laughed uproariously together over it, which is exactly what they've done from their first meeting and known how lucky they were because of this very laughter.

Love stories take on different qualities. The love story of Junie's co-star, Gloria De Haven, is a romantic love story, very sentimental, very intense, very starry-eyed. But Junie's is a gay romance, an almost slap-happy romance, despite the obstacles it had to hurdle to get where it is. Its gaiety springs from June, from her generous heart and from her memories—the memories of the things she has already lived through. For she has known poverty and the threat of a life of lameness. Such a background gives June the sure knowledge of what happiness means and has made her want to make other people happy.

Even their wedding was not without its gay moments. They were married at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Green. Johnny's the bandleader and his wife is that very tall, very beautiful Bunny Waters.

Bunny had banked the mantelpiece over her living-room fireplace with white gladioli and orchids and white candles burning in six-branch candelabra, and in that perfect setting the wedding ceremony was performed.

But nothing went sedately. To begin with, the ceremony was supposed to be at seven but Judge Edward Brand got held up, marrying some other people, so he didn't arrive until seven-thirty and by that time, June, who had been nervous from the start, began really having butterflies.

Upstairs, the bride, in a stunning gray two-piece dressmaker suit whipped up for the romantic occasion by the great Adrian, was tensely taking off and putting on the gold suede gloves she meant to wear with it. She had gray suede platform shoes to match her suit, darling shoes studded with gold nail heads and besides the lovely white leather bride's prayer book which Mrs. Van Dyke, her housekeeper, had given her, she carried a small gold leather bag.

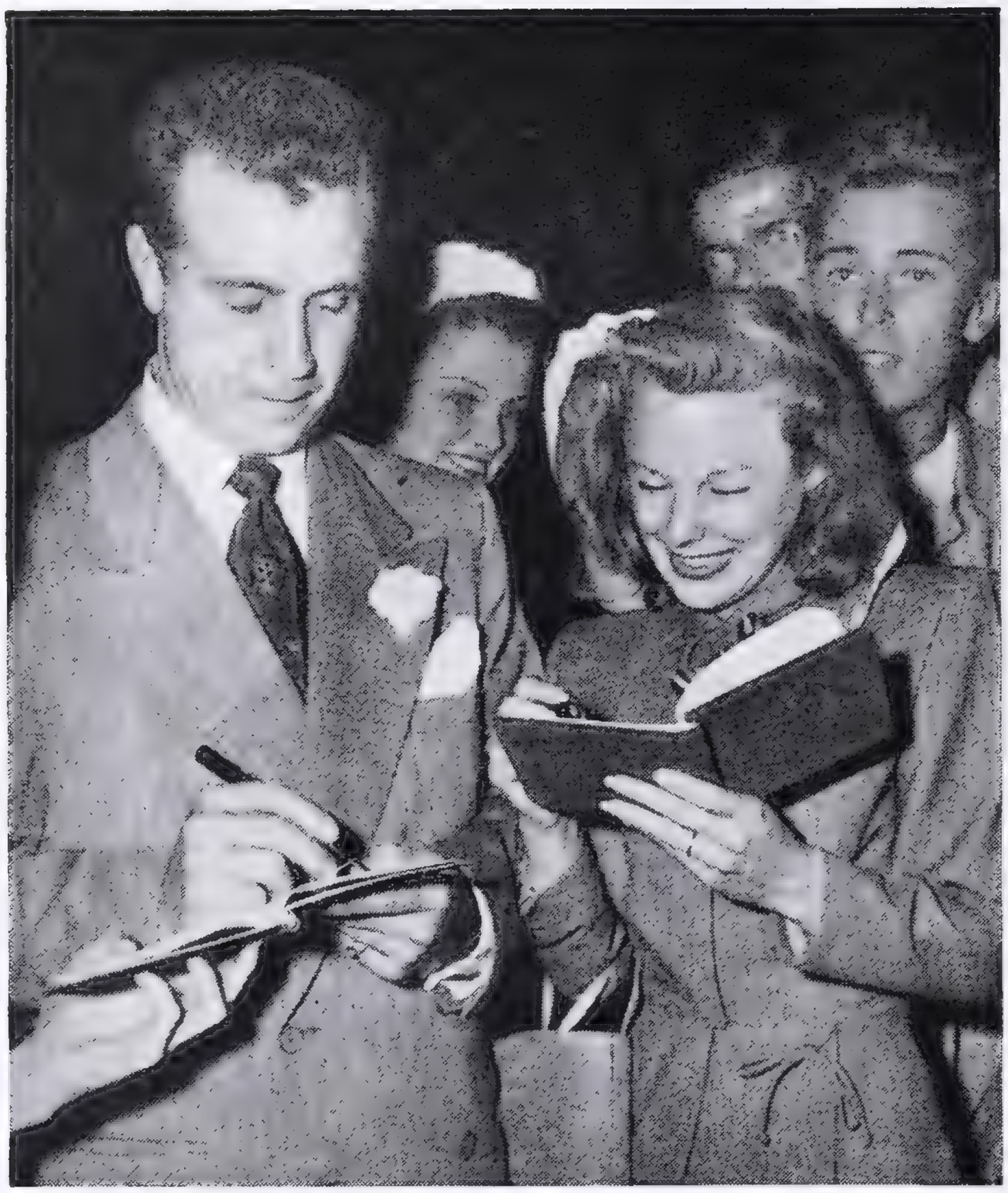
Jane Wilkie, who works for Jimmy Fidler, was June's bridesmaid. She wore a gold wool two-piece suit. In her helpful attempt to calm down Junie she slipped, the bridesmaid, that is, and fell flat on her head. Immediately June's sense of humor overcame her jitters and the two girls began giggling wildly. Exactly at that moment Johnny Green, down in the living room, started playing "Here Comes The Bride" on the grand piano.

Out issued June to take the arm of Mr. Mayer, head of M-G-M, who gave her away. But they were no more than two steps down when they discovered they were on the wrong side of one another. So they stopped and crossed over, to the amusement of everyone. However, they reached the fireplace all in

They're Mr. *and* Mrs.



The home that Dick Powell bought and remodelled for his Mrs.



Even on their wedding night, the Powells paid heed to cheering fans



They slipped away from the party to the car and headed for their boat

order. Dick in his dark blue pinstriped suit stepped forward, whereupon Judge Brand said, "Do you, June, take this man to be your lawful wedded wife?"

June laughed that warm little laugh of hers which is more tender than many a more solemn person's caress. So the whole party joined in and everyone felt much more touched by it all than they probably would have if it had all been very, very serious.

They had planned their wedding supper at the smart La Rue restaurant, which is a good twenty-minute drive away from Johnny Green's house. So the guests—including Dick's best man and agent, Morgan Maree, the director of Dick's latest picture, "Cornered," Edward Dmytryk and his wife, June's housekeeper, her hairdresser and husband, June's agent, Johnny Hyde, her M-G-M press representative Dorothy Blanchard—got to La Rue in that time. But it took the bridal couple much longer. For the moment they issued from the Green doorway there they were caught in a shower of rice and autograph hounds. But they signed every last book and slip of paper, June shook the rice out of her golden hair and brushed it off Dick's shoulders and then they went and joined their friends at the supper. June cut her bridal cake and toasted everyone in champagne and everyone had such a wonderful time that they all beamed benedictions when the new Mr. and Mrs. Powell slipped away and headed for their yawl, the Santana, where they could be alone, together and very gay.

These two are fundamentally good for each other. As completely in love with Dick as she is, June can see where he is frequently too serious about things. What's more, she makes him see that, too, and makes him laugh about it as merrily as she laughs.

I found that out when I talked to them about their romance.

Our conversation took place at the RKO studios, on the set of Dick's newest picture "Cornered." It was the day that the first peace rumors were flying around and no one had any mind for work.

Dick couldn't have looked much worse. He was playing another of those tough (*Continued on page* 124)



Fink

Wedding for June in August: Presenting newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell

British—on the beam

Half Piccadilly—half Park Avenue—righto and okay—that's Peter Lawford!

BY MAXINE ARNOLD



Peter and Lassie have great respect for each other—little Laddie comes in for his share of attention

PETER LAWFORD, good-looking young Englishman of titled parentage, who's beaming them into the box office for M-G-M now, is British on the bias. He's as American as a Mickey Rooney with a British accent. Half Piccadilly. Half Park Avenue.

After six years in the United States, the twenty-two-year-old son of Sir Sydney and Lady Lawford is a confused mixture of things British and American. He's British with a dash of mustard. He's hot dogs and tea—cokes and crumpets—okay and righto. Definitely not of the cheerio-pip-pip class. For Peter is far more hep-hep than pip-pip. He's also very quick—has a wonderful sense of humor and is fagged about nothing. And he goes for everything American—drive-ins, convertibles and bands like Eddie Heywood's and Count Basie's who do modern jump stuff. Strictly jive.

He's both a friend and fan of Frank Sinatra and gets positively ecstatic about a hot lick of Dorsey's trombone. One of Hollywood's finest dancers, his dancing is not confined to Ciro's or Mocambo. He loves to go dancing at the Palladium, where you can often see his conservative British tweeds mingling with the jive crowd out on the floor.

Yes, he's groovy—in a royal sort of way. He's adopted so many things that are American that he himself often has difficulty remembering which is which. He talks American jive with a British accent. Occasionally he does it in reverse, hanging a Hollywood handle on something that's very British in a way that would make the blood of the Thames run cold. Then just when he's rolling along in the groove, he'll come out with a "Righto!" or "Right you a-a—a—re," and you're back in Piccadilly again.

His accent is always thicker on the screen than in person, because when speaking to you he automatically takes up your own. "It clouds up in pictures," he says, "but when I'm talking to an American it's more—well—on the beam."

Peter himself definitely is on the beam now. Certainly he's doing his share of cementing Anglo-American relations, particularly as regards the feminine trade.

He is very grateful for the devotion of the bobby-soxers. Says, "They're great kids. Rawthah!"

His young fans are more than a match for his father,



Bull

Britain wins the Color Portrait Poll—Peter Lawford of "Two Sisters From Boston"



Sir Sydney, Lady Lawford, Peter and Spot went on a world binge—ended up in a white bungalow in Hollywood

Sir Sydney, retired Army general, and his witty mother, Lady Lawford. They come in droves to the little white stucco home in Westwood, tramp on Sir Sydney's mignonette bed and keep Lady Lawford busy answering questions and showing them Peter's scrapbooks all day. They keep the springs of the living room divan broken down, sitting on it five at a time, looking at scrapbooks and watching out front for Pete's black Mercury convertible to drive in. "There's no use to fix it," Lady Lawford will tell you, looking apologetically at the sagging sofa. "It will just be broken down again."

Sometimes when he comes in late and finds them, Peter loads them into the car and delivers them at their own front doors saying, "You're much too young to be going home this late alone."

IN appearance, Peter Lawford looks the modern version of when knighthood was in flower. A twentieth-century Lochinvar who came into the west. He's over six feet, deeply tanned, with light brown hair, expressive gray eyes, long eyelashes, grown-up dimples and a flashing smile. He has a fresh collegiate sort of charm with a Beta bounce to it, and a characteristic collegiate semi-swagger to his walk.

He has an expressive manner of speaking with great enthusiasm and an occasional wild gesture or two. Such enthusiasm detracts nothing from the refinement, courteousness, graciousness and unfailing good manners that

British—on the beam



He has trouble with ties—Kathryn Grayson helps



Headline hunting with talent hunter Bill Brady



He always makes it a point to kid the cashier girl about his bill

stamp him always as the perfect gentleman. With breeding and background far removed from a one--o'clock jump.

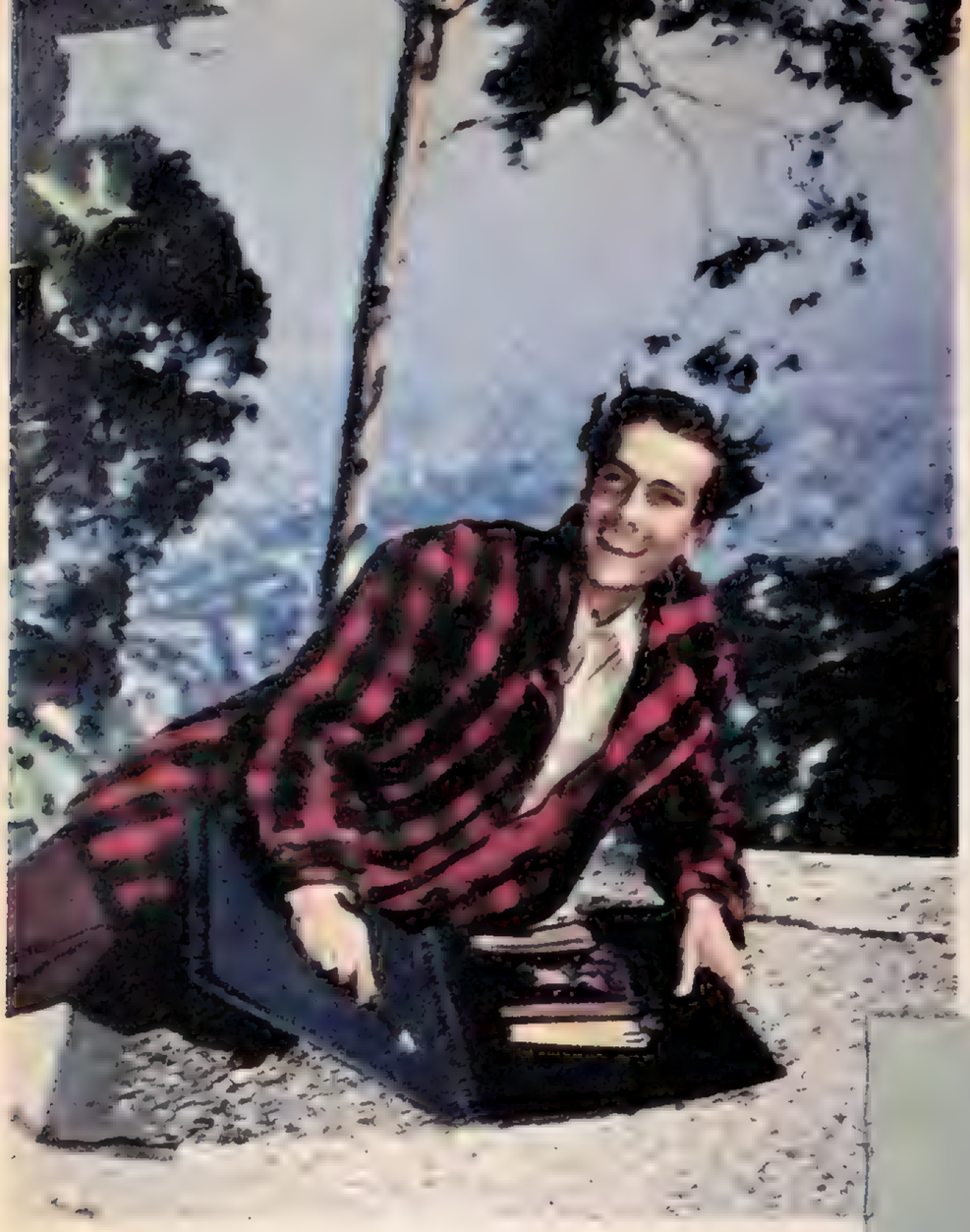
With all his sophistication, world travels and his nodding acquaintance with, in alphabetical order, dukes, earls and kings, there's a naïvete about Peter Lawford. A forthrightness, quality of deepest sincerity, and an eagerness to be understood. Especially when speaking of things close to him—his "mothah"—or "the General"—his religion, his friends, yes and his dog, Spot.

He's very sensitive and therefore a little easily hurt. No one, to our knowledge, ever recalls hearing Pete say an unkind word about anyone. If he doesn't like them he just tosses it off. He's close to very few people, and is an avid fan of those whom he does like. He would, for example, cheerfully throw the entire interview to Keenan Wynn, for whom he has the deepest admiration, both as an actor and as a friend.

"Such a wonderful guy!" he says. "Just like this table—solid!" and he thumps the table.

It was because of Keenan that Peter bought his first motorcycle. Unable to afford an automobile at that time, he'd bought himself a motor scooter to get around on. Then one night he met Keenan at a party and listened excitedly while Wynn discussed motorcycles.

"I ride too," said Peter, wanting so eagerly to get (*Continued on page* 130)



On the windswept terrace of his all-glass house, Hurd does some stage designing



M-G-M has loaned their star to U. A. for "Diary Of A Chambermaid"

Bohemian

In six months his fan mail has reached post-office proportions



Buccaneer

Or portrait of a man who doesn't fit any pattern—erratic, debonair Hurd Hatfield

BY ELEANOR HARRIS



Hurd, a lover of classical music, selects a favorite from the Bach Brandenburg Concertos

THE easiest way to describe Hurd Hatfield is to tell you what he isn't. He's the opposite of the typical American businessman; he's the reverse of the conventionalized American housewife—he's free. He's free of rules and worries, free of meals-on-time and best-seller books; free of "What will people say?" and certainly free of membership in the country club. He's a buccaneer of Bohemia—and as refreshing as a glass of old and heady wine.

He looks as unusual as he is. His ironic, bony face looks more like the face of a ballet dancer than anything else; except that it rests above a skinny six-foot frame. He has dark brown hair and eyes—but what you notice first and last about his face is that bone structure centered in his strange cheekbones. You noticed them yourself in "The Picture Of Dorian Gray," in which he played *Dorian*, and in "Dragonseed," where he played *Lao San* the daredevil son. You'll see him again in "Diary Of A Chambermaid" in which he stars opposite Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith.

But the simplest way to explain the man who doesn't fit any pattern is to tell you how he meets his friends. He is never, never introduced to them at a party. They seem to drift into his life through odd doors and windows. Take Charles Korvin, the actor; he rang Hurd's doorbell in the dead of night and demanded brightly, "Is Mr. Johnson home?"

"No," said Hurd. "He was the last tenant here. I'm the new tenant. But come in anyway—have a glass of something."

Mr. Korvin hesitated only a fraction of a second. Then he was inside and he didn't leave for four hours, after a hot discussion of everything in the theater, in Europe, in New York and in the fields of literature, books and the ballet. The next time he came he brought Mrs. Korvin—and by this time they are among Hurd's best friends.

Then take the way he met his best girl, Virginia Hunter. One day he was sitting in the M-G-M commissary putting away his usual gigantic lunch (the only difference between lunch and dinner to him is that he eats them at different hours of the day), when three panthers came up to the table and one asked, "Mind if we sit with you? The lunchroom's so crowded today."

"Not at all," said Hurd. He noted throughout his meal that they were the prettiest panthers possible—they were three chorus girls (*Continued on page 67*)



Reading plays, studying scripts occupies a good deal of his time. He lives alone with his cocker spaniel dog

Color pictures by Eric Carpenter

It's their sidelines that might make the headlines—if the stars were suddenly not stars



What is it about a kitchen that is so alluring to Joan Fontaine?

By Elsa Maxwell

THEY MIGHT HAVE

THE stars always remind me of a miner who has just struck pay dirt. They work as hard and feverishly and excitedly. Which isn't surprising. What if all their fame and glory were brought suddenly to an end?

And, since we're supposing, suppose your favorite glamour boys and gals next week found themselves no longer film stars whose faces and voices were their fortunes. What, without their fame and their wealth, would they be doing?

Some stars, I'm sure, would find they were without talent or adaptability for anything but the business of making pictures. They might not go hungry, but they certainly wouldn't be doing much dining at Mocambo. But there are some others I know who would do all right for themselves if the studio doors suddenly closed upon them.

Lauren Bacall would manage quite nicely, thank you. And without the need to appeal to men or pay any more attention to them than to make sure they would pay their wives' bills. For Lauren would become another Hattie Carnegie. Her dress shop would become a mecca for smart women in search of smarter things to wear, with Lauren—and her instinct for chic, for knowing when a peplum should come off and when, on the other hand, something should be added—as the successful proprietor. Even now, you'll notice that irrespective of who makes Bacall's clothes—Adrian, Irene or Greer—the instant she puts them on they are her very own. Bacall is dressed by Bacall.

I am, incidentally, utterly at variance with those who attribute Lauren's seductiveness to "The Look." I don't believe her amorous promise springs from her face at all, but from the way she uses her body, especially her profile twist. Like a gazelle, she is at once awkward and graceful.

Lauren's appearance, including her profile twist, unquestionably contributed much to her success as a model before Howard Hawks put her under contract and trained her for the screen. But don't think her instinctive clothes sense didn't have a lot to do with that success too.

Actually, Lauren could teach some of our top-ranking stars plenty about clothes. No doubt about it—if she ever opened a specialty shop, a Maison Bacall, she would be God's gift to the incredible number of women who yearn to look well and have plenty of money to spend but lack any style sense whatsoever. So she would promptly become rich and successful.

I ASKED Joan Fontaine one day her highest ambition apart from being a great star.

"Elsa," she said, "you will laugh if I tell you."

"What is it?" I persisted. "To write a beautiful sonnet to the moon? To act *Camille* on the stage?"

"Not at all," she said. "To understand the subtlety of wine cookery. And to take a souffle I have baked out of the oven and serve it delicious and firm; not have it fall when the first spoon cuts into it."

I protested, "You don't mean, Joanie darling, that you want to bend over a stove so you can serve dinner, piping hot, to your lord when he returns from the office, with your camellia cheeks flushed and moisture on your alabaster brow!"

Joan blushed. "Perhaps not, Elsa. But I *would* like to know there were dishes I could make better than my cook. And I would like my husband to appreciate

Drawings by Valenty



"By The Body for the body" might be a good slogan for Marie McDonald



You might find Gary Cooper among others of the long-haired contingent

BEEN—

good food. Not expensive, only selected. Which anybody in the world can have just by learning to prepare it."

This isn't high-sounding talk with Joan. Every time she goes to New York between pictures she spends a good part of her time at a cooking school which caters only to those already well versed in culinary art. It is conducted by the only woman accredited to confer the precious Cordon Bleu diploma. And, mark my words, Joan will have this one day.

Whereupon she could open Chez Joan. I venture to predict that in no time it would become a famous rendezvous for connoisseurs of beauty as well as gourmets.

Walter Pidgeon could sing for his supper. Just as he did before. He has a delightful, natural voice and admittedly loves singing better than acting. You'll soon see him in his new movie called "Weekend At The Waldorf," incidentally. Which reminds me he could sing at the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf. And how he could pack us in!

How could I have failed to include Dorothy Lamour in my list of stars who wouldn't starve if they were denied their screen fortunes? Dorothy would clean her new customers in jig time. Clean their clothes, I mean. For she would turn laundress. Her husband, Major William Ross Howard III, recently presented her with a washing machine when she was having trouble finding help for their San Bernardino home. No gift of jewels ever evoked such joy and enthusiasm. Ever since, Dorothy has spent her life washing everything in sight; even the neighbors' laundry. Sarongs, after all, don't take much doing. (*Continued on page* 126)



Those Monday morning blues would never get Dottie Lamour down



Favorite books—the Harvard Classics of which he has a complete set. He has a one-room apartment, by choice

Continental click—Helmut Dantine, starred in "Shadow Of A Woman"



Combine European charm and American candor and you'll have this hero-by-demand — Helmut Dantine

BY JERRY ASHER

"WHO'S making all that noise? What's going on back there? Is anything wrong?"

It was executive producer Jack L. Warner in Hollywood, talking on the long distance telephone to the manager of the Strand Theater in New York City. The distant din grew louder and wilder. Coherent conversation was almost out of the question.

"You think *that's* noisy," the theater manager roared back. "Just listen to *this.*"

He carried the transmitter to the other side of his office, threw open the window and held the instrument straight out into space. On the other side of the United States Jack L. Warner continued to listen. Something akin to a Marine task force establishing a beachhead greeted his astonished ears.

"What *is* it?" demanded Mr. Warner.

"Helmut Dantine is leaning out of his dressing-room window—so his fans can see him," groaned the manager. "It's this way every single day—only it's getting worse. The crowds keep getting larger and noisier!"

Mr. Warner is a man who catches on quickly. Then and there the screen's number one "Nazi" automatically became a romantic star. Those demonstrative fans did it.

"Please tell them," Dantine says earnestly, "how grateful I am."

Not only is Helmut grateful these days—he's happy, looks happy, acts happy. His New York trip played a great part. Those five shows a day on the personal appearance circuit marked a milestone in his life. Suddenly he can relax. At least he doesn't arise come dawn, via jet propulsion—then continue the day with all the velocity of a buzz bomb. He's learned to take it easy. On him it's quite becoming.

This new Dantine greets you more easily these days. His eyes sparkle humorously. He seems to challenge you to resist his infectious grin.

"For the first time in my life I feel a personal security," Helmut will tell you. "I tried so hard—too hard, I suppose. Everyone used to tell me to stop behaving as if I were sitting on the crater of a volcano. I'm glad now that I didn't force myself to change too rapidly. I've always believed that if the majority accepts a person the way he is, why change into something he isn't to please the minority? It's proving out that I was right—at least right for me. I suppose I'll eventually have to change my mode of living, branch out a bit. So far as I am concerned, I'm contented and in no great hurry."

Content he is, but not so are his personal publicists. No hillside home, no swimming pool, no hot and cold running dachshunds, have been added to the Dantine formula. Helmut continues to live in his $50 a month, furnished bachelor apartment. With half of Hollywood hysterical over the servant problem, he's in a rather smug position. Now that the war is won he hopes to bring his parents to this country. Then he'll get a bigger place and a better place. Someday he hopes to own his own horse and work out in his own gym.

As a rule, Helmut manages five hours a night of healthy, happy sleeping. Promptly at 2:15 A.M. he awakens just long enough to tune in on a short-wave overseas news broadcast. Next to his unglamorous pull-down wall bed is a table. On it sits his radio, his current script, his little blue book of (*Continued on page* 70)

American from Vienna

He has a home recording outfit—records his voice and plays it back to perfect his diction. Makes his own coffee and his own bed—in spite of maid service



He is fond of cokes and cheese on rye. The pictures on the coffee table are of his ex-wife, actress Gwen Anderson





Photoplay's 1944 Gold Medal Award winner, Greer Garson, starred in "This Strange Adventure"

Redheaded Woman

A sprightly account of that torchy titian—high-tempered, high-talented Greer Garson

BY HERB HOWE

AT LONG last Greer Garson, the woman for whom our hearts beat loudest according to Dr. Gallup's perambulant stethoscope, has been unbustled from the line of nineteenth century ladies with whom she won gold medals, plaques, an Oscar from Hollywood's Academy and an effigy in Madame Tussaud's London waxworks.

"If you don't take off that bustle pretty soon," said a fresh well-wisher, "people will begin to think you deficient."

Greer's mother, unruffled, said: "Greer was a pretty baby."

She's a pretty baby now, whistled this connoisseur as she came into the drawing-room, agile as lynx or minx.

Once Greer, in a creative fever, bustled into the publicity department to suggest she be titled Garson The Bustle—"you know, like Sinatra The Voice." Stuffing their fingers in their ears the press boys rocked to the profanation, mindful of their own hot inspiration in giving her the reverential title, First Lady of the Screen.

Our purpose here in celebrating Miss Garson's unbustling *cum laude* is this: She has been rumored highbrow, a sobriquet from which all good folk recoil, so we thought it might be well, while we are gathered together in her drawing room, reaching for sandwiches, to take our minds off her cerebral gifts and regard, for the nonce, others. It isn't hard, brothers. Seeing her, so gay, so curved, you too are liable to whistle encouragingly when she says she feels at times like playing a chippy.

"Oh my dear," said Helen Hayes, "the way you are regarded that would be like Santa Claus taking off his beard before children."

Uh huh, but more'n one kiddie's glad she's taken off the bustle, betcha. For that matter, she is too. The pomp of rear and circumstance of corsets often made her feel, she says, like Mrs. Noah.

Not always was she Arkly gowned. On the English stage her costumes ranged from Shylock's beard to body make-up and a breeze, the latter bringing her pneumonia as the price of (*Continued on page* 117)



Angler—Greer hauls in her catch while Gogo attentively observes



Champagne for the happy reunion of Lieut. and Mrs. Ney



Sentimental moment for Mr. and Mrs. Tom Drake

Portrait of a

Tom Drake—who laughs in his sleep, wakes up moody—who has no delusions, but will make a wish on a white horse



Coffee addict likes milk too

HE has a phobia for keeping all windows open.

He has a violent aversion to quiz programs.

He drinks ten to twelve cups of coffee a day, wants to have three children and confesses an incurable procrastination in all his good intentions.

His baptismal name is Alfred Alderdice.

He never wears garters and in moments of stress he invariably resorts to the philosophic comfort of "This too shall pass away." He drives a Buick convertible coupe, all paid for.

He doesn't own a hat.

He seldom chews gum, has never been injured bodily and was born in the Long Island College Hospital, New York.

He reads Aldous Huxley but admits he doesn't understand him. He is six feet tall and a strong believer in hunches.

He has a devil of a time phrasing a telegram.

He has never played pool or billiards, is fond of chocolate marshmallow sundaes and is bored by wrestling matches and baseball. He was born on August 5, 1919.

He takes two months to answer a letter. He prefers a belt to suspenders and never argues with a traffic cop. He doesn't like walking and has had measles, mumps, whooping cough, scarlet fever and chicken pox.

His family called him Bud.

Tom Drake's most recurrent memory is of that period when he was getting his first taste of summer stock at Poughkeepsie, New York. When he was seventeen years old, his mother died, and he had to make a decision between going to college or entering the theater. He is very fond of raw onions.

His greatest extravagance is dining in good restaurants.



Tom, of "Hold High The Torch," writes songs

Realist

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE



Night out for fun—Tom, Chris and Jack Haley dine at La Rue

He likes bowling, has frequently bowled 200, and his father, of Scotch-English stock, died when he was eleven. His hair is blond.

He doesn't like riding a motorcycle, wears a size forty suit and considers New York's Chrysler Building the most beautiful he has ever seen. He reads very few books.

He once could recite Poe's "Annabel Lee" by heart, but no more. He doesn't smoke a pipe, has a small California bungalow in Beverly Hills and believes that fate strongly influences our lives albeit an effort toward a goal is required of an individual.

He doesn't like root beer.

He smokes cigarettes and likes plopping in overstuffed furniture. He carries money loosely in a trouser pocket, never in a wallet.

He is very bad at spelling. "Specially with names—only names like Ruth and Ann come easily."

He rarely looks at the comic strips.

He is constantly losing combs, buys a dozen a week. He cares little for opera, made his first screen appearance in "The Howards Of Virginia" in 1939, and is forever budgeting himself but never adhering to it.

His most regular correspondence is with his sister, Claire Kennedy, and Alice B. Young, the New York dramatic coach whom he credits with the greatest influence on his career. He hates shopping.

He never catches cold.

He is particularly fond of Roquefort cheese, has never played golf, and all things being equal, he would rather operate a horse-breeding ranch than do anything else. He does not get seasick or airsick.

He abhors crowds.

He has never read Walt Whitman.

He averaged ninety-five in algebra, unconsciously hums "Laura" all the time and invariably solved his math by counting on his fingers. He prefers traveling by auto or train.

He enjoys jitterbugging only as a spectator, used to finger a typewriter but now writes in longhand. He is a Sinatra fan.

He subscribes to no book club.

He has nurtured a yen to dabble in the stock market since he was eight years old. He is an excellent swimmer and horseman, lucky in gambling and is constantly forgetting where he left his (*Continued on page* 128)



He's devoted to his two nieces, Casey and Christopher



Not a screen idol set apart, but one of his public. His next picture, "A Stolen Life"

ROMANTIC LUG

By Danton Walker

TIME was, my chickadees, when a screen idol had to possess a million-dollar profile, long curly eyelashes, gleaming teeth and a mass of raven-tinted locks which glistened under the klieg lights like fine new patent leather. But all that is changed.

Today your Hollywood hero is a lug, a guy whose nose is far from classic, whose hair is tousled and whose teeth, while sound and healthy, would hardly win prizes as a dentifrice ad. And when he smiles, he grins. He could pass for the guy who works at the Greek candy store on the corner, or double as the filling station attendant down the street and his professional moniker might be picked out of a hat. He is the graduate of sand-lot baseball and the unsung hero of the Golden Gloves who was washed out in the elimination contest. He is just one of the mob and as such, perhaps, a symbol of that new democracy you've been hearing so much about.

In short, he is Dane Clark, and he represents the new trend in pictures, for better or worse.

Dane Clark had done some distinguished work in "Action In The North Atlantic" and "Destination Tokyo," but it wasn't until he appeared as *Mr. Fix-It* in "The Very Thought Of You" that the bobby-soxers adopted him as their own. On his first personal appearance in New York, they ripped his coat, snatched at his necktie and when he retreated into a stage alley, they tore down a couple of wooden gates and bent an iron grille in their efforts to get at him. He knew then

Prize fighter, lawyer—Bernie Zaneville could have been both, but he couldn't pass up a dare—which made him Dane Clark



He once wrote radio scripts—then acted in them himself



He has been a soda jerker, a loan collection agent, worked on a construction crew—and then and there destiny entered

Dane likes ties. So do his fans. New York bobby-soxers helped themselves—but not behind his back



that the die was cast—he was a success!

Handling the bobby-soxers, Dane admits, has been the toughest part of show business for him.

"At the Strand in New York I discovered an odd thing. While they might howl with derision at gags, they would quiet down and be all attention when I gave 'em prose poetry—something written especially for my act by Norman Corwin. I guess they took poetry from me because they feel I speak their language."

And that, I think, is the secret of Dane Clark's success. He speaks the language of the people; he is one of them. He might, indeed, be "the guy who works at the candy store on the corner," as one of his fans wrote him in a letter recently. (*Continued on page* 88)

Because You're Brave Enough..

It was to him you gave your love. Now is the moment to prove it

BY LORETTA YOUNG



WILL we know how to treat him if he comes home handicapped?

His physical wounds we may leave with confidence and hope to modern surgery, which is working miracles on maimed and broken bodies . . .

But if his spirit is wounded? . . .

If his pride and self-confidence need strengthening?

Will we have the wisdom?

I hope so. I pray so. We are going to need it.

For in the midst of rejoicing over the end of the war and the bravery of the men who made it possible, we must not for one moment forget that thousands of these men are facing another fight more difficult and, spiritually, a more dangerous battle—that of adjusting to and overcoming the injuries with which they bought the world's peace.

And this is not a fight they fight alone.

This is the battle we must fight, too, *hand in hand with the handicapped,* using the weapons that heal.

As a film star, living in the comfort and security of Hollywood, I would not have the presumption to discuss the problems of the handicapped except for the fact that, having played roles of the handicapped on the screen I correspond with and have many friends among them.

They write me, those who do not hear, those who do not see, the crippled and the disfigured, too. They tell me about their hopes and discouragements, what helps them most, what hinders them most. For which I am very grateful. I am grateful, too, that I have been able to visit the wounded in hospitals. For it is from the handicapped themselves that I have been privileged to learn, in some small measure, how we can best help them fight for the courage and confidence they need.

Let me tell you, first, a story about two of my friends:

Some six or seven years ago, in Europe, I met a man I shall never forget. A casualty of the first world war, a man of nearly sixty when I knew him, he had lain,



"This is not a fight they fight alone!" says Loretta Young, starred in "Along Came Jones"

for twenty-five years, on a stretcher bed suspended from the ceiling by pulleys. His body completely atrophied, he was unable to move any part of it, except his eyes and mouth, and he was the warmest, livest, most stimulating person I have ever known.

He read constantly, read everything, his books, magazines and newspapers propped in front of him on an adjustable rack. He was interested in everything and in everybody. His interests covered just about the whole of human endeavor and achievement.

People crowded into his room twenty-four hours a day. For advice. For good talk—he was a brilliant conversationalist. For a laugh—his humor was rich, robust and ready. He took care of his business from his stretcher bed and his wife of more than thirty years was as contented a woman as I have ever seen.

By minimizing his disabilities and by using to the fullest capacity all that remained to him—his eyes and his mind—he had made for himself and for those about him a rich and fruitful life. By using his handicap to open doors rather than close them, he let in wisdom, tolerance, wit, warmth and laughter.

Through what dark initial period he had come, or how long it took him to come through, I do not know. But that he suffered such a station of his cross, I do know. For his wife told me that in the beginning he cried out in furious protest, "Why did this have to happen to me?" and that she answered him, "*Because you are brave enough.*". . .

Words I was to borrow, years later when, visiting a hospital ward a few months ago, a young soldier asked me rebelliously, "Why should this happen to me?" And I heard myself answering, "Because you are brave enough."

I added, "Brave enough to take it. Brave enough to strike out the first three letters of the word, disability. Brave enough to get back to some kind of useful work. . . ."

His sightless eyes lit for a moment as with some inner vision. Then he turned his head (*Continued on page* 103)

PUT OUT

So you see? You're not the only one who's been scorched by the fire!

Jennifer Jones says:



If you have gone through a romantic upheaval, don't dramatize yourself. Don't walk around with tears in your eyes and play the tragic heroine. Don't build up in your mind the word "if." *If* this had happened, *if* I had said this, *if* I could do it over again. Because you can't. It does no good to look *backward.* You have to look forward. Many people have discovered that although things look pretty black at the moment, they don't stay that way forever.

Bob and I had a lot of happiness together even though we went through hard times in New York before either of us came to Hollywood. We have two lovely children. Our lives will always be close to each other because of them. There was much happiness in our marriage, and when things are over, it helps to remember the nice things and forget your differences. There is no reason for not being friends. I'm proud of Bob. He's not only a wonderful actor; he's a wonderful father. It would scare me to death to think of trying to bring up Bobby and Michael without Bob's advice.

It isn't pleasant when a marriage breaks up, but it helps to remember that everything—every single experience you go through—is part of life. Everything that happens to you, either good or bad, is part of your growth as a human being. It isn't happiness that shows what depth you have, what character; it's unhappiness and how you weather it.

Bill Eythe says:

Just after I got out of college, the girl I was in love with came to me one day and said, "Bill, I'm going to be married and I wanted you to be the first to know."

Although I had been in no position financially to ask her to marry me, I was terrifically in love and I thought she loved me, too. When she married someone else, it really knocked me for a loop. We weren't formally engaged but we were going steady and I had always figured we would be married as soon as I could support a wife.

At first, I seemed to lose all perspective. I couldn't see the situation as it really was. I thought just of myself and how my life was ruined. I should have realized that if she was in love with someone else, then naturally we'd never be happy together. Instead, I kept right on clinging to my wishful thinking. I wouldn't be honest with myself. For a long time I mistrusted everyone I met and associated with. A jolt like that is bound to make you wonder if people are what they seem. I brooded and carried a torch in both hands.

Then I realized I was *enjoying* my broken heart. I was reliving it. Immediately I began removing all old associations. I gave away all our favorite phonograph records. I burned her pictures. I didn't hang around the old haunts. I was leery of romance. I didn't look for a new girl. Instead, I plunged into work. That in itself was an advantage because, by concentrating exclusively on my job, I learned a lot more, faster.

I've had romances since then, of course. But now I realize that the experience left me with one very noticeable scar. I'm still cautious. I listen to everyone with tongue in cheek. I don't fall in love easily. I don't get embroiled romantically and seriously with every girl I go out with. I can enjoy friendships without hanging every word on tomorrow. Once your fingers are burned, they stay burned. I'm inclined to think this is a good thing. If more people would use their heads along with their hearts, there wouldn't be as many torches showing.



THAT TORCH!

These four stars got their fingers burned too—and did things about it

Van Johnson says:



I carried a torch for years. The girl I had planned to marry up and married someone else. I turned my back on my home town, determined to make the bright lights of Broadway pay off. I wanted to be an actor, and I also wanted to show *her*. So I really concentrated on getting ahead.

I discovered that a kick in the face can sometimes be the best thing that ever happened to you. No kiddin'! You look for new horizons and you determine to show yourself you're okay even if your ex-girl friend doesn't think so.

But it's a funny thing about torches. People fool themselves. I kept thinking that this girl was the only girl for me—even after I got to Hollywood.

Then one day I heard she was coming out here and I would have a chance to see her. It came to me all at once that it was over, that you can't go back to yesterday.

You may be carrying a torch to end all torches. But examine it. Maybe it's gone out.

Bonita Granville says:



When Jackie Cooper and I broke up a long time ago, I really took it very hard. Not that it wasn't completely mutual—it was. But, being just a kid, I felt that things had really gone smash.

For a long time, we had just been good friends. Then we started going steady, and going steady can be just as deadly serious with a teen-ager as it can later on when you are old enough to be engaged or married. The only people who don't think puppy love can just kill you and bury you alive are the ones who are so old they've forgotten how it is to be really young.

It took me a while to realize that this break up was only a part of growing up, and that—hard as it was to understand—it is good for you. It gives you depth, an insight into life.

Then I began to look back on our period of "going steady." I wouldn't have missed it for the world: The wonderful feeling of always knowing you have a date, the grand lift you get out of the "that's my girl" look a boy has in his eyes; problems we ironed out together in regard to our picture work and our personal lives.

I'm not yet twenty-one, and that romance was long ago and far away. But to parents who say your heart can't break when you're a teen-ager, I just want to tell them that it can. I know.

This I also know. It won't take you long to get over it if you will go out into the open, date and have fun. It's fatal to crawl into a shell. There's nothing to take the sting off a romance that didn't jell like suddenly becoming the belle of the ball, with your phone ringing night and day, and every hour crammed to the hilt with fun. Most of the time a wounded heart is only a wounded ego.

And, hang on to this, because it's true—the boy you are crazy about when you are fifteen probably won't be the man you'd want to marry ten years later.

FOR months now, Americans have been standing on each other's feet and sitting on each other's laps to see the biggest smash-hit musical in years—"Anchors Aweigh." For months Americans have come storming out again shouting "Where's Kelly?" For Gene Kelly, the dancing-singing-acting Irishman from Pittsburgh who is the film's brilliant star has now really found his place in the Hollywood sun.

But the question still is: Where's Kelly?

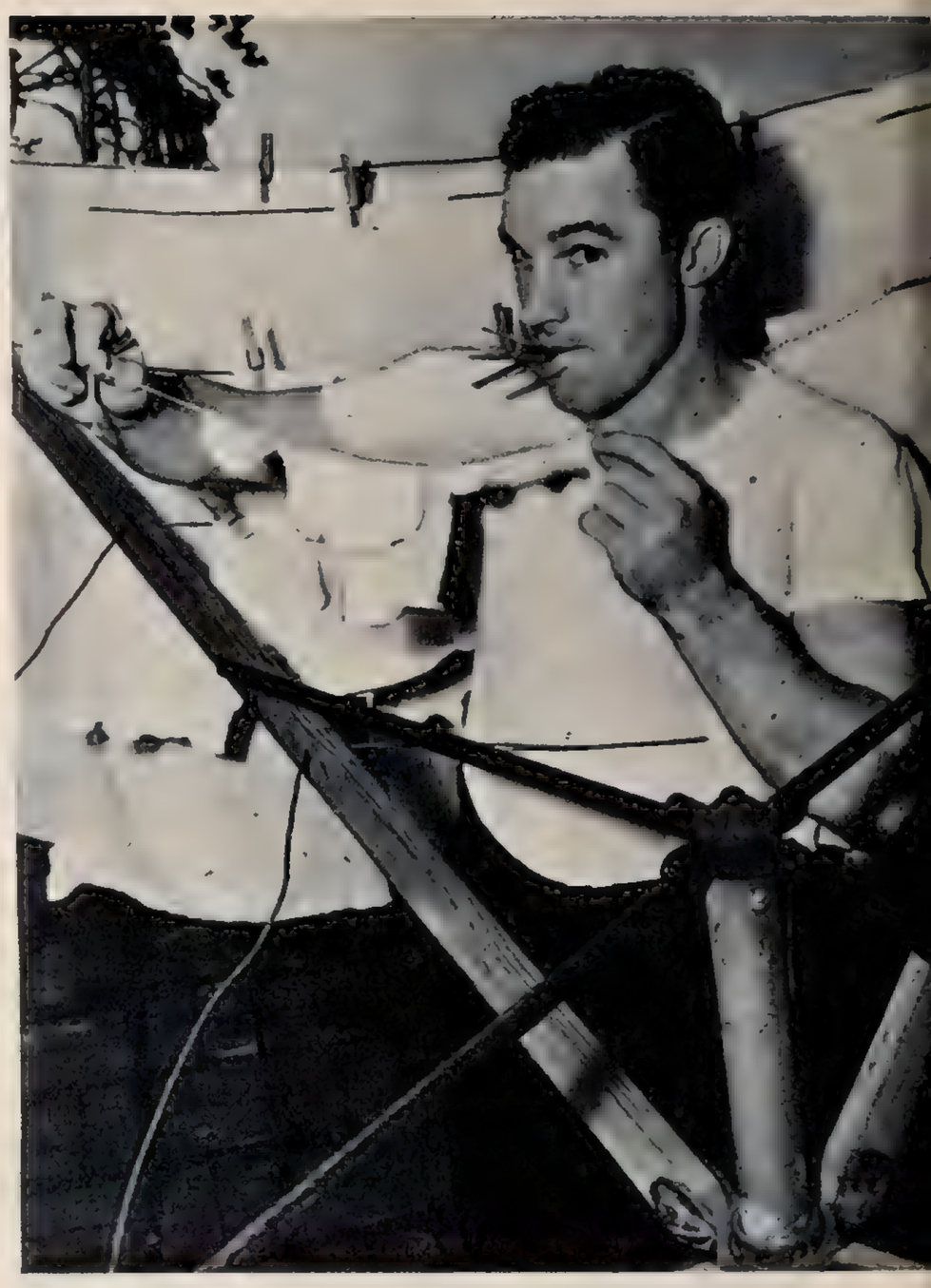
Where? Well, right where Uncle Sam thought he belonged—in the United States Navy, working for the Naval Photographic Science Laboratory in Washington, D. C., and clad in the blues of a lieutenant (j.g.).

He was, until recently, full of Navy plans—plans he'd been waiting a whole year to carry out. But let him tell it: "At last, at last—I'm going overseas!" he said, pleased and proud. "For a year I've been bucking to go. I'm heading a combat photographic unit that'll be taking pictures in actual combat—of demolition squads, bombs, guns, fighting! Then we'll bring 'em back to be used for training films. But anyway, it's action on the fronts!"

However, everything happens to Kelly. The date of this speech was August 6, and the atomic bomb fell on August 7. This is one time that the curtain went down before Kelly got onstage. But nobody can say he didn't try. He tried everything to get overseas; and he definitely tried (as any Navy Public Relations officer can tell you) not to be an actor in the Navy. He tried with all his might to stay off radio shows and out of the spotlight but—everything happens to Kelly.

And a lot of it has nothing to do with dignity, either! Behind the scenes, his private life in wartime Washington, D. C., was as undignified as anyone else's life in Washington, D. C. It all goes under the heading of "Help! Find us a house!"—and it continues like this:

When his wife Betsy first came East to join Gene (once he had become an officer and felt able to have his family with him), she left behind her the usual wartime debris of a home: A closed house in California; a baby left with her mother, Mrs. Boger, in New Jersey; a car in storage. She also left behind her peace of mind, because Washington's housing shortage was exactly as told in song and story—there just wasn't any (*Continued on page* 105)



Fatherly workout—Gene, the gob of "Anchors Aweigh," playing laundress to Kerry



In pre-Navy days, the Kellys were "Indications" fans—so good at it they even acted out French words



When Lieut. (j.g.) Kelly was just a gob in San Diego he spent all his Navy pay on phone calls home

Where's Kelly?

Right where you'd expect a hoofing Irishman to be who has his feet on the ground and his heart at sea

BY HARRIET EATON



She writes "thank you" notes on the slightest occasion

DEANNA DURBIN is both formal and informal.

She is formal when there are visitors on the set. Then she is Miss Durbin and after the introduction she goes to her portable dressing room and reads until they want her in front of the camera.

But when there are no strangers about, she is "Durby," "Charlie" and "Durbish" to the crew. She may even Indian wrestle with Woody Bredell, a cameraman.

She knows how to handle herself on all occasions, especially in front of the camera. Her sensational career is proof.

She is a quick study when it comes to learning her lines, but she seldom studies her script at nights any more. "I learned my lesson during my early pictures," she explained. "I would come to the set mornings, sleepy, and find they had rewritten the scene. Now I learn my lines just before we shoot. It's easier."

When she made her initial picture, she filled out the studio questionnaire "Edna Mae Durbin" and wrote only these physical measurements: "Five feet two inches tall. Weight 100 pounds."

She chose the name Deanna herself. She wanted to retain the name of Durbin "just in case I ever amounted to anything."

Her studio questionnaire now carries figures which make her figure attractive. Height five feet five inches; weight 116 pounds; bust thirty-five inches; waist, twenty-five; hips, thirty-five and leg length, thirty-five. She's a married woman again.

She is married to Felix Jackson, who now produces her pictures. They met when he wrote scenarios for her and was part of the powerful combination of Producer Joe Pasternak and Director Henry Koster. It was this trio that firmly established her in pictures. While this was going on she met and married Vaughn Paul.

Then the trio—Pasternak, Koster and Jackson—left Universal, at different times, and went to Metro. Also, and there is no connection—it happened many reels later—the Vaughn Pauls were divorced. While this was happening, Jackson received a tempting offer from Universal to return there and produce the Durbin pictures.

He did, and it was while he was making "Christmas Holiday" with Durbin that the romance started. They discussed this picture together, they saw pictures together, had dinner together and found out that they liked each other very much. He had been married before, and when his divorce became final they were married.

He calls her Deanna and she calls him Felix, seldom refers to him as Jackson. She is now expecting a baby.

She has no beauty secrets. (*Continued on page* 91)



Deanna plays the electric organ, Felix the piano. He directs all her pictures—the latest, "Lady On A Train"

Deanna—



Deanna and Felix who are making plans for a visit from the stork

with variations

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Call her "Charlie,"—this Durbin of the dream voice and realistic views



Script-reading—he's currently starring in the musical, "Kitten On The Keys"



He's always dreaming it over with his manager, making plans about the ranch they're going to have. Dick has a lot of travel plans too

Note the father and son resemblance! Richard Jr. is nicknamed Skipper—delights in mimicking his Dad



HORSESHOE HAYMES

Lucky? Sure he is. But it took the teamwork of two men and a woman to win the race

BY ANN MADISON



Joanne and Dick both love horses—are expert riders

DICK HAYMES, Twentieth Century-Fox singing star who is now being recognized as one of Hollywood's most "natural" actors, has risen in true storybook fashion from rags to riches in two years.

Some folks talk about the luck of Haymes. "The guy must carry a horseshoe."

He carries a horseshoe all right. But not the usual kind.

Behind the zooming career of the lovable lad with the turned-up nose, eager grin and romantic baritone voice is the story of a winning combine of star and manager who've parlayed their faith in each other in the Hollywood Handicap on up under the winning wire with Dick's latest film hit, "State Fair."

The manager is dark-complexioned Bill Burton of the tough talk, the soft heart, the yen for gambling and the habit of calling people he likes names. Speaking from his experience of thirty-one years in show business he says, "It's like a race—picking a star. You pull for him—someday he shows, then places, then moves up and one day he wins. It's the biggest thrill in the world seeing your colors come through. That's the way it's been with the kid. He's such a right little bum," he says affectionately. "You couldn't lose with Haymes."

Dick, in turn, has the utmost faith and respect for Bill's judgment and loves him as though he really were his own dad.

His loyalty toward Burton is a beautiful thing to watch. Never does he think or speak in terms of "I." It's always the plural "we." He's constantly watching for Bill's reaction to a scene he does before the camera, asking anxiously, "How'd we look? Okay?" Or after an interview with a reporter, "How'd we do, Pappy? Did she like us?"

Every week when he endorses his radio and film checks and makes one out for Burton's commission they go through the same routine. Dick always sits back in his chair and fumes, "This isn't right! You should be getting half of it. We're going to have to divide this thing up differently someday."

You must go deep to know the real Haymes. He's very sensitive, a little high strung, full of restless energy and a searching seriousness that belies his easy manner. He's very emotional with an intensity of feeling that comes through mostly in his voice in the love ballads he sings. Often some of those tones have to literally jump over a lump in his throat. For Rich-

ard Haymes is more than a little on the sentimental side.

Memories and associations in connection with certain songs always come back to him when he's singing them. He's deeply attached to his mother, Mrs. Marguerite Haymes, New York vocal coach. One night while singing one of her old favorites on his radio program, he got to thinking that she might be listening and he had a hard time finishing that song.

Another test for the tender of heart was singing after those trans-oceanic hook-ups when the zooming of planes brought war right into the room as a Coast Guardsman talked with his wife or an Army sergeant in a hospital on Leyte heard the first news of his newly born son.



Dick has his cake—at his wife's Mocambo birthday party

On one occasion when he had a Marine's wife and little boy there to talk to her husband in the South Pacific, the wife and the baby both started crying over the mike and almost broke everybody up. It was just before Dick was going into "How Deep Is the Ocean." He ad libbed, comforted the girl and held the show together. After it went off the air, he disappeared hurriedly into his dressing room, slumped down in a chair and the tears came. This is what gives under the easy-going guy you see on the screen.

Despite a sensitive nature, Dick is very even-tempered. Though confident of his own ability, he is not conceited, can't stand snobbery, and it still comes to him with a sort of shock that he is a star. "Temperament . . . Dick?" says Bob McCord, his stand-in and secretary. "He hates it! Won't stand for it at all."

HE has an unusual sense of humor, a restless quick manner of speaking, giving you fast decisive answers. He moves swiftly too, fairly breezing when he walks. Dick talks in enthusiastic bursts about anything that interests him—whether it's a world problem, his three-year-old son Skipper, or a new way to eat cracked crabs.

Speaking of eating, Dick loves it and really gives his most convincing performance when he's trying to get a hamburger steak saute. "I guess we couldn't get a hamburger, medium rare. Hm-m-m-m?" He'll look at the waiter hopefully. "And home-fried potatoes—lots of them? And peas? I guess that'll catch it," he'll say.

Six feet tall with broad shoulders and muscular build, he has blond hair, a wide mobile mouth, gray eyes that tilt up a little at the side and a nose that tilts up a lot at the end. The snub nose doesn't go with his sophisticated background at all, but does go with the little-boy look that made Hollywood landladies and others trust him so much and made his manager back him to the tune of $12,000 to pay them all back.

The snub-nosed Skippy look hides an ambition that almost consumes him. He goes along, gathering steam with every picture, but fairly chafes at the bit inside.

"I want to do so many things," he says. "I'd love working with a theater, directing kids. Like to turn out songs too, of course, and sing. But most of all I want to write—and write well." The little-boy enthusiasm rushes him along. "I don't mean that I'll be any world-beater at them, but I'd like to take a swing at them anyway."

He has sold stories and says modestly, "I'm always writing on something. The house is full of the stuff now." The Haymes system is to put on a dozen symphony records in his bedroom-den, lie back with a cigarette and whenever he hits an inspiration get right up and go to work. Around three o'clock one morning recently when he was restless and couldn't sleep, he got an idea for a novel and got up and started scribbling what eventually turned out to be 600 pages in longhand.

"Ideas usually hit me at night," he says, "and it's important to get up and put them down when they're moving along, while you have the mood and feel of it."

He sold his first story, a piece on hoboes, to the Atlantic Monthly magazine when he was fifteen years old for $12.50, the prize for the best junior writer of that year. He got the inspiration for it while riding the blinds on a coal car from Loyola University in Washington to New York for a vacation, after he'd spent the money his mother sent him for his fare home. It was midwinter and one of the hoboes got so sorry for Dick, shivering away in the back of the car, that he got permission from the others for the "new one" to sit up front where the heat of the furnace could blow on him. But they still didn't mingle socially with him. "They're a snooty outfit—won't take you in until you've made several runs with them. What a gang!" he laughs.

He loves traveling—anywhere, any way, whether on a coal car with soot raining in his face or on a rusty freighter around the world. The love of adventure is all over his face when he talks about some country he's visited.

"You know, Pappy, we're really going to travel," he told his manager. "We're going to take off six months some year soon and really roll. We'll go to India," he went on, rushing along. "It's fascinating. You'd love India. Or Cairo. Cairo's wonderful. And Rio. There's no place like Rio . . . fascinating."

Most people forget that Haymes was actually an actor before he was a singer. He keeps urging his manager to get him a straight acting role now. "How long will it be before we'll be able to just act and not sing?" he keeps asking.

"Be still, you bum. A guy named Crosby won the Award for the best performance and he did a helluva lot of singing in the picture," Bill reminds him.

Dick began his acting career (*Continued on page* 110)

YOU'LL FIND THE NEW PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS BEGINNING ON PAGE 73



AFTER A YEAR AT OUR LONDON EMBASSY—Mary Anne Braswell shares a "reunion-cake" with three British airmen. Soon after graduating from the University of Georgia she received her Diplomatic Corps assignment. Her work was "fascinating and exacting" she says. Air raids, celebrities, robot bombs—and "getting engaged" to an American officer from Boston were all part of her London adventure.

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



She's delightfully poised—with glinty-chestnut hair, alabaster-smooth skin



HER RING
3 steps of diamonds flank the handsome center diamond. The band is platinum.

Mary Anne Braswell to wed Edwin P. Cushman, U.S. Army Officer

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Braswell of Athens, Georgia.

THE first day Mary Anne was in London she met her officer fiancé-to-be . . . at a luncheon club near the Embassy!

She's *another* engaged girl with that "soft-smooth" Pond's look!

"I surely do depend on Pond's Cold Cream," she says, "it has the nicest way of making your face feel *especially* soft and clean. I wouldn't be without my Pond's for anything."

Twice every day Mary Anne uses Pond's Cold Cream—like this:

She *smooths* the silky-soft cream well over her face and throat and pats rapidly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues it all off.

She *rinses* with more Pond's Cold Cream, plying her white covered fingertips round her face in quick little circles. Tissues off. This is "extra-care," she says, for extra cleansing, extra softening.

Why don't *you* use Pond's Cold Cream her way? Every morning, every evening and for in-between time clean-ups! It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Get a *big luxury jar* that lets you dip in with both hands!



A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont · The Lady Morris · Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle · Lady Louis Mountbatten · Mrs. George J. Gould, Jr. · Princess Xenia

P
M
M

What Should I Do?



YOUR PROBLEMS
ANSWERED BY
CLAUDETTE COLBERT,
Star of "Guest Wife"

Dear Miss Colbert:

Just after the war started I met and fell in love with a lovely girl under story-book circumstances when my outfit was stationed at an East Coast city. One Sunday morning I strolled into a small church, went to the choir loft and sang with the choir. I noticed a girl beside me with Dublin on her face, so I whispered, "You're not Irish are you?" She actually blushed!

Later I met her formally and we had our first date. It was her very first date, although she was twenty-one. After I knew her better and learned how innocent she was—she neither drank nor smoked, and she fell asleep, like a child in my arms, at a midnight show—I really went overboard for her. We were very happy, very young and very much in love. I proposed and she accepted and promised to wait while I was overseas.

I saw plenty of action. Our outfit was awarded the Presidential Citation for its part in the Buna Campaign. Naturally Norah and I wrote. Then tragedy struck. I was almost burned to death by gasoline. I had barely recovered from that when an accident severed my left thumb. Then my mind snapped. I was sent home to a hospital. Norah came to see me with my mother and I had to meet them with an attendant at my side. But, in a few months, I recovered completely.

When I went to see Norah she returned my ring and cried and said she didn't love me any more. Her family was wonderful, but said that I'd "find some nice girl just right for me someday."

Since then I've gone to New York, sung in night clubs, been given nation-wide recognition as a singer and as a "hero." I've also worked in a defense plant. I've done everything possible to make good while forgetting the girl I love. I sent her a Christmas gift, which was returned, and my letters are returned unopened.

Can you please offer me some advice? Sometimes I wish God had been kind enough to let me die.

Malcolm T.

Dear Mr. T:

Don't jump to the conclusion that the attitude of every girl in the country is that of your ex-fiancee. If you will reread your letter to me, you will find, I'm sure, a comforting answer—in your very description of this girl—to the problem of her behavior. She's a child. Perhaps not in years, but certainly in mentality, in judgment, in emotion.

Children are apt to have a great fear of a person who has been—even for a brief time—mentally ill. This attitude, like all unenlightened beliefs, vanishes with education and the knowledge of what medical science can and has accomplished.

This girl probably wouldn't have made a good wife under any circumstance. Although it may be difficult for you to accept the truth now, you are really lucky to have learned before marriage that this girl was incapable of arising to meet an emergency.

There are few people who haven't, at some time, taken a romantic tumble. Most people get up, brush themselves off and try again. If you will become more objective about this broken love affair, regard it as experience, and look for some really reliable girl, you will be far better off.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My fiance and I started going together eight years ago, when we were freshmen in high school. When war broke out, he enlisted in the Air Corps and, after nine months' schooling, he went overseas.

After two years overseas, during which time I had a dreadfully serious operation, he came home. You can imagine how I felt the day he walked into the office.

That first night he said I looked pale and thin and wanted to know what had happened to me. I told him. There wasn't anything disgraceful about it—it was just my misfortune—but he realized that we could never have children. He thought this over for a few days, then suggested that we break our engagement. Feeling less than a woman, I gladly consented.

I don't have to tell you what I went through for months. When he returned to his outfit he merely sent me a card. Six months after he broke our engagement I received a heartbroken letter from him saying that he now realized that he had been cruel and stupid, and asking me to wait for him as an engaged girl and to continue to plan our future.

What do you think might have changed him? Would you begin again? I love him desperately, but now I'm afraid.

Editha G.

Dear Miss G:

If you love this boy desperately, it seems to me that you have no reason to be afraid to plan a marriage with him.

Probably, when you told him about your inability to have children, he was genuinely shocked and on such short notice had had no time to make a readjustment within himself. I believe that there are almost as many men who look forward happily toward parenthood as there are girls. Your fiance might well be such a man.

Now that he has had a chance to think things over he probably realizes that like many childless couples you can adopt children. There is no reason why that plan can't solve your problem.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

You receive so many stories of unhappy marriages that I thought you would be refreshed by a description of a truly happy one. (*Continued on page* 97)

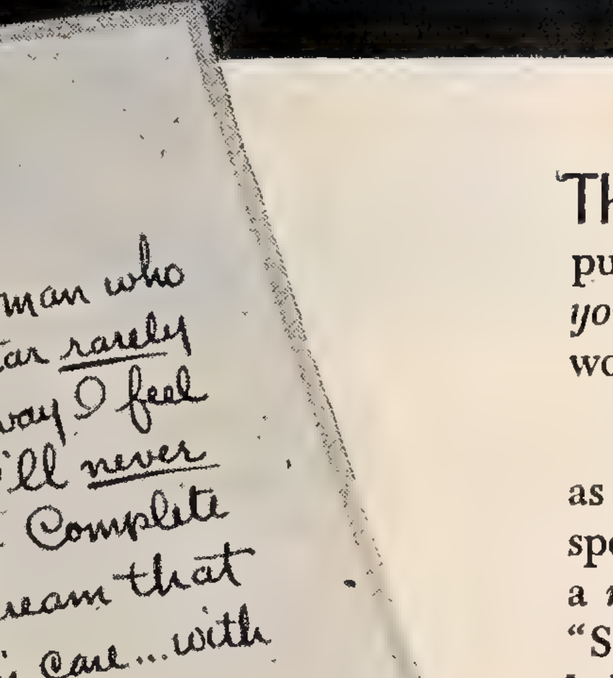
Another Hollywood Star ...with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin



MD

Once she's found a camera-man who does the most for her, a star rarely changes. And that's the way I feel about beauty creams. I'll never change from Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. One cream that gives me complete skin care...with beauty extras!

Marlene Dietrich



The peerless Dietrich! The star who put "amour" in glamour! Glamorous . . . *clever you* . . . to try her skin-beauty recipe . . . wonderful Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream!

Here's *one* cream that gives *complete* care . . . as it *cleanses, smooths, softens* your skin! A spellbinder as a *powder base;* a magician as a *night cream.* And *only* Woodbury has "Stericin", purifying the cream in the jar, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

Star in your *own* love drama! Today . . . get Woodbury . . . 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

. . . it's all you need!





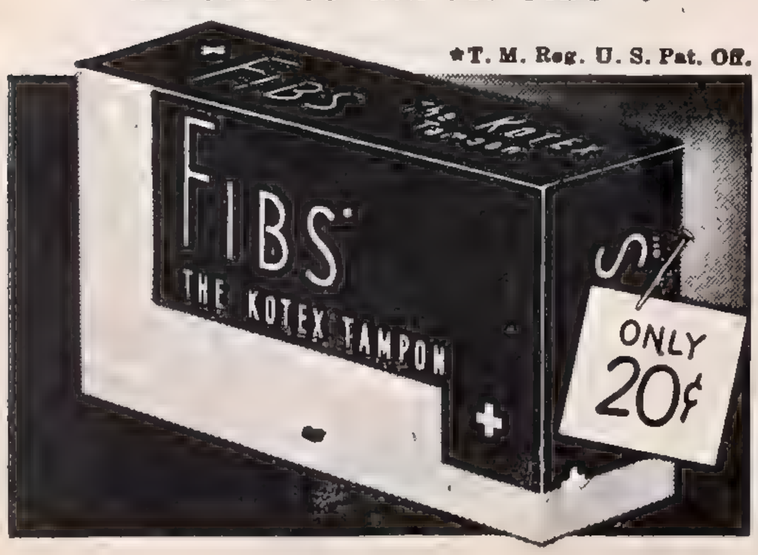
Once you've used FIBS, there are two special advantages that you'll always remember:

FIRST, those smoothly tapered, gently rounded ends that assure easy insertion. You can tell at a glance that FIBS must be easy to use.

SECOND, the "quilting" that prevents cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes. It's a feature fastidious women are quick to appreciate.

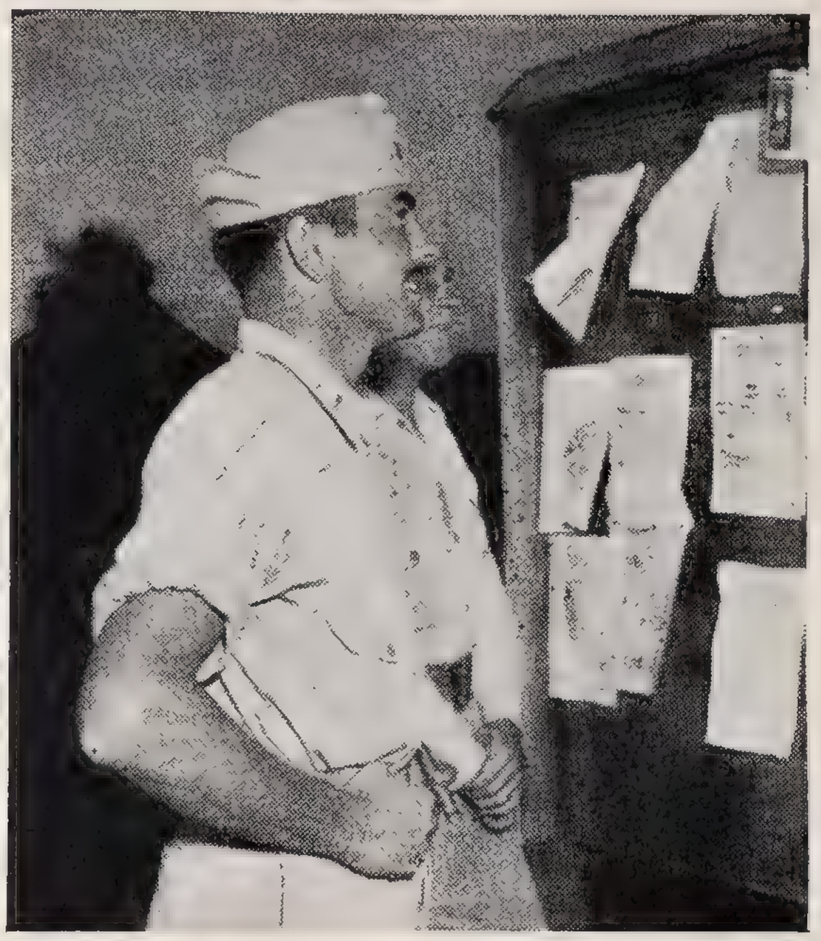
FIBS quilting also contributes directly to your comfort...keeps Fibs from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. No other tampon is quilted!

Next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS*!



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

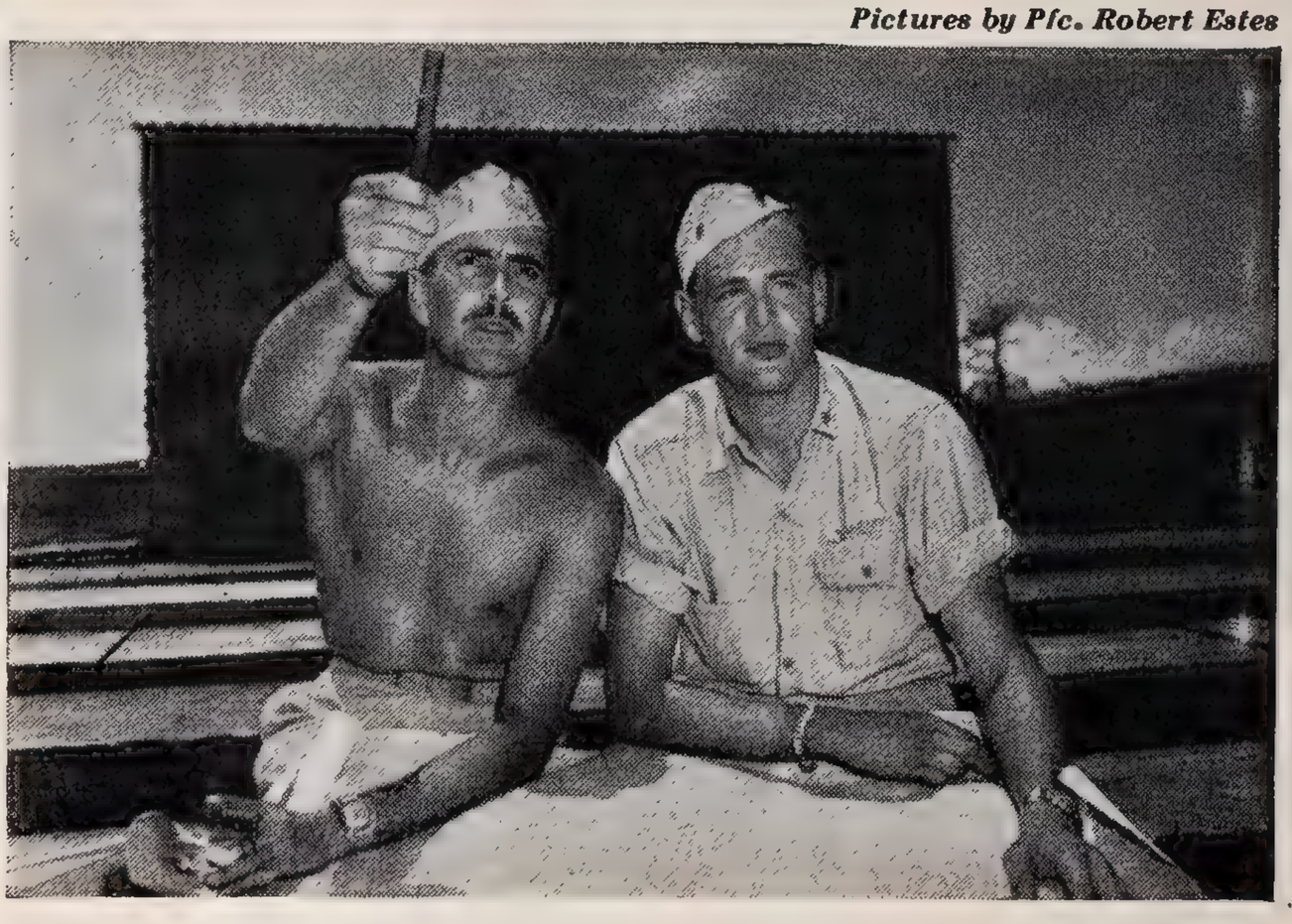
Man On An Island



What will the day bring? Like any other day and like all good Marines, Ty Power checked the bulletin board first thing in the morning and several times during the day to keep abreast of developments. The officer on his left is Lieut. Charles Masten of San Francisco

These are some of things Tyrone Power will remember about the war—when he was a transport pilot with the Fourth Marine Air Wing

Pictures by Pfc. Robert Estes



Power the planner: Ty discusses a building problem with Major Schacher of Arverne, N. Y. Among other of Tyrone's many island experiences was the planning and building, with Lieutenant Church, of the Franklin Delano Roosevelt outdoor memorial movie theater



Tropical shower by Marine design —Ty enjoys the cold outdoor shower which has been a first-thing-every-morning ritual with him. He's been a busy Marine, flying wherever duty called

Bohemian Buccaneer

(*Continued from page* 41) dressed for a film dance number. But he still couldn't make out their faces; he just noticed that one of them laughed more than the other two. He suggested that they join him again when they were dressed as girls. They did—the next day; and from then on he's been beauing Miss Hunter (the panther who laughed the most) around Hollywood.

But erratic things happen to Hurd every day in the week. Without them—and erratic friends—Hurd wouldn't even be in the movies today, much less a star. He owes as much to his slap-happy (but brilliant) friends as he does to his own undoubted talent.

He came to California a year and a half ago, you see, just for a whimsical vacation. He had no thought of staying; and since he had acted only in the most erudite and intellectual stage productions both in America and abroad, he had no idea of going into the movies. Instead, he came to see a colony of British actors and writers whom he had known in England, and who had settled in a little valley called Ojai Valley—which is a three-hour drive from Hollywood and has no possible connection with it.

There he enjoyed himself so much with the cultured and unfettered colony of Bohemians that he didn't leave. He stayed for nine months. When he ran out of money (which was immediately) he taught in a tiny nursery school in Ojai Valley—in his own inimitable way, he taught the tots American history by painting great poster-like pictures of historic scenes, such as the Puritans' landing, on a sheet of paper covering the floor. Then he let the tots crawl around the paper filling in people, animals and trees in their own way. He also drove them to and from school, and they reciprocated by adoring their eccentric young teacher.

BUT this couldn't go on forever, and all of the Valley began worrying about its talented but unemployed young newcomer. Finally one of the denizens of Ojai Valley remembered she knew an executive of CBS and she arranged an introduction. To it Hurd went and acted right in character. "No, I don't want to make radio acting my life work," said he casually. "I just want to dabble in it and make a little money periodically, so I can go on living in Ojai Valley."

"Oh, I see," said the big shot disapprovingly. He thereupon made Hurd—one of the most sensitive actors on the stage—a messenger boy, complete with uniform. Hurd accepted this as his lot and assumed the uniform at once. For two weeks, that is. Then he saw the famous radio writer and director Arch Oboler in the hall—and once again Mr. Hatfield acted true to form. He scrambled up to Arch, uniform and all, and said, "I'd like to act for you, Mr. Oboler."

Now, Mr. Oboler is nothing if not an amiable eccentric himself. So he grinned and said, "Why not? But you'll have to show me an audition first." Which Hurd did at once, before a microphone for the first time in his life . . . he improvised, on the spot, a melodramatic monologue about a murderer thinking back on his crime. He also courteously provided all the sound effects—shoes scuffling, doors banging (a shoe hitting the floor hard), and so forth. Mr. Oboler, watching the one-man show from a recording room, was convulsed with mirth. Finally he interrupted Hurd in full uproar to demand, "Where did you get that script?"

"It's no script—I'm making it up as I go along," said Hurd honestly. "I got that



All is Forgiven!

When the day arrives—and it will—that Fels-Naptha comes home from the wars, let's hope that the greeting in your household will be *'all is forgiven'!*

This famous soap is still 'seeing service' far from home. A large part of the output of the Fels Plant is assigned to special duty in the four corners of the world.

Most women have been understanding and patient about this absence of an essential item in good housekeeping, even though it has made the family laundry an unaccustomed burden. They know that good soap is part of the superior equipment furnished to our fighters.

To all these good-natured, patriotic women we make this promise: when its present obligations are discharged, Fels-Naptha Soap will be back—unchanged—ready to resume its familiar job of making homes bright and washes sweet and white.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

sort of training while studying in Europe under Michael Chekhov."

"That's enough—you're in," said Oboler. Thereafter Hurd was on five Oboler shows and played the nephew in the *Dr. Christian* series. But his heart was still in Ojai Valley and so was his body between radio shows. And one night while driving to a typical spaghetti-and-wine dinner in Ojai the British actress Iris Tree (daughter of the great Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree) told him that she thought he might have a chance to act in the movies—in "The Picture Of Dorian Gray." She had been a dinner partner of the picture's director Albert Lewin recently and she'd suggested Ojai's newest citizen Hurd for the part.

Hurd was ecstatic at the very idea. All that night he read the book, "The Picture Of Dorian Gray," fortified by pots of coffee in Iris's kitchen. The next day another enthusiastic Ojai denizen drove him all the way to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios and he presented himself to Director Lewin.

There he treated the director to one of the most unusual scenes that ever took place in Hollywood—with the book in his hand, he again improvised on the spot. Only this time he improvised what *Dorian Gray* himself would have thought, looking back on his life. Sex and murder thereupon filled the office air. Hurd finally forgot where he was completely and was shouting, raging and sobbing the part—winding up by throwing the book with all his strength at the office wall . . . where it slithered down to a stop in the wastebasket.

As he tried to readjust himself to his surroundings, he heard Mr. Lewin saying in a slightly frightened (but impressed) voice, "That's good, Mr. Hatfield. Very good."

From then on for the next six weeks, Hurd appeared and reappeared at M-G-M for interviews, screen-tests and more interviews. Meanwhile the whole of Ojai Valley hung with breathless affection on his every move. One member drove him to his appointments; others gave him advice; all of them waited up until midnight at Iris Tree's house with spaghetti dishes and bottles of wine to hear how his latest interview had gone. And when he finally arrived back to tell them the great news, "The part is mine!" the hilarity echoed into the surrounding mountains. Is it any wonder that by this time Hurd has rented himself a cottage in Ojai—to which he goes every minute he's not needed by the studio in town?

WHEN he's needed, of course, he stays in Hollywood in his modernistic penthouse atop a Richard Neutra functionally designed house on a hilltop. There are only a handful of other homes around; and, as in Ojai, the people formed a friendly colony to aid each other in those gas-rationed times. The chauffeur from next door does all of Hurd's marketing along with his own household's. (And even he is out of the ordinary—he's Jack Taylor, the Negro champion prize-fighter from Europe who beat Schmeling; and he's fresh out of a Nazi concentration camp in Germany.)

Then Hurd shares a maid with the people downstairs. They have her mornings, and Hurd has her afternoons and evenings—for lunch and dinner. Breakfast she leaves ready for him to prepare himself in the mornings, since he refuses to eat at drugstores or restaurants for his first meal of the day. He cooks himself a good meal, too! Grapefruit, hot cereal, toast, honey and coffee. Meanwhile, he plays his huge collection of classical records. Then he doffs his white pajamas, gets into the shower during which he sings either an aria from "Manon" or the song "Lonely Town," and then gets dressed and leaves Dragon's Lair—his title for his home. He careens down the hill to the studio in the most battered roadster of all time. It wasn't battered when he bought it, though; he is merely the rottenest driver in America and he smashes it up regularly once a month

Dragon's Lair is ideal for Hurd. It boasts a living room, bath, bedroom, kitchen and sundeck. Every wall slides away so Hurd could fall out of it if he wanted to (and some day will!). As most of the walls are glass, he can look through them and the bamboo and eucalyptus trees surrounding the house to the ocean at one side, and to Mount Baldy 150 miles away on the other.

He has moods of neatness when he keeps his Lair invitingly set with bowls of flowers and favorite magazines. He also puts up his own excellent sketches of circus clowns. But this mood of neatness is usually shadowed by a mood of carelessness, during which Hurd lives like a blind man amidst piles of debris.



Two young populars—Mysterious David Bruce and lovely Susanna Foster who are to be seen in the Universal picture, "Once Upon a Dream"

X Just Red ...and just Gorgeous

50¢ plus tax



THE SEASON'S RIGHT RED

...so right it's the *only* shade offered in the lustrous

ROGER & GALLET X LIPSTICK

ALSO FAMOUS ROGER & GALLET PERFUME
DRY PERFUME • LIP ADE • TOILET SOAP

My first choice will be the silverplate that's Sterling Inlaid with the two blocks of sterling silver





HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE

Copyright 1945: International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. In Canada: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. °Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

As for the history of his twenty-seven years, it has nothing in common with twenty-seven years in most of our lives. He was born on 11th Street in Greenwich Village, New York City, to William Henry Hatfield (a lawyer, and once assistant district attorney of New York) and Adele Hatfield (recently become a topnotch primitive painter). His present beautiful collection of tiepins he inherited from his grandfather, who was Western Manager of Colgate Company.

His name he inherited from his paternal uncle, Major-General Rukard Hurd Hatfield, who sent Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield a silver tray a few months before Hurd's appearance in the world, with the engraved inscription, "To the future parents of Rukard Hurd Hatfield." But Father Hatfield wisely thought that his son should have a fighting chance at college—and named him William Hurd Hatfield instead.

HE spent a few average years, it's true, going to Morristown Prep School and winding up at Columbia University—but on the day he was starting back to his sophomore year at Columbia, his world turned upside down . . . via an envelope in his morning mail which informed him that he had won a scholarship to the Chekhov Drama School at Dartington Hall—in England. Hurd was hysterically jubilant and in four days he was on the Atlantic.

He didn't come home again for almost three years.

During those three years, he was having the time of an esthete's life. While studying under Michael Chekhov, one of the greatest Russian actors and teachers in the history of drama, he lived in a world of international culture. Dartington Hall was the center for all the arts of dancing, acting, weaving, composing and painting for such myriad nationalities as Hindus, Austrians, Russians, French, Italians, Persians—and Hurd lost himself in it. By night he slept in Isadora Duncan's former house; by day he learned to act, direct, paint scenery and write.

In 1940 he came back to America with the Chekhov repertory company and toured the whole United States. By this time, after five years of steady studying and acting, he was ready for the vacation he came to California to have.

But as you can see, his vacation has been over for a year now. And as he's under a seven-year contract to M-G-M, it looks as if it's over for a long, long time to come.

So he spends his time merely being himself, Hurd Hatfield, which is pretty outlandish and very delightful. Money has given him two longed-for opportunities—to buy his splended record machine, and to order tailor-made suits on the dark Eastern pattern. It has also allowed him to indulge all his exotic tastebuds—he eats Russian, Italian, French and Armenian food to his heart's content. And he's collecting books—never, never best-sellers *per se*. "I hate to be in the know," says he, "and I will never read 'Forever Amber.'" No, he's collecting some of Kay Boyle, James Cain, Erskine Caldwell, Elizabeth Bowen—and some day he'll also collect a 200-year-old house in Connecticut, and a piano. Now he satisfies his piano-playing instincts by going to a friend's piano when he's assured of being alone. Then he plays Chopin and Bach preludes, but never popular music.

Just to finish off his erratica, let us tell you that he sees nothing funny in the funnies—and hates animated cartoons. So he's once again out of step with Mr. and Mrs. America . . . but he's one of their favorite "characters" nevertheless!

THE END







Clouds of Delight

Light as a cloud, wonderful Tre-Jur *Bath Powder* hasn't a speck of weighting; every particle is pure, soft. You'll love its quality, its fluffy lamb's wool puff, its triple-scenting Lilac, Gardenia, Apple Blossom 59¢

Triple-Scented

TRE-JUR

American from Vienna

(*Continued from page* 45) telephone numbers, a copy of Irving Stone's "Lust For Life," a copy of "To Hell We March," a new play he recently bought and produced for charity, the proceeds of which went toward the long distance telephone fund for returning veterans. He owns only one pair of pajamas. Black pajamas. They were sent to him by a fan. He has never worn the uppers. He sleeps raw, covers himself with a sheet, never uses a pillow.

EVEN if he had a kitchen, Helmut would never use it. He dislikes cooking, dusting—all those things usually attributed to bachelor living. Boiling strong black coffee is about the extent of his culinary endeavors.

His one extravagance is buying tooth brushes. He brushes his teeth five times a day, showers three times a day. Right now there's a deal afoot to get him to endorse a new chewing gum product. The slogan they have worked out is, "Dantine Chews Dentine." He finds this very amusing.

His greatest fault is really a virtue. He's always too early for appointments, much to the annoyance of whoever is meeting him. Having no switchboard or secretary, he subscribes to a call service bureau. He calls them punctually on the hour for his messages. He keeps his own set of books, makes out his own income tax reports, manages his own personal business. In his time he has been accused of being a "wolf." To that charge Helmut Dantine has one answer: "The ones who do the accusing invariably are the ones who are receiving the least attention!"

Certainly there is no lack of attention these days between Helmut and Ida Lupino—or lack of speculation in that quarter on the part of Hollywood. Helmut himself will vouchsafe no indication that Ida is even remotely responsible for his present happy plight. But mention her name and it seems to fall pleasantly on his ears. Ask him a direct question, however, and he fastens you with that but-what-can-I-say look. Being the gentleman in the case he says—nothing. In the meantime they go to parties and premieres together. They constantly seek each other's company.

Together, Helmut and Ida make one of Hollywood's most attractive twosomes. Another point of interest—little "Loopey," since Helmut's advent in her life, has blossomed into one of the real beauties of Hollywood.

Mutual friends are divided in their prognostications. There are those who feel certain they are altar-bound as soon as Ida's divorce from Louis Hayward becomes final.

Then again there are those who believe that Gwen Anderson (Helmut's former wife) was the one and only real love in his life. There's supporting evidence for this diagnosis in the fact that two large pictures of her (*Continued on page* 72)

Calling All Fans!

Look carefully!

Yes, you now have two votes each month in Photoplay's

Color Portrait Poll!

One for your favorite actor

and

One for your favorite actress

Whose portraits would you like to see in color next month?

Fill out the coupon below and send to

COLOR PORTRAIT EDITOR

205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Please print color portraits of

(*Man*)

(*Woman*)

(*Your name*)

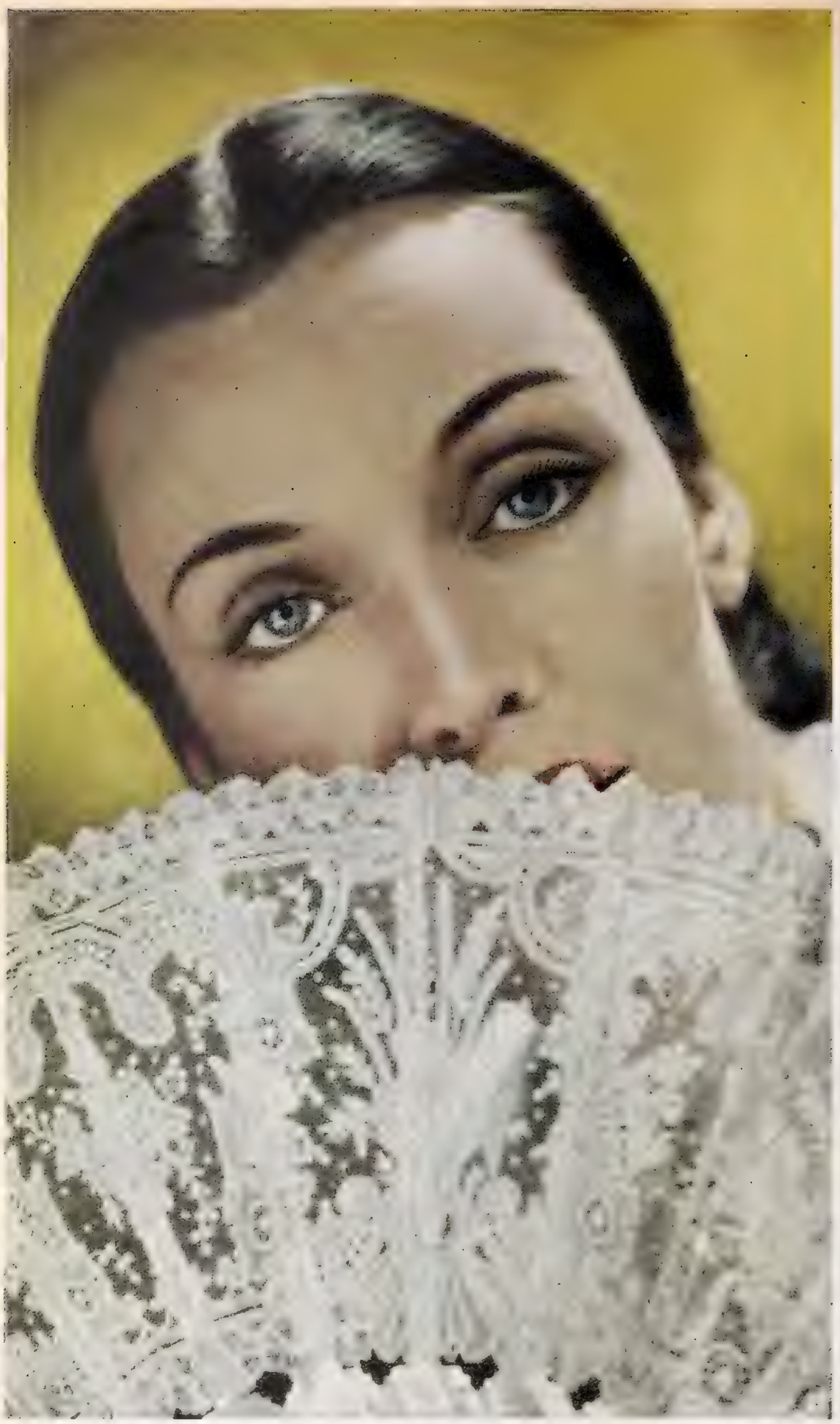
JOFFE-VOGUE STUDIOS AND
SILVER FOX BY ESTHER DOROTHY

Compacts by
Elgin American

You can show your Elgin American compact proudly. Exquisite style and craftsmanship—gleaming, enduring finish—custom-like individuality, make these Elgin American creations truly masterpieces of the jeweler's art. The perfect gift.

ELGIN AMERICAN, Elgin, Illinois
Compacts • Cigarette Cases • Dresser Sets

COPYRIGHT 1945, ELGIN AMERICAN



(*Continued from page 70*) are to be found under the glass top of the coffee table that stands beside his couch. Evidence—but not enough to contradict those constant dates with Ida.

In analyzing Helmut and Ida, one friend, who knows Helmut better than does anyone else, makes some interesting observations: "Opposites are supposed to attract. But Ida and Helmut are so *very* opposite. He has a practical viewpoint toward everything. Ida's is mostly romantic. He is adventurous about life—driven by an insatiable curiosity. Ida, in turn, is more settled. She started out much younger, tasted fame earlier and longer. It's still very new and very exciting to Helmut. He feels he has a lot to learn. A lot to see and do. He is not ready to settle down. He has no ideal picture of ideal home life conjured up in his mind. He isn't searching for *that* ideal woman.

"Helmut is searching for greater values. Still world shopping, as he so often puts it. Ida is more content with the values she has. Though Helmut loves music, he isn't creative. Ida is very creative. She can sit for days at her piano composing music and not be aware there is a world going on outside. She can spend endless hours working on a plot at her typewriter, forgetting to eat, not remembering to sleep. Helmut loves to ride, fence, box and swim. Ida dislikes participating in any kind of outdoor sport. Still, they enjoy being together. Still, they eagerly look forward to a date of an evening. If there *are* plans for the future—only the future will reveal them."

DURING the earlier stages of his career, Helmut attracted a wide variety of publicity. Some of it, not as attractive as it could be, Helmut categories under this heading: "Mistakes I have made that will not be made again." A fatalist at heart, he accepts the mistakes as a challenge and applies them against the future.

"You can figure your life today and tomorrow, but you can't fight destiny," he philosophizes. "Certain things are meant to happen. So as you accept war, you bow to fate and accept it. I believe there are big fates and little fates. The little fates I take care of myself—today. For example, if I drive my car recklessly I know there is danger of turning over. So I control my little fate by doing everything humanly possible to prevent an accident. The big fates are out of my control. If I drive carefully and *still* crash, that is a big fate. I must accept it."

Thoughtful words, the typical doctrine of acceptance of the Old World.

But recently an incident occurred which reveals how much more a part of his new country this American from Vienna has become. While he was in Washington on his tour, he lived at the Statler Hotel. One evening the secretary of the President of the United States joined him for dinner. They met in Helmut's suite for drinks. Mr. Truman's secretary looked around.

"Mr. Truman stayed in these very rooms when he was running for vice-president," he said reminiscently.

Helmut's eyes began to gleam. "Which bed did the President sleep in?" he inquired eagerly.

"The one closest to the window."

That night Helmut slept in the bed closest to the window. Lying there happily, he grinned up at the ceiling. "What a country," he said to himself. "Five years ago I was an alien. Now I am a citizen. Five years ago I was broke and unknown. Now I have a good job, I'm saving money. And I'm sleeping in the same bed where the President of the United States slept. What a country! What a lucky guy I am!"

So speaks Helmut Dantine, American.

THE END

FINE AMERICAN PERFUME

Dubonnet*

FOR TRUE LOVE'S SAKE



THREE-FIFTY THE OUNCE†

LEIGH

A DIVISION OF SHULTON, INC.
NEW YORK AND TORONTO

†PLUS TAX *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PM

Photoplay Fashions



A Lilli Ann suit of white wool with a tunic coat and a slim skirt, featuring white Bombay fur sleeves. In sizes 10-18. The Emporium, San Francisco, Calif.

The hat and gloves shown with this suit are from Anita Andra.

Posed by Carole Landis, Twentieth Century-Fox star



White "Flairlite" satin by Bloomsburg is fashioned into a negligee by Rosenfeld and worn by Carole Landis. Also available in pink and blue. Sizes 10-16. About $16.95. At Lord and Taylor, New York, N. Y.

BILL WALLING



As worn here by Miss Yvonne De Carlo, Universal Pictures star now appearing in Universal's "Frontier Gal."

Sophisticated to just the right degree. Smooth lines give you a suit among suits.

Smart because emphasis goes to broad shoulders and nipped-in waist.

Striped for distinguished service. Chalk lines give you the flattery of a vertical look. Rayon Fabric. Jacket about $9.00 and the skirt about $6.00. At Leading Stores Everywhere.

Koret OF CALIFORNIA INC.

611 Mission Street • San Francisco, 5

Photoplay Fashions

To Make You Lovelier

This winter will be the gayest, the happiest and the busiest in years. We have rounded up and placed in stores throughout the country all the things you'll need at prices you can afford

EVELYN KEYES, starring in *Columbia Pictures'* *"Renegades,"* models these Photoplay Fashions for you



Jersey is young . . . Jersey is smart . . . Jersey is flattering . . . So we offer you a Channellaine jersey, designed by Minx Modes, with a sash striped in cherry and metal-studded. In Platinum Gray and Starlight Aqua. Sizes 7-15. About $17.95. At Joseph Horne's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Quilted luxury! A "Saybury" robe of Verney satin with a floral design on a white, pink or blue background. You'll find it hard to believe this can be bought for $12.95. Sizes 12-20. At James McCreery, New York, N. Y.

Tailoring to delight your eyes . . . A Western shirt of gabardine and Arlingcrest flannel slacks (100% wool). Both by "Blackfriar Kindreds." In assorted colors, about $8.50 each. Sizes 10-18. At Crowley, Milner, Detroit, Mich.

Photoplay's Be-switchable Hat
. . . Wear the brim up or down.
Pull veiling, a scarf, or
velvet through the side slits
and tie a bow under your chin.
Or throw streamers
around your neck.
This hat, shown in the accom-
panying pictures, made exclusivel
for Photoplay readers by Betmar.
All colors. It is sold with
a veil. About $5.00 at
Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia, Pa.

This new length coat is *non-taxabl*
. . . Designed by Anitra, of
Cohama Monotone Tweed with
Mouton fur. Shown in White Rum
it is also available in Pencil Blue
Billiard Green, Wine Berry.
About $55. Sizes 7-15. At
Wm. Filene's, Boston, Mass.



Velvet's back! A "Collegeset" two-piece suit which comes with a jacket of Melo-Vel black velvet. The peplums and skirt are black, fuchsia or royal blue wool. Sizes 10-17 and 9-15, about $39.50. At Broadway Dept. Stores, Los Angeles, Cal.

The draped pocket hip-line and dolman type sleeves are fashion news . . . So is this Walthers wool dress by International. In all high shades and pastels. Sizes 10-20. About $19.95. At Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia, Pa.

All Photographs by Ben Studios

THIS IS, INDEED,

HOSIERY "AS YOU LIKE IT"! *If you like crystal clarity, close fit, and smart styling . . . if you like sheerness and long wear . . . if you like the all-over superiority that comes of many years' experience in the making of fine, full fashioned hosiery, then look for hosiery "As You Like It" at better stocking counters.*



HOSIERY "As You Like It"

READING, PA.

CINEMODES

● **The Charlie Feldman party, to welcome Marlene Dietrich home, was as beautiful and gay as Hollywood parties used to be before the war and are again now that the war is over. . . .**

Lana Turner was a snare for feminine as well as masculine eyes. She wore a long candy-striped skirt, very full, of starched marquisette and a blouse of black jersey that was almost a turtle-necked sweater. Her only jewelry was a simple gold ring and a gold band around her neck, just above the low turtle neck of her blouse.

Joan Crawford, at the same party, was lovely in her sensational white fox stole. Everyone in Hollywood has gone mad on the subject of stoles. Joan, who always looks just the way you expect a movie star to look, really outdid herself this evening. Under her white wrap she wore a long, slim black jersey dress, cut in a very low V, with a huge draped pocket on one hip edged in a wide band of heavy stiff white cotton lace! She carried a huge black satin evening bag with her name Joan embroidered on it in dead white. And with all this finery—she wore diamonds and sapphires.

Gene Tierney was picturesque—as well as smart—in a decollette white crepe evening gown printed with great bunches of deep violets from bust line to hem. Tiny shoulder straps supported the slightly draped basque effect waist. The skirt was semi-full and sweeping.

Merle Oberon appeared in not one but two diamond necklaces! Lili Damita wore purple bows in her hair and a devoted Army captain on her arm—which is a good trick, too.

Diana Lewis beamed at her husband William Powell (who is always beaming at her) above a bare midriff dress of black lace over a flesh-colored slip. The skirt was full and simple and the bodice amounted to very little more than a well-fitting bra.

● **Lunching on the La Rue terrace, Connie Moore wore a very light gray sheer wool suit—with insets of white flannel arrows at her waistline, just above the peplum. She complemented this with a dead white stock scarf, thrust through with a glittering diamond scarf-pin, a tailored gray coachman's hat with a white veil, half over her face, and her shoes and gloves were black lizard!**

● **Martha Vickers, on a short vacation on a ranch in the hills behind Laguna Beach, looked cute as a bug in a playsuit of rayon linen that was all black except for the right front of the jacket which was a brilliant lime green. Her jacket had cap sleeves and a weskit front—and her "shorts" were "long"!**

(Continued on page 80)

DRESS for the MEN in YOUR LIFE!

"BUTTON TEASER" A Carole King two-piece original. Glistening jet black buttons dot the blouse and peplum ... perfect for "that" date! Of Carole Paca Rayon Crepe... junior sizes 9 to 13. About $10.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.

37 Salle Ann SHOPS in
Texas, Louisiana, Missouri, Illinois

Present

"Black Magic"

by

GAY JUNIOR Dresses



13.98

So excitingly new! Siren-smooth date dress in rich black rayon crepe with daringly sheer black lace bands, set in to set off your figure! Sizes 9 to 15.

ORDER BY MAIL from Salle Ann
1409 Washington Ave., St. Louis

Salle Ann SHOPS

Your money back if not satisfied

SALLE ANN, Dept. O, 1409 Washington Ave., St. Louis 3, Mo.

Please send me your "Black Magic" dress in size at $13.98 plus 10¢ postage.

Enclosed find: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ C. O. D.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

IT'S SMART TO ORDER BY MAIL FROM SALLE ANN

(Continued from page 78)

● One of the loveliest and smartest numbers in Merle Oberon's trousseau is a dress of heavy beige-white silk shantung. It has short sleeves, a slashed neckline and self-covered buttons which run in a diagonal line from the side of the neckline to the waist. At the waistline the shantung starts to deepen in tone, becoming more and more beige as it nears the hem. With this dress Merle wears sandals, long gloves and a shoulder sling bag of deep beige doeskin and no hat.

● You too can stand out wherever you go, whatever you do—just as some of the brightest Hollywood stars do.

It's as simple as this:

Pile lots of jewelry at your neck to give that new look to an old dress. . . .

Put a big pin in front of your beret for that 1946-head look. . . .

Pull in your coats and dresses and suits so you'll have the smallest possible waistline. . . .

Have a hand-bag that looks like a miniature hat box. . . .

Tie a colored scarf under your suit collar and knot it loosely for that little-girl look. . . .

Remember, you simply won't be in the "know" this winter without big fluffy mittens, either fur or wool. . . .

Divide the top and bottom of you by the biggest leather belt you can find, either jewel or nail-head adorned—that is, if you can wear big belts. . . .

Wear short gloves with a long dress and long gloves with a short dress. . . .

Wrap jersey around your head and throw the end around your neck and over your shoulder—or tuck it inside your collar for a scarf effect. . . .



Enliven your knitted turbans or scarves with sequins a la Turner, seen here at Mocambo—and add a sparkle to your eyes . . . The more bracelets the merrier—and smarter!

The stars shine bright at night...

JOAN LESLIE
starring in
"Too Young To Know"
a Warner Bros. Picture

"dressmaker-designed" by
Radcliffe
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.
Established 1918

thanks to the glamour, charm and fetching loveliness RADCLIFFE achieves in gaily-colored, floral printed, superbly-tailored nighties. Clinging, soft-as-silk rayon smoothies of Kluger's "Great Masters" fabric. Moderately priced, at better stores everywhere. Gottlieb Brothers, 148 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Copyright 1945



Fetching rayon crepe blouse with romantic over-the-wrist ruffles. Colors: White, Pink, Blue, Maize, Shocking, Lime. Sizes: 32-38.

About $3

at all leading department stores or write

SENSATION BLOUSES, 2 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Photoplay Fashions

Those on pages 76 and 77 *can be found from Coast to Coast in the following stores:*

Quilted satin robe

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's, Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.—The Wm. Hengerer Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox Co., Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.—John Taylor D. G. Co.
Nashville, Tenn.—Harveys
Oakland, Calif.—The H. C. Capwell Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
San Francisco, Cal.—O'Connor Moffatt & Co.

Manufacturer: Elias Sayour Co., Inc. 31 East 31st St., New York, N. Y.

Velvet-trimmed suit

Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam & Co.
Chicago, Ill—Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Cleveland, O.—Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich.—The J. L. Hudson Co.
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Jos. Horne Co.
San Francisco, Cal.—O'Connor Moffatt & Co.
Washington, D. C.—Erlebacher, Inc.

Manufacturer: M. & S. Solomon 530 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gray jersey dress

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison Paxon Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. H. Block Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—May Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—The Dayton Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th Street
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
San Francisco, Cal.—O'Connor Moffatt & Co.

Manufacturer: The R. Lowenbaum Mfg., Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Green wool dress

Boston, Mass.—E. T. Slattery Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros., Inc.
Los Angeles, Cal.—J. W. Robinson Co.
Newark, N. J.—Kresge Dept. Store
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
Norfolk, Va.—Smith & Welton
Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach Co.
Washington, D. C.—Julius Garfinckel & Co.

Manufacturer: International Dress Co., Inc. 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Mouton-trimmed tweed coat

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.

(*Continued on page* 84)



Always a picture of loveliness . . . *Gail Gray Juniors*

Encores for starlet-young, picture-pretty Gail Gray Juniors!
Above, two bright beauties that make waiting for them so impatient.
Both in fine rayon gabardine in Lime Green, Blue, Gold, Aqua. Sizes 9 to 15. About $6.
At leading stores throughout the country. For store in your city write

Jack Wasserman Co., 225 West 35th St., New York City

(*Continued from page 82*)

Cleveland, O.—May Co.
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—The J. L. Hudson Co.
New York, N. Y.—Stern Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Manufacturer: Anitra, Inc.

250 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

Western shirt and flannel slacks

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Dallas, Tex.—Sanger Bros., Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.—John W. Thomas Co.
New Haven, Conn.—Hamilton & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks Fifth Avenue
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Manufacturer: Louis Geiger, Inc.

1384 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Photoplay's Be-switchable Hat

Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Cleveland, O.—The Halle Bros.
Detroit, Mich.—The J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Co.
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson, Inc.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Manufacturer: Betmar Hats, Inc.

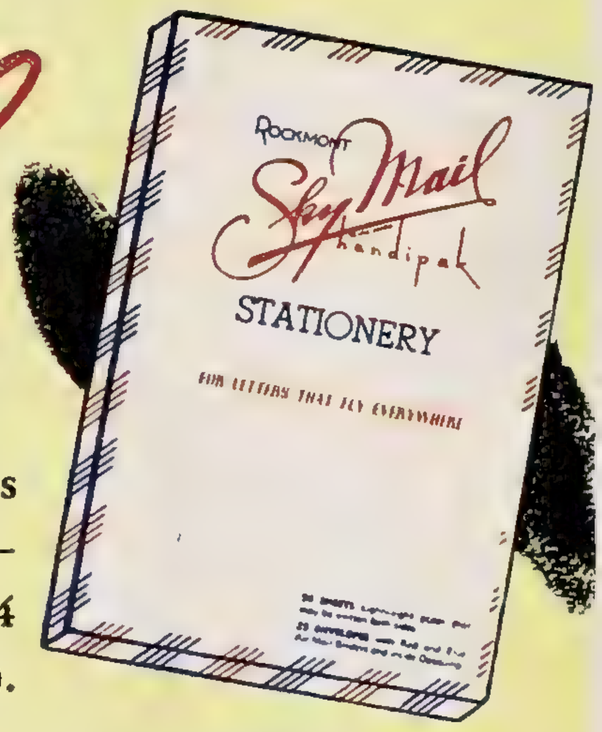
1 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

All gloves by Wear Right

(If no store in your vicinity is listed above, we suggest that you write to the manufacturer for further information on these fashions)



SkyMail
LIGHTWEIGHT
STATIONERY



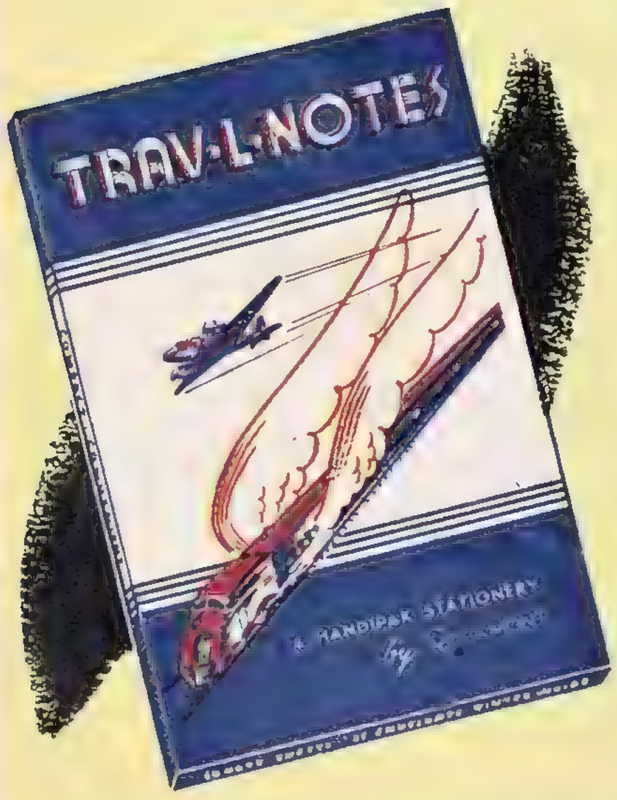
EASY TO WRITE ON...Your pen glides smoothly over **both** sides of SkyMail—yet it's so light in weight you can send 14 sheets for minimum postage (5 overseas).

FUN TO GET... Long newsy letters that have come quickly—thanks to the official Red and Blue borders that assure special attention in the mails. Distinctive, exciting...your message through the sky!

INEXPENSIVE TO BUY... Dollar box contains 125 sheets and 50 envelopes. No waste—extra sheets can be bought separately.

The Nation's Choice for Letters that Fly . . . Everywhere

If your dealer hasn't yet stocked SkyMail send his name with a dollar to Rockmont, Denver, and we will send postpaid.



FOR REGULAR MAIL USE

TRAV·L·NOTES

A ROCKMONT HANDIPAK
STATIONERY

Worthy companion to SkyMail, TRAV-L-NOTES is an outstanding value for all general correspondence. Easy-to-write-on paper, 120 sheets and 50 deep-flap envelopes with inside tinting—80c wherever stationery is sold.

At Better Stores Everywhere

MADE BY ROCKMONT DENVER

The Demand For

Photoplay

each month is for at least
800,000 COPIES MORE
than the paper shortage permits us to print.

Consequently to insure getting your copy regularly, we suggest that you place a standing order with your newsdealer. He will be glad to oblige and you will be sure of your copy each month.

The December issue will be on sale NOVEMBER 16 or as soon thereafter as transportation permits.



DORLAN-SEAWELL

Lilli Ann's **Star of Russia**—shines upon the path of romantic elegance leading to your Lilli Ann Silhouette. Majestic tunic-coat enhanced by full push-up sleeves of Bombay lamb over a slim skirt. At finer stores throughout the country.

LILLI ANN—973 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 3, CALIFORNIA

P
M
M

*Powers Model
SLIPS



Endorsed by
John Robert Powers

in fine rayons
about **$1.79**
at better stores

Write for free booklet — "A Word About Modeling" by John Robert Powers

Louis Herman & Co.
creators of
MOVIE STAR SLIPS
Dept. O
159 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

* trade mark

*Highest
*I.Q. Rating
goes to...



*Highest honors for *Inherent Quality go to brassieres by Maiden Form . . as unsurpassed in styling, fabrics and workmanship!*

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

If you can't find your style at first, try again! Dealers get supplies monthly. Send for Style and Conservation Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York 16.

Pennies For Peace!

On August 9 our President said: "Unless we do what we can to help, we may lose this winter what we won at such terrible cost last spring . . . If we let Europe go cold and hungry, we may lose some of the foundations of order on which the hope for world peace must rest."

Last year 40,000,000 Americans donated $250,000,000 for home front and our allies' needs. This year it is doubly important to give again.

Already USO and USO-Camp Shows have been asked by the Military to continue their programs for our service men and women—until demobilization is an actuality.

United Seamen's Service must keep up services vital to the well-being of our merchant seamen. Theirs was an important job in overseas delivery of our men and war materials—*now they must not only bring them back but continue to supply our armies of occupation* . . . These are only two of the many urgent needs.

Here are the 19 agencies which you support when you give for the National War Fund through your community war fund:

USO (United Service Organizations)
United Seaman's Service
War Prisoners Aid
Philippine War Relief
Belgian War Relief Society
United China Relief
American Relief for Czechoslovakia
American Relief for France
Greek War Relief Association
American Relief for Holland
American Relief for Italy
United Lithuanian Relief Fund
Friends of Luxembourg
American Relief for Norway
Police War Relief
United Yugoslav Relief Fund
American Field Service
Refugee Relief Trustees
U. S. Committee for the care of European Children

*Your pennies helped win the war—
now let them help seal the peace*

Standby... for action



leave it to your crowd to know all the best things to do . . . like traveling

via pony express for the fun of it . . . and wearing only perfectly perfect

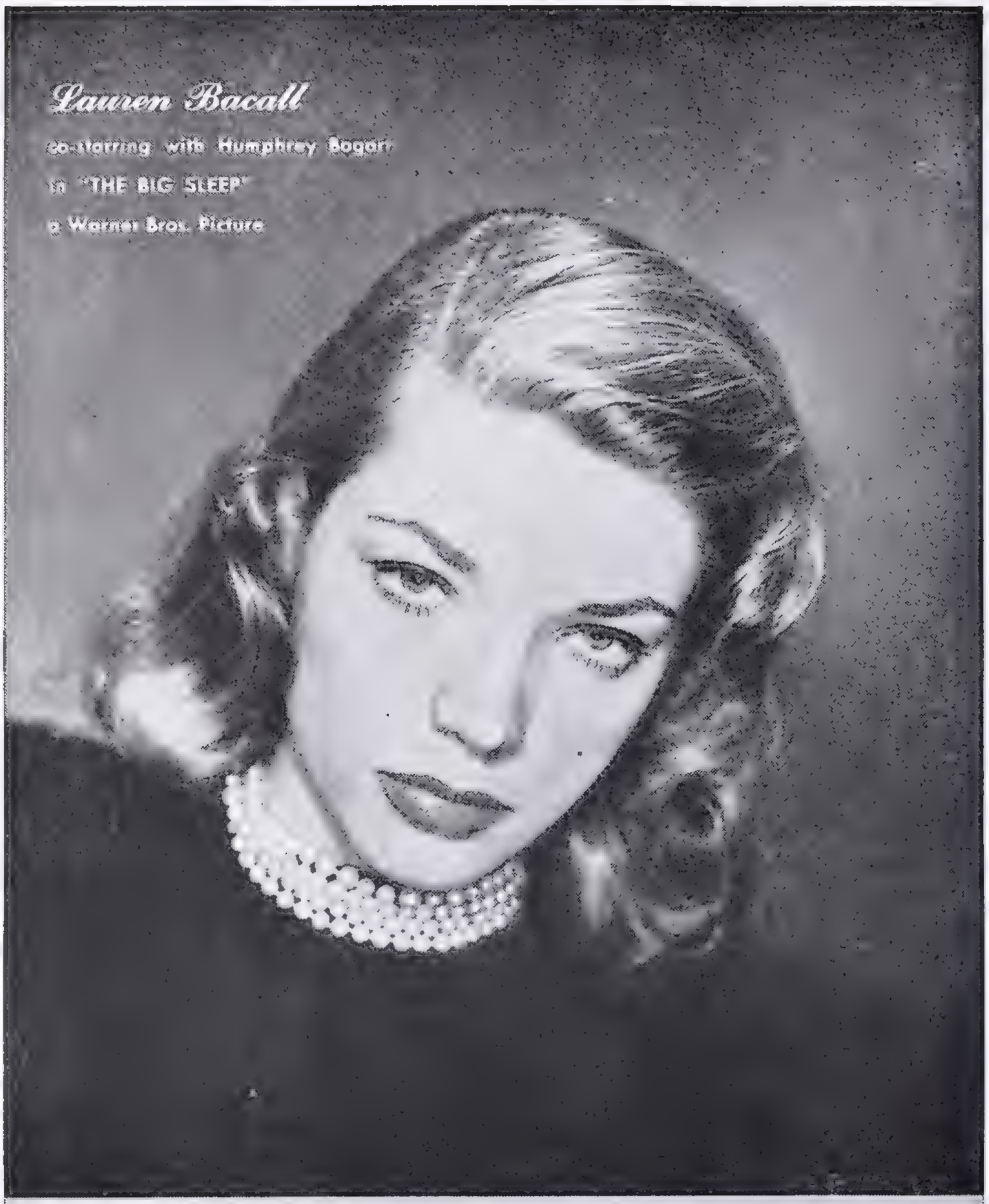
sweaters like these marvelous Jantzen classics tailored the wonderful Jantzen way

in pure soft-as-snow virgin wools, heavenly and actually sirenish colors . . .

at most stores . . . but like all good things, not yet enough for everybody.

Jantzen

ORIGINALS



Decoration for many a famous face!

Take your cue for glamour from the stars—wear a DELTAH necklace —see how it adds allure to your fleshtones. So very flattering . . . so perfect with every costume, DELTAH simulated pearls have the beauty and multi-colored iridescence of precious Orientals. Necklaces and earrings, perfectly matched.

L. HELLER AND SON, INC.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

AT BETTER JEWELERS
Deltah
SIMULATED PEARL
necklaces

Once Chosen — Always Treasured

Romantic Lug

(*Continued from page* 51) It was in just such a store—his father's in Flatbush, Brooklyn—that he attracted his first clique. The girls liked him, his father recalls, because he was outspoken and apparently fearless. The boys liked him because he was "regular." He wouldn't take any guff from anyone and there were plenty of black eyes and bruises to show for it. He still carries a couple of tiny scars on his face which give him the odd appearance of having four dimples instead of merely two when he grins, which he does rather often.

Bernie, as his family and friends know him—he was Bernard Zaneville before Hollywood's professional name-changers got hold of him—isn't by previous screen standards good looking. It's his personality, not his looks, that counts.

As a kid he majored in sandlot baseball and eventually played pro-baseball. He was pretty handy with the gloves, too, and at eighteen entered the New York *Daily News'* famous Golden Gloves tournament but was eliminated. Later he did quite a lot of professional boxing and used to hire out as a sparring partner for five dollars a day.

IT was his athlete's build, incidentally, which was to set his feet on the pathway to Hollywood, by a most curious and roundabout way.

Zaneville *père* was determined that his younger son—Bernie has a brother and a sister—should become a lawyer. Faithfully Bernie attended Cornell University law school and afterward St. John's University Law School in Brooklyn, where he got his degree. But certainly the middle of the depression was no time for a fledging lawyer to hang out a shingle of his own.

"My family was in no position to keep me," he told me, "and I guess I was too independent for that anyway. It was a toss-up between going to work or starving, so I took anything and everything that came along. I was a soda jerker for a while and then I got a job as a loan collection agent. That I couldn't take; there was too much human agony involved. Once I joined a construction gang that was working on the Merritt Parkway and I guess that was where my theatrical ambition was born."

He chuckled reminiscently. "I was wielding a pickaxe and thinking to myself that surely there must be an easier way of making a living than this when my eyes happened to light on a roadway sign. It was a huge billboard advertisement of some Hollywood movie—I don't remember just what—showing a handsome hero embracing a beautiful movie star. 'That,' I said to myself, 'is for me.'

"No; I didn't jump right into show business from there. Like everything else that's happened to me, it had to be done the hard way. Some time after that I answered an agency ad and got a job posing for a sculptor. Through this connection I came to meet quite a few artists, writers and actors and got myself invited to some of their studio parties—not for the society but for the food. In fact, I thought most of the actors were insufferable hams. One, I remember, never stopped acting and at the drop of a hat would give a 'reading' of some part he was about to play. On one occasion he asked me what I thought of his 'interpretation.' I said I thought it stunk. He retorted that if I thought acting was so easy, why didn't I try it myself.

"This challenge was too much for my vanity. By a series of flushes I got the first job I went after, then lost it because the star wanted his son to have the part.

"That made me mad. I determined to become an actor, if only to prove to myself that I could be. First came several bits in small theater organizations. Then I stepped into good roles in hits that had been running a long time on Broadway—'Of Mice And Men,' 'Stage Door' and 'Golden Boy'—but never creating a role in a new play. They always told me that they needed a 'name' for that. So I decided that I had better go out and get a name for myself and the quickest way to do that was to become known on the screen.

"Incidentally, it was after my dad saw me in 'Golden Boy' that he decided maybe it was okay for me to become an actor. He'd been bitterly disappointed that I hadn't followed up law and hadn't spoken to me for about a year. After seeing 'Golden Boy' he came backstage and said he'd give his blessing if I was going to be a *good* actor—and he thought I was."

BUT getting to Hollywood, Bernie discovered, wasn't so easy, without a contract or, failing that, plenty of cash. So he turned to radio as the quickest means of making a stake. That, too, took a bit of doing, but by the expedient of writing radio scripts with a fat part in each for himself, he managed to amass a sizable chunk of legal tender.

"That was how I got to Hollywood. No one helped me get there and nobody helped me after I got there. That is, no one until I met Mark Hellinger, who gave me my biggest boost to success when he proposed me for a role in 'Action In The North Atlantic' with Humphrey Bogart.

"Bogart, incidentally, gave me my professional screen name. It seems to be a Hollywood fashion to get a new moniker for every new actor or actress. I had already had some success under my real name, Bernard Zaneville, and was listed that way on the first publicity releases that went out on 'Action.' In the middle of shooting, they decided I needed a new name and started experimenting. First it was Zane Clark—I don't remember just who dreamed up the 'Clark' end of it—then Dan Clark, then Dean Clark. Bogart



Dane Clark who is an electric shaver





suggested 'something big and strong, like a great Dane.' He was kidding, of course, but the name stuck, so Dane Clark it was. I found myself listed three ways on the payroll, and the cashier was pretty indignant; he called me in and asked me just how many salaries I was trying to collect."

It is Clark's interesting theory that the poetic roles should be assigned to tough guys.

"Take *Marchbanks* in Bernard Shaw's 'Candida,' for example," he said. "They almost invariably pick an esthetic type. I would like to see *Marchbanks* played by the exact opposite—"

"Yourself, for example?" I interpolated quickly.

Dane laughed.

"Yes, myself. Or maybe Jimmy Cagney. In my opinion Cagney is the most underrated actor in Hollywood, when it comes to versatility, depth, imagination—dimension might be the proper word. I find most of the foreign actors I have talked to agree with me—actors like Jean Gabin. Cagney, I understand, is a prime favorite in foreign countries."

It was in his comment on directors that Dane revealed by what a narrow squeak the fans almost missed out on their latest hero.

"If I had to pick just one director, I'd say Delmar Daves. Not because he gave me my best part, but because he has the gift of seeing what actors can do when they can't see it themselves. Daves insisted that I do comedy in 'The Very Thought Of You.' I objected strenuously, and was so opposed to it that when the picture was previewed, I absolutely refused to attend.

Well, about three o'clock the next morning, Daves phoned me; said the comedy scenes I was in were among the outstanding moments of the picture. So he was right and I was wrong."

A DIRECT question about his marriage flushed out a little more information on that subject. "I wanted my personal affairs to be my own, but that's not how it works in show business. But it's okay with my wife because she used to be in show business, herself—another branch of it. She was a concert pianist named Margot Yoder. There was quite a conflict of egos when we first met. As a matter of fact, we started right out with a brawl that ended, surprisingly enough, in mutual respect for each other. That developed into a beautiful friendship and then we found we were in love."

"And what are your hopes for the future?" I asked.

Dane pondered this a moment before answering.

"I can't think of anything I'd rather be associated with than the movies, in one form or another, and I'd like to go right on acting as long as I can. But I believe everyone should have two strings to his bow, so I've started writing for the screen too. In fact, I already have a couple of scripts that are knocking on the studio doors.

"The thing that gives me the biggest kick right now is that people remember me on the screen not so much for myself as for the roles I've played. The studio gets fan mail addressed to The Polish Boy in 'Action In The North Atlantic,' or 'The Greek Boy' in 'Destination Tokyo,' or just to *Mr. Fix-It* in 'The Very Thought Of You,' or The Sergeant in 'Hollywood Canteen.'"

And there is your new Hollywood hero. Not a screen idol set apart from his public, but one of them. A cross section of humanity, or, as he might put it himself, just a lug.

THE END

Deanna—with Variations

(*Continued from page* 58) She has no favorite perfume, but will use those that are given to her.

On business affairs she has a determination which edges on stubbornness. That trait reached its climax when she paid the price of a suspension for a voice in the selection of her screen stories and their making.

However, she is fair and once she starts work on a venture she will go through with it. She is seldom satisfied with her work and always believes it could be better.

She has no trouble about stories now, for her producer is her husband. He has great confidence in her instinct and judgment. They discuss the picture she will make, both selecting the story. That is how her latest, "Lady On A Train," a comedy-mystery, came to be made. They both believe there should be variety in the type pictures she appears in. They get along well, for they have great respect for each other.

She observes fairly strict rules of courtesy, writes "thank you" notes on the slightest occasion and expects others to do likewise. Her pet aversion is impolite people.

She has moved out of the house she built in Brentwood and moved into Felix Jackson's house. She is gradually refurnishing this house. There is a piano in the living room which Jackson plays, for he is an accomplished musician. They have a select group of friends and often have them over to the house. When at home together, he will often play the piano and she will sing.

SHE is becoming more domestic. To show how she has changed, there is this incident when she was married to Vaughn Paul. They were living in a rented apartment and she arrived home early one day because she wanted to iron a certain frock to wear at dinner. She placed a bath mat on the dining-room table and tried to press the dress on it. When Vaughn came in, he merely walked to the kitchen and pulled down the built-in ironing board. She was genuinely surprised.

She doesn't cook very well, but she does whip up the meal on the housekeeper's day out. "Believe it or not," she'll be quick to tell you, "I like to wash dishes. Really and truly I do."

Her large collection of phonograph records, both classical and swing, also contains recordings of the musical scores from her pictures.

For exercise she often plays records and dances the czardas all by herself in her living room.

She uses up a lot of energy, so she likes to eat in a big way. When she was growing up, she used to eat a steak for lunch every day. That was when you could get a steak every day. Now she has a sandwich or a salad, a glass of milk and sometimes a chocolate sundae. Her favorite dish, however, is a hamburger.

At noontime she eats lunch at the Universal commissary, at the same table every day, with the same gang. The group play an alphabet game to see who pays the check. She loses so often they call her "Free Lunch Charlie."

Her wardrobe is practical and conventional. Clothes are more of a business stock-in-trade with her than a personal luxury. "You have to have more clothes in this business because you're photographed oftener," she remarked. She is a neat person.

She smokes occasionally. Every now and then she decides to quit smoking and she

Dearly-desired Kisses



Q. How do some girls attract kisses?

A. Their skin is like satin—so smooth.

Q. Just my luck—I have dry skin.

A. This One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream is just made to help you.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Fills your skin's daily beauty-needs fully—like a "treatment." For all types of skin. Wards off threats of dry skin. How simple! Just use Jergens Face Cream—but regularly—

1. for Cleansing **2. for Softening**

3. for a Foundation **4. as a Night Cream**

Thrilling—how dry-skin lines smooth away. This is a skin scientists' cream, by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.25 a jar (plus tax). Plenty of other girls thank Jergens Face Cream for inviting-smooth skin. Use this new cream, yourself. The only cream you need.



JERGENS FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION





does. She is now back to cigarettes. She takes a drink and here her taste varies. She may go for champagne and drink nothing but that with her dinner, or it may be stingers. It depends entirely on her mood.

She is proud of the fact that she was a favorite with the men in service and that her pictures have been too.

She takes her singing seriously, and once when a role in a picture called for her to sing badly, she refused. "I won't do it," she said. "I won't. People will think I sing badly." She never forgets the lyric of a song, even in foreign languages she cannot speak. She likes to sing. It isn't work for her.

Her bedroom is a compromise between femininity and masculinity. She believes the bedroom should please not only herself but her husband. She likes a fireplace in a bedroom. During the winter, she lights a fire before going to bed. When she retires, winter or summer, she opens all the windows. She usually sits in a rocker in front of the fireplace and reads before going to bed—mainly the best sellers. She sleeps in an over-sized canopy bed and she always wears a nightgown.

She always takes a cold shower every morning.

She sings in the shower, except on those days when she will have to sing at the studio.

She likes pictures. She likes to work in them and to see them. She goes to the movies often. She is a movie fan. Often, after seeing an actor give a fine performance, she will say to Jackson, "I like him. I wish he would be my leading man."

And sometimes that actor becomes her leading man in a picture.

Once, after a strenuous day at the studio, someone asked her if she didn't ever get fed up with picture making. "Of course, not," she replied. "After all, if it weren't for this business, where would I be? Behind a ribbon counter maybe, and then I would be unhappy."

THE END



Wishtime—June Haver and Dave Rose pause by Egyptian Theater's wishing well

Judy Garland *starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's* "THE HARVEY GIRLS"

A Technicolor Musical Picture



Color Harmony Shades

...for ***BLONDES***



BRUNETTES



BROWNETTES



REDHEADS



EMPHASIZE the attractive beauty of your type with your color harmony shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder, and note how...

...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
...it clings perfectly...really stays on

Share with the screen stars the luxury of this original make-up creation...try your color harmony shades of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder today...$1.00



MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK

Max Factor · Hollywood Face Powder

Its cleaner, brighter **Taste**

means cleaner, brighter teeth—

Pepsodent tooth paste

with **Irium**

removes the film that

makes your teeth look dull



Use Pepsodent twice a day,
see your dentist twice a year

The Miracle of Kathryn and Johnny

(*Continued from page* 29) to the hell of Guam, Saipan, Iwo Jima and other spots in the South Pacific!

Comes now a "cut" (as they say in the movie scripts) of two unbelievable years —years in which only Kathryn and John know what happened—and that is the story I want to tell you, just as Kathryn told it to me.

She knew I wanted to talk to her about the new, shining happiness she and John have found when she came to my house just a few days ago. She had just come from the studio and her hair was tied up in a silk handkerchief. She isn't a great beauty, this girl who is soaring to new movie heights in the hit, "Anchors Aweigh." But she has the healthy glow of youth—and something new, the loveliness that shines through a new-found happiness.

"Yes, we are divinely happy. After four years of marriage I can say it—and mean it—John and I have found ourselves and what we mean to one another.

"It seems funny to say this after four years—but I feel like a bride. We've just bought a home and are busy furnishing it.

"Now that he is home, we are going through all the thrills and excitement and plans that usually happen to two people in the first year of a marriage. When I talk about John now I know I sound like a brand new wife talking about the happy groom. Things just spill out. I feel like stopping strangers to tell them that he has been decorated and honored by his country and that somehow and in some way through the hell of Iwo Jima and Guam he has come back to me—not the restless boy I sent away—but a man I'm proud I married."

I said, "What happened, Kathryn, to bring about this big change between you?"

"I believe the very thing that parted many couples brought us closer together," she answered promptly. "I mean the long separation in which we both had time to think and to grow up from spoiled kids to a man and woman. I mean, a man and a woman *inside!*

"We both realized in those two long, anxious years that we loved one another very much and that our battles were silly and childish. Unfortunately, John was blamed too much for our misunderstandings. I was equally to blame.

"You see, I am one of four children at home and we all used to try to get ahead of the other. When I married, I wanted to be boss. I was spoiled from having my own way at home. Like any man in the world who is worth his salt, John felt he should wear the trousers and the result of our clashing personalities was one big fight after the other. It was awful. And then, twice, during those unhappy days I lost expected babies."

KATHRYN, who was only nineteen years old when she eloped with John, was under the double stress of physical illness and mental strain.

"I wanted a baby so much," she went on, "and then to miss motherhood twice was almost more than I could take. John was bitterly disappointed, too, but somehow our mutual sorrow did not bring us closer. It was just one more thing seemingly all wrong with our marriage. I took to spending more and more time with my sister and my two brothers who have children.

"I was in New York working and I had not had a rest in months at the time I lost my last baby. My health was very bad—and I know I was difficult and hard to get along with."

"What about John?" I pressed on. "Wasn't he pretty spoiled, too?"

"He is an only child," Kathryn replied with a little smile. "Aren't they usually spoiled? He was very young—and even though a boy and a girl may be nearly the same age—a man is always younger, isn't he?

"As I look back now I think I was mostly to blame. I never made the slightest effort to understand John or his problems, I was so wrapped up in my own. When he went into the service, I almost felt relief. We could be parted—separated from the unhappiness we were bringing one another. But then when I learned that he was going overseas—and then that he had gone—something happened," she touched her blouse right over her heart, "right *there.*

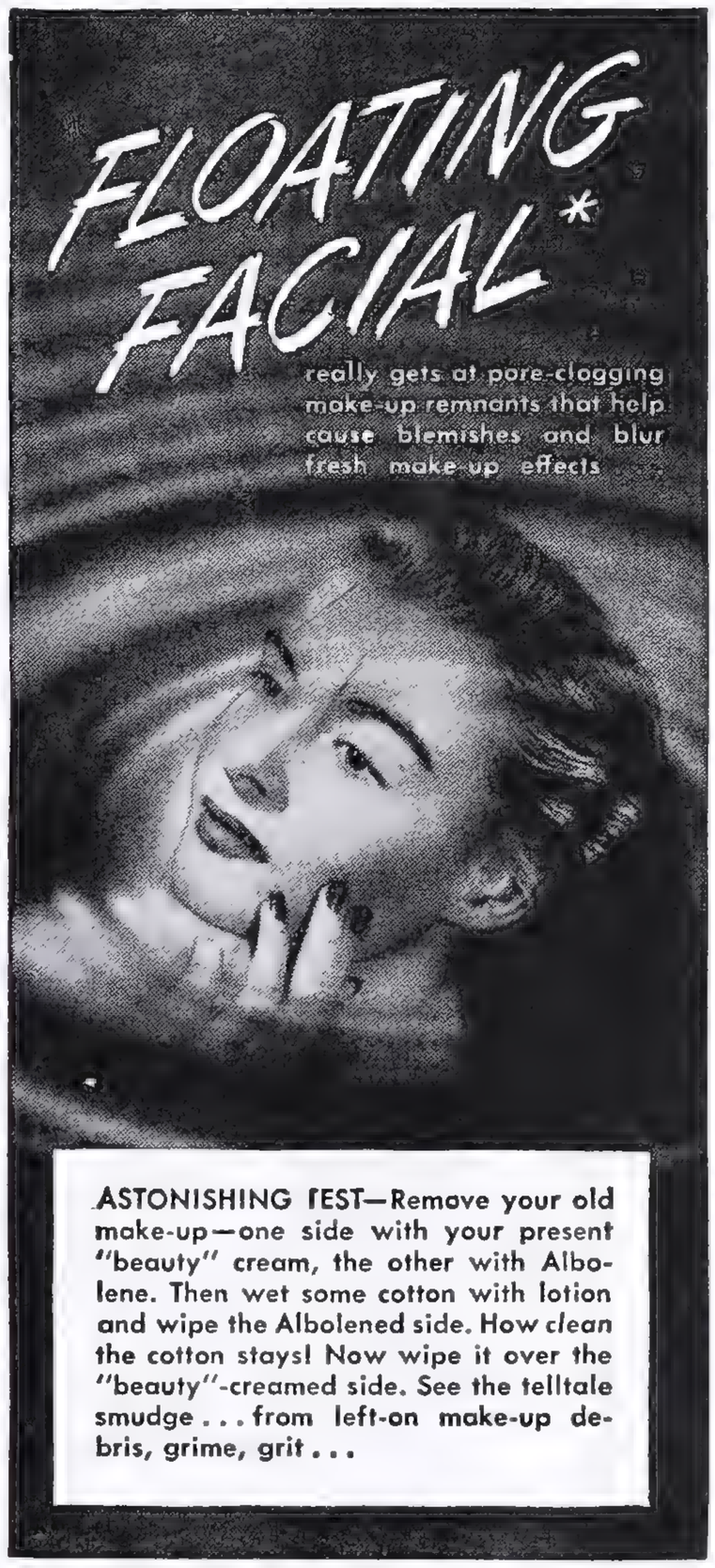
"I thought, 'What have I done? What have I done to his happiness and to mine? Now that he is where I cannot find him and cannot be with him—why do I suddenly realize how much he means to me?'

"I had no desire to go out with any other men—except old family friends of mine—people who knew John as well as I did and who would talk about him with me. Of course, I wrote to him—trying to express in letters what I was



Gay trio—Jane Withers, sailor Frank Wolf and Paula Stone at Mocambo

Thrilling...effective...the new



***ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY**

on application—and a cream must *liquefy quickly and thoroughly to properly prepare your skin for truly subtle, flattering make-up effects . . .*

THE *Floating Facial!* It's modern, exciting! A cream so dainty . . . crystal clear . . . that literally *floats* away complexion-fogging debris—even stubborn cake make-up—safely, gently, thoroughly. Leaves skin soft, satiny, dewy-moist . . . immaculately clean! Naturally your fresh make-up must look infinitely softer, more flattering . . . there's no background of facial rubbish ordinary creams may miss.

Albolene needs no harsh rubbing or double creaming. It's *all*-cleansing—free of the water used in most "beauty" creams. And Albolene *lubricates* as it cleanses—a big "must" for dry skins.

Do try a *Floating Facial* today! So inexpensive. Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream at a fraction the cost. 10¢ trial jar to big 16 oz. size at $1.00.



—AND McKESSON MAKES IT

Announcing
GAY-RED
Tangee's newest and most sensational lipstick shade



"Stimulating!"

says Mrs. Randolph Scott —lovely wife of the dashing screen star.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

Stimulating is just the word, Mrs. Scott, for there's never been a lipstick color like my new Gay-Red. Your lips look far lovelier...and *you* feel brighter, gayer—full of life and sparkle.

MRS. SCOTT:

No wonder Gay-Red is the "hit-color" of Hollywood. It gives me a lift. Just putting Gay-Red on my lips puts me in a "party mood".



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

And that explains why Gay-Red is sweeping the country. All over America, beautiful lips are going gay with Gay-Red...Other smart Tangee shades are Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Natural—all with Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish.

Use . . . TANGEE

and see how beautiful you can be

beginning to know was the truth—that I loved him very much.

And as his letters came back I knew a change was coming to him, too—the same awakening and realization that was happening to me.

"All I could think of during those long, anxious days was John in the South Pacific taking his life in his hands, going on searching parties for his comrades who had been shot down in the jungles, seeing his pals killed by his side. I'll never forget the joy that flared in my heart when he wrote me that, after all he was going through, the difficulties we had had seemed like the bickering of small children. And he added, 'We can't be children any more, Kathryn. We've got to hang on to what we have and value it and never lose it again!'"

AND that is what the war did to John Shelton! It took a youth—and returned a man! He was a fine soldier—his record is splendid. He immediately won the respect of his superiors and he was very brave and extremely popular with the men under him. All the innate fineness that was in his nature asserted itself—literally under fire.

"I know now," Kathryn told me, "we won't ever fight again to the point of separation, and if we have any of the usual arguments that come to all married people I won't run to a lawyer and ask for a divorce..

"I won't say we will never quarrel again," she laughed. "Why, just the other night we had a big tiff over whether the organ should be in the hall or in the living room. I thought that it looked terrible in the front foyer. Then John said to me, 'You are a singer and you should have a musical instrument in every room in your house.' We both had to laugh then."

John, who was a young actor at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios when he and Kathryn married, now wants to become a director. He is not especially interested in the acting end any more, Kathryn told me.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if he could direct me in a picture!" she enthused. "I'd like that best of all—and so would he."

When Kathryn first came to M-G-M at sixteen she was studying for grand opera. She didn't particularly want to go into pictures but Louis B. Mayer was so kind to her—brought her to the lot, sent her to school and helped her complete her studies—that she stayed on even when her heart was in her music. It was only just at first that she wasn't interested in being a movie star. Her big personal success in "As Thousands Cheer" and more recently in "Anchors Aweigh" has given her different ideas and she loves the screen and her career.

"It isn't that I won't do opera some day," she said. "I work very hard and practice every day of my life. My teacher, Polo Marconi, has been invited to be a conductor at the famous La Scala Opera House in Milan and he wants me to go over for a short season. I hope the studio will let me because I know it would help my career."

Of course, when you have written about movie players as long as I have, one grows a little cynical. You might ask me, "Do you think when John gets into civilian clothes and with Kathryn still the star in the set-up, that they will start bickering again?"

My answer is—I honestly do not! I believe both of them have grown up. Kathryn and Johnny have solved their problems the hard way—but the right way.

THE END

What Should I Do?

(*Continued from page* 64) We were married when Lanny enlisted. I was a senior in high school, and Lanny was in law school. Fifteen days later Lanny went to the South Pacific for three years.

I had chances to go out, but turned them down. I felt that if Lanny was dodging lead, that was the least I could do. I put his allotment checks in the bank and I added to that sum with my own earnings whenever possible.

When Lanny was released, medically, and came home, we found that each of us had changed. We simply said to each other, "We'll have to make adjustments. We'll have to work at understanding each other." And we did. I loved him and he loved me and we were determined to make something fine of our marriage.

Lanny limps—and his left hand is almost useless, but he will get his law degree soon (because of that bank account).

It has been hard for both of us, but our philosophy for happiness is age-old: We make allowances. We have based our marriage on love, hopes and plans and on working very hard on them all.

We had every possible opportunity to break up, yet we have come through with a lasting grip on contentment and the vision of a wonderful future. So you see, Miss Colbert, we know that it *can* be done.

Adele and Lanyon J.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. J:

Thank you so very, very much for your letter. I know that it must seem to readers of this column that wretchedness is the normal way of life. Letters like yours restore the sense of balance. I'm certain that your love story could be duplicated throughout America by thousands of couples if they would put the same intelligence and fair-mindedness to work on their problems.

Congratulations!

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Ever since 1936, I have been slightly deaf, but last August my mother bought me a hearing aid. It has helped tremendously and my school work improved at once—also my speech.

Yet, for some reason, my schoolmates don't seem to like me. I'm nice to them and I treat my girl friends every Friday after school because that is the day I receive my allowance. I'm on the basketball team, but the other players never speak to me except when necessary.

Is there any way for a person who is hard of hearing to start a career? My ambition has always been to be a nurse

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 4, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

It's fun...it's young...it's meant for You!



Frolic

...by CHERAMY



Here is a perfume after your own heart ... a joyously fresh, light fragrance with a world of appeal in each precious drop. And ... Frolic *lasts* ... repeating its bright charm, over and over!

Perfume, $6.50; 3.50; *debutante size*, 1.10.
Toilet Water, 1.75.
Dusting Powder, 1.00. *Talcum Powder*, 50¢.
(Plus tax)

P M M

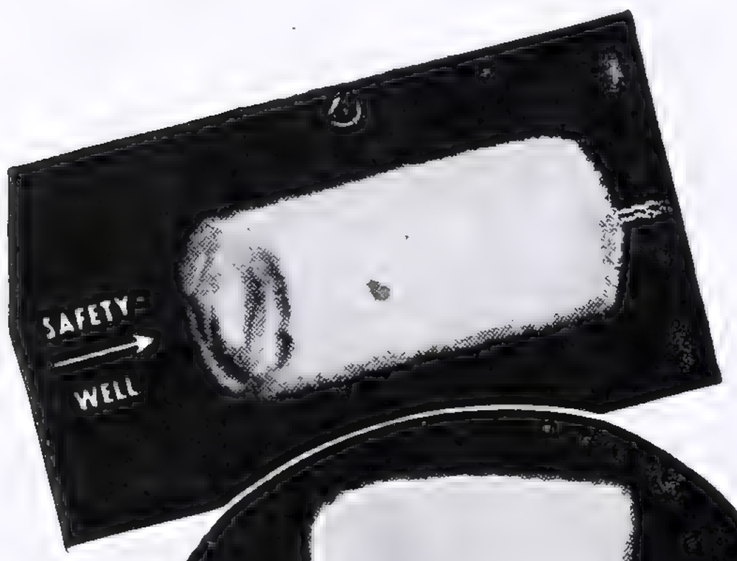


"For comfortable monthly protection I SUGGEST MEDS!"

No belts to bind or pads to chafe—with Meds modern *internal* protection! "Next time", ask for Meds to assure the extra *comfort* of Meds' shorter length and the extra *protection* of Meds' "SAFETY-WELL"!

- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
- Med's easy-to-use APPLICATORS are dainty, efficient, and disposable.

Meds only 20¢
FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS
Economy package
40 for 65c!



Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more,* so much *faster!* Extra protection for you!

* * *

Meds' fine soft COTTON can absorb up to three times its own weight in moisture! The scientifically-shaped insorber expands *gently* and *comfortably*—adapting itself to individual requirements.



Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

or a doctor, but a person has to have the confidence of patients to enter either profession.

Cynthia S.

Dear Miss S:

Don't let the ignorance of unknowing classmates make you unhappy. Odd as it may seem, there are still well-intentioned people in the world who have a superstitious awe of a human being who is even slightly different from themselves. You will simply have to be tolerant.

If you are relaxed, friendly, pleasant and devoid of a pushing eagerness, you will find that, gradually, you will attract your own circle of friends. You will discover, I think, that the instant you settle down and stop trying too hard all sorts of good things will come to you.

As for your choice of a career: Don't let the wearing of a hearing device make the slightest difference in your selection. Prepare yourself to do the thing for which you feel you have the greatest aptitude. You have, I know, read of many famous people who have overcome such handicaps.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty, and my husband (who has been overseas twenty-one months) is thirty. When we married I told myself that the difference in our ages and our background would make no difference. I had been brought up in the northwest, my husband in the south. I promised him, when he went overseas, that I would live with his people. I remained down there three months, then came home. I didn't understand the South and my husband's people didn't understand or respect me.

I took a job, which infuriated my husband, as he is very jealous. He had made an allotment of $100 per month to me, and insisted that there was no reason for my working and being in the same office with other men. I answered that, this way, I could save the allotment every month so that we'd have a grand start when he came home. That seemed to placate him.

Well, at the end of about fifteen months my widowed mother became ill and had to have an operation, so I paid the bills. I had the money, so it was the right thing for me to do. Then my brother got sent back from overseas. He was in a hospital in California so I sent him the money to come home. I may sound like the family goat, but our family has always shared.

Two weeks ago I received a letter from my husband saying that we must now have around two thousand dollars saved up and I am just sick. What am I going to tell him? How am I going to make him understand what has been done with the money?

Angiera N.

Dear Mrs. N:

The source of your difficulties, I fear, is clearly stated in your letter in one sentence: "I had the money, so it was the right thing for me to do."

It is true that the money was in your possession, but it is equally true that the money belonged as much to your husband as it did to you. You took a job against his wishes, with the understanding that you were planning to save his allotment. When your mother fell ill, you should have said nothing to your husband, and made arrangements to attend to her doctor and hospital bills on a monthly basis out of your own earnings; or, you should have written to your husband, asking his permission to use the bank account for that purpose.

As to the question of your sending money to your brother, the government attends to transportation expense for a

man who is being invalided home, so it was unnecessary for you to supply him with money.

The only thing for you to do now, of course, is to tell your husband the full story, just as you have told it to me.

He is very apt to be furious. However, if you make plans to restore this nest egg by saving all you can, he may forgive you and you may be able to work it out.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been married many years and have four fine children. I am accustomed to solving my own problems, but here is one that baffles me.

My husband's sister is an ill-mannered, cruel and out-spoken woman. She is a frequent visitor in our home; for some reason she has taken a dislike to one of our daughters, a girl of fourteen. When my sister-in-law visits us she criticizes this girl, comments upon her as if she were an animal, and—in general—makes the child uneasy and ill for days afterward.

Unfortunately, this woman is my husband's favorite sister and he sides with her against the rest of us. He finds her cruelty funny.

A recent remark made by this woman about my daughter had to do with physical development; it was a risque, unpleasant comment and it was made in the presence of a man we had just met and his fifteen-year-old son. My daughter was sick with humiliation.

How can I get rid of this woman as a frequent guest without antagonizing my husband unduly?

Mrs. Stafford C.

Dear Mrs. C:

You have my sincerest sympathy. If there is one person who incites me to murder, it is the unfunny individual whose stock of humor consists of ridicule, practical jokes, or jibes at those too well-mannered to protect themselves by similar tactics. I know that I would enjoy being able to advise you to order this woman out of your home. Obviously, that would only create serious trouble between yourself and your husband.

Try this solution: Whenever you know that your sister-in-law is going to call, couldn't you allow your daughter to visit one of her girl friends and to remain away as long as her aunt is in the house? Make it seem very casual and natural; don't let anyone know what you are doing, but just keep the two apart. In case the aunt should drop in unexpectedly, you and your daughter could have an understanding that she would simply vanish.

It seems cowardly to be a fugitive from one's own home, but sometimes—to avoid strife—discretion is much the better part of valor. I wish you would keep me informed about your situation.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Thirteen months ago I fell deeply in love with the older brother of one of my best girl friends. After two months' courtship, we were married with the approval of his parents and mine. Everything pointed to a happy life for us.

Six months ago I had a visit from a girl who claimed she was going to have a baby by my husband. He admitted that it was the truth and explained everything; there is no point in going into the sordid details here.

This girl and my husband both say that they have no love, not even liking for each other. But my husband wants me to take this baby and bring it up as my own and the girl has begged me to agree.



NEW! A CREAM DEODORANT

which SAFELY

STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering — harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



39¢ Plus Tax

(Also 59¢ size)

At any store which sells toilet goods

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE

ARRID

THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT



Evening in Paris

RICH, RADIANT COLOR IN

Face Powder!

Out of the glamor world of Paris into the beauty world of America comes the wonderful French blending process by which Evening in Paris face powder is made.

"Triple color-blending" it is called . . . which means a face powder so fine, so smooth, so exquisitely tinted it seems to kindle a glorious new loveliness in your face . . . touching your skin with a soft velvet bloom that utterly denies drabness, blemish or surface flaw.

This is *your* face powder . . . for a skin exciting to look at, thrilling to touch. Try it . . . and learn why it is said "to make a lovely lady even lovelier, Evening in Paris face powder."



Rouge 50c • Lipstick 50c
Face Powder $1.00 • Perfume $1.25 to $10.00
(All prices plus tax)

BOURJOIS

NEW YORK • DISTRIBUTOR

Tune in "Romance, Rhythm and Ripley" with "Believe It or Not" Ripley, Marion Hutton, Larry Douglas, Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra—Thursdays, 10:30 P.M., E. W. T., Columbia Network.

My mother thinks I should wash my hands of the entire affair and start life again; as I am only nineteen, she says there is much joy in the world for me. But I am still deeply in love with my husband. It makes me blind with jealousy to think that some other girl is having his baby.

Would you get a divorce, or would you take this baby and make the best of it?

Mrs. James H.

Dear Mrs. James H:

I know that your faith in your husband has been shattered and I am of the general opinion that, were the cases reversed, he would probably be in favor of divorcing you. Men frequently expect to be forgiven for an act they themselves could not forgive.

In this case, however, I think the welfare of that baby should come first.

It seems to me that your mother has a mistaken viewpoint in advising you to divorce your husband and wash your hands of the entire affair, considering that your husband wants nothing to do with this other girl and that you are still deeply in love with him. Couldn't you take the child and bring it up as your own? Children are individuals; sometimes they seem to resemble their parents in very few repects so you need have no fear of finding too deeply entrenched the personality of the child's mother.

If given your full love and care, the child will love you as its own mother. You will have saved a desperate situation, given an innocent youngster a fair chance in the world and have won its love for yourself.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have a sister three years younger than myself; she is now twenty. She doesn't have a friend to her name and never did have. She hates people, thinking that there is no one who is her equal.

She quit high school in her third year because she said she was sick of her schoolmates. She loafed for a year, then asked me to get a job for her in the same office where I worked. After a year at this, she quit, saying that she couldn't endure the people with whom she had to work. As soon as I took a war job at much better pay, my mother forced me to get my sister a job also. By this time I began to get fairly weary of spending all my time with my critical sister.

I'm married and only living at home until my husband who is still overseas comes home. I have never gone, even to a movie, with another man. I have had a charming girl friend with whom I've gone swimming on Sunday or with whom I have dinner once or twice a week.

My mother has made such a fuss that it is an ordeal for me to come home afterward. She says, "My single girl doesn't go out, so why should you! You're married. You should associate with your own sister or no one."

It isn't that I don't love my mother and my sister. It's just that they won't understand my need for a few nice friends and for amusement for which I pay. I'm getting fed up and I wondered whether you have any ideas on this sort of a family-life predicament.

Greta T.

Dear Mrs. T:

Seldom a day goes by without a letter somewhat similar to yours appearing in the mail. In many families, it would seem, no two sisters are alike in ability, in degree of adaptation, or in self-reliance. I think it might be wise, in the case of your sister, to consult a psychiatrist. Her frame of mind is not healthy.

Since you are married, and since your remaining with your mother and sister is a temporary arrangement anyway—to be terminated when your husband returns to civilian life—why don't you secure a room somewhere, or an apartment if such is available?

You will, of course, encounter great antagonism when you suggest this change, but if you are firm but pleasant about it, you will be able to make the move with a minimum of argument. Although you did not mention finances, I assume that you and your sister take care of your mother. You should continue to bear your half of the expense, of course; but your sister should be compelled to carry her half of the burden, too.

Most assuredly you are entitled to your own girl friends, and I'm certain that—when you write to your husband—he is happy to know how you amuse yourself.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I married when I was seventeen and my husband was twenty. Our baby is now three years old and is the image of his daddy. I am twenty-one now, and realize that I was never in love with my husband; we were just youngsters, with no mental or emotional basis for marriage.

Perhaps this would not have mattered if I had never met a man who really attracted me, a man with whom I am desperately in love. The horrible part of it is that this man is my husband's brother.

My husband is now overseas in a hospital. He was wounded and is being invalided back to our home. My husband's brother is married and has two children. Since I have been a war widow, he has been wonderful to me, occasionally taking me dancing or out for lunch. He married his wife for spite, he tells me, and never loved her any more than I ever really loved my husband.

With my husband coming home, I have some decisions to make. His father and mother heard about the brother and me and wrote to my husband, but he wrote to me saying that he didn't believe a word of it, adding that we could iron out our differences when he came home. He said he would never divorce me, no matter what.

What do you think about this awful situation?

Clella L.

Dear Mrs. L:

I agree with you that you have presented me with an "awful situation." It would really take a Solomon to answer this and provide happiness for everyone concerned.

Pure, unalloyed justice would require that you remain with your husband, whose health has been damaged by his fight to insure your safety. I feel that, if there is nobility in your make-up, you will see your responsibility, stick with your husband and child and forget your brother-in-law.

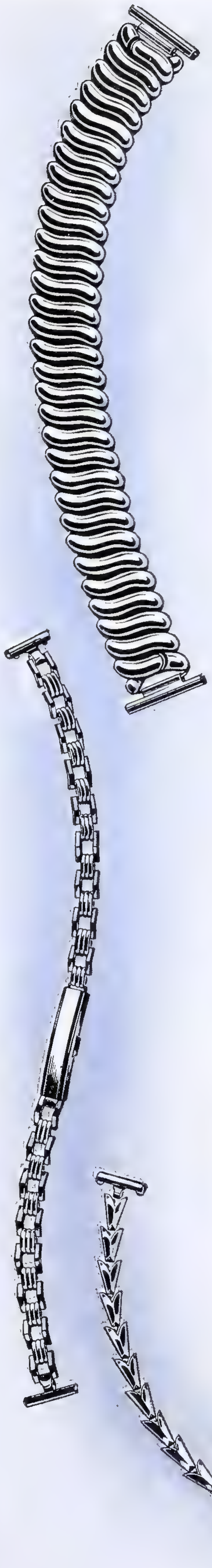
However, if you aren't able to remain your husband's wife with good grace and sincere effort, I think you should move to some distant city. Certainly you shouldn't continue to see your brother-in-law and you shouldn't contemplate marriage to him. It is quite enough that you break your husband's heart and disillusion every member of your family, without breaking up your brother-in-law's home and depriving his two children of his presence.

I know this is rugged advice but I'm convinced that it is honest.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-two and have a son three years old. My husband was a soldier when



Every watch deserves a

Bretton *band*

Complete the beauty of a fine watch with a really fine watch band—a BRETTON watch band. Suddenly it becomes a symphony of smartness . . . elegant, sophisticated. Superbly designed, precision-built in every link, BRETTON bands are a jeweler's work of art . . . "a thing of beauty, a joy forever". From $5.00 up, wherever fine jewelry is sold.

Because we are still busy producing for Victory, Bretton bands are available in limited quantities only.

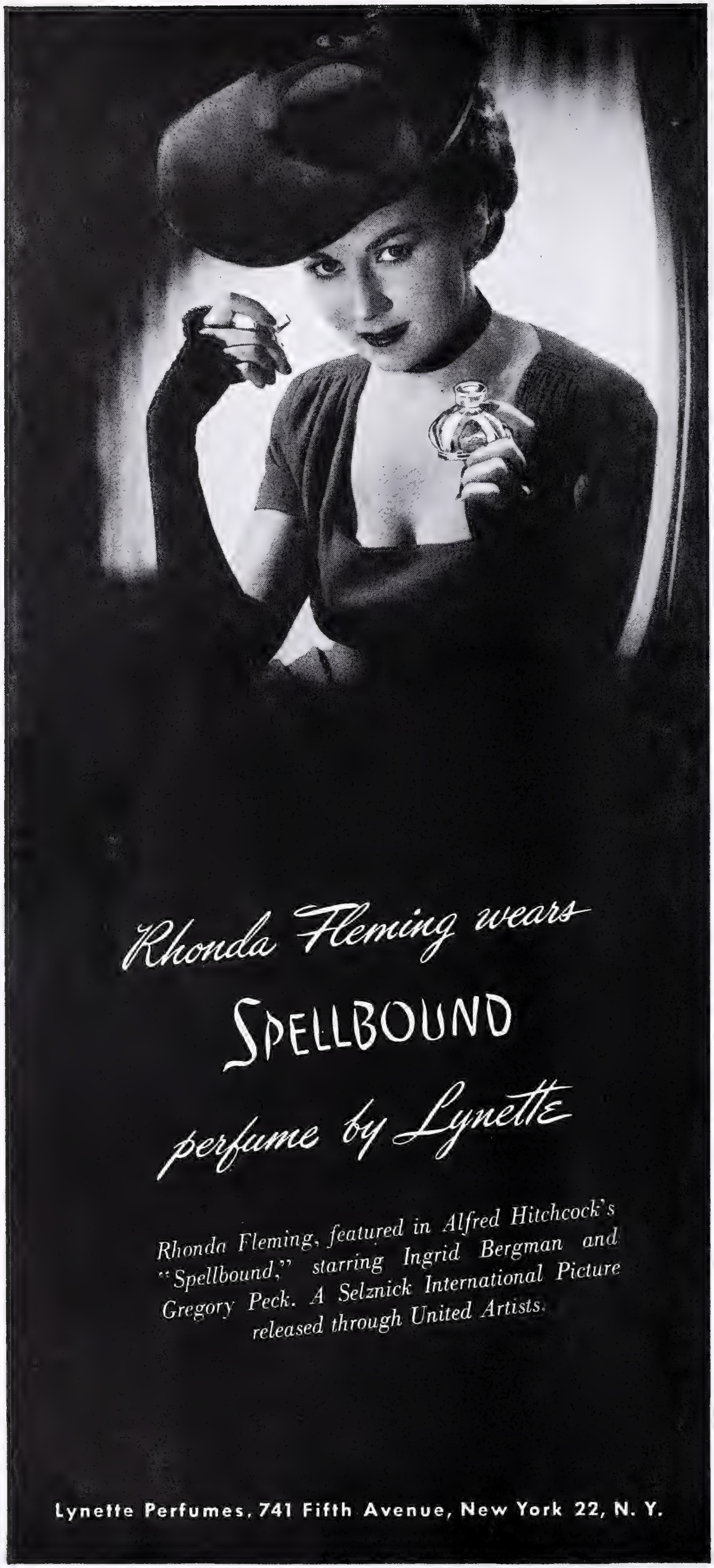


Bretton

First Among Fine Watch Bands

BRUNER-RITTER, Inc., Fifth Avenue, New York 20

© 1945, Bruner-Ritter, Inc.



I met and married him. The war broke out a year after our marriage and he was sent to another state. I went to see him twice, but couldn't remain because of the lack of living quarters and the fact that my baby was due. My son and I received our allotment, so I rented a house and bought furniture. I had it paid for in eleven months, so you know that I scrimped to insure a future for us.

After my husband was sent overseas, he wrote less and less regularly. Finally my allowance stopped with the explanation that my husband had married again. Broken-hearted, I went to the Red Cross and told them the whole story. They loaned me money on which to live until the mess was straightened out; I received several letters from the mother of this other girl and she seems to be a nice person. My husband represented himself to be a single man and married this girl. Then he agreed to pay for her annulment.

I am now getting my allotment again, and my husband is writing me sweetheart letters. He has asked me not to correspond with the family of his almost-wife because, he says, they are frauds and liars. He says that when he comes home he will be able to explain everything and that he wants to settle down with our boy and me.

Miss Colbert, how can I ever have faith in him again? Do you think that for my son's sake I should try to make a go of this marriage, or would I be better off to strike out for myself?

Mrs. Curvin B.

Dear Mrs. B:

At the present time you are in no position to make a decision, I'm afraid, so I think you should fret as little as possible about the situation.

One thing to remember is this: Men in service have been subjected to all manner of confusion, stress, strain, loneliness and—in many cases—to frightful physical danger. At such times, home seems very far away to some men, and they live for the moment—not for the future.

Wouldn't it be better for you to wait until your husband comes home, and you can listen to the explanation he has promised you, before determining what your next action should be?

You have written that you will never be able to have faith in him again. Yet, wouldn't it be possible for you to look upon his serious mistake as if it had been an illness? When a person has a bad case of chickenpox, there is no denying the disease, but once he has recovered he is immune from further attack. Sometimes a man must learn for himself how utterly unattractive an affair can be, before he is immune to blandishments, and ready to be a good husband.

Claudette Colbert

Now is your **chance**
to collect some **tips**
from **MEN**
on how they **like** to
see you **dress!**

There'll be **six men stars** with
their **startling** preferences
in **feminine** attire
in Photoplay **Next month**

Because You're Brave Enough

(*Continued from page* 53) away and said, his voice bitter, "Yeah, I suppose I can peddle pencils."

Here again, the handicapped helped me, for I used the most valiant among them as spurs to his lagging courage when I said, "Other men who have lost their sight have done better than that. Much better."

Then I reminded him of Alec Templeton who, though blind, is an accomplished musician, one of the great entertainers of stage and radio and is, in addition, a buoyant and charming personality.

I reminded him of Helen Keller who, though blind, deaf and mute, has lived a crowded and rewarding life.

I reminded him of the blind poet Milton.

I said, "It seems to me to add up to this: That among those who have handicaps, as among those who have not, there are the successes and the failures. Why not concentrate on the successful ones?"

As I made ready to leave, the young soldier smiled and said, "That's the stuff we need to hear! Thanks, Miss Young."

TO remind the handicapped that they are not alone and that what others have done *they can do* is, I feel sure, the most valid inspiration we can give them.

We cannot give them pity. They do not want pity. And should not have it.

They deserve only admiration, for they have suffered because they have done something splendid. There should be an epic compensation in the knowledge that their pain is going for something.

Not that we should minimize the suffering of the handicapped! Of course it makes a difference to a man if he has lost a leg, two legs, an arm, both arms, his sight, or hearing, or has had facial injuries. At first, it makes all the difference. At first we must give him, and in fullest measure, tenderness, thoughtfulness, every prop and support we can devise. Then as body, mind and spirit gradually mend, to remind him that he is young, that he is loved, that his misery is behind him and new avenues of action ahead of him down which he can walk, a normal man, capable of leading a normal life again is, it seems to me, the healing touch.

The handicapped want to be treated like normal men, resent it if they are not.

One soldier with whom I talked not long ago, said, disgustedly, "People stare at me as if I were the only fellow in the world who had lost a leg. If I were a monstrosity, I'd get a job in the circus. But I'm not a monstrosity, Miss Young. I'm just a soldier who lost his leg at Faid Pass, in Tunisia. I'm a normal man and I like to be treated as one."

That we do not always treat our handicapped like normal men and women handicaps them further—and sometimes, fatally, as our Army's Surgeon General, Major General Norman T. Kirk, emphasized when he asked me to please appeal to the public for greater thoughtfulness and consideration in their treatment of casualties:

"Modern surgery," he said, "is skillfully restoring these men. Prostheses are furnished to every man who has lost a leg or an arm and the men are taught how to use them. The scars of battle are being removed by extensive reconditioning programs in Medical Department hospitals. But all this effort is being seriously interfered with when disabled soldiers are singled out by the stares and prying questions of the public."

Yes, modern surgery is skillfully restoring these men . . . Surely the miracles of modern science do literally pass human understanding!

In a hospital in Battle Creek, Michigan,



Beautiful MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT says:

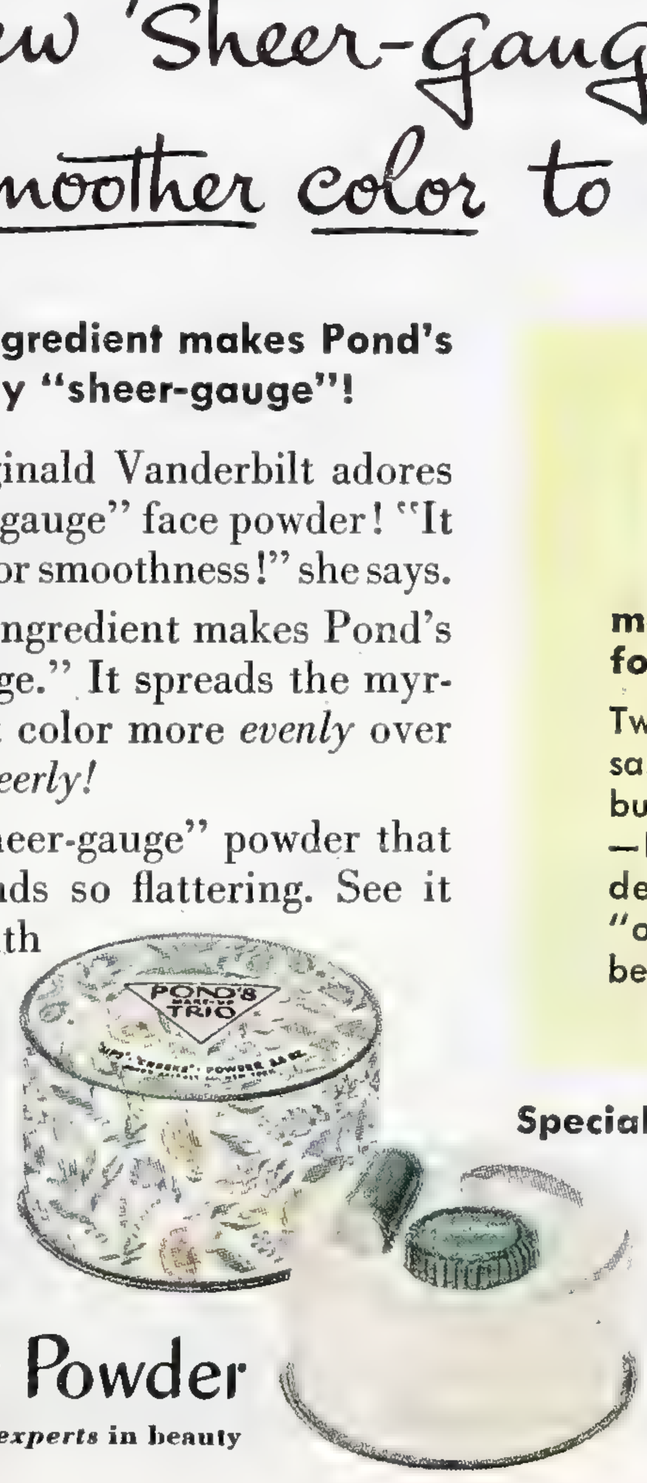
"This new 'Sheer-Gauge' powder brings Smoother color to my skin"

New! Suffusing ingredient makes Pond's Powder luxuriously "sheer-gauge"!

Beautiful Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt adores Pond's new "sheer-gauge" face powder! "It gives such lovely color smoothness!" she says.

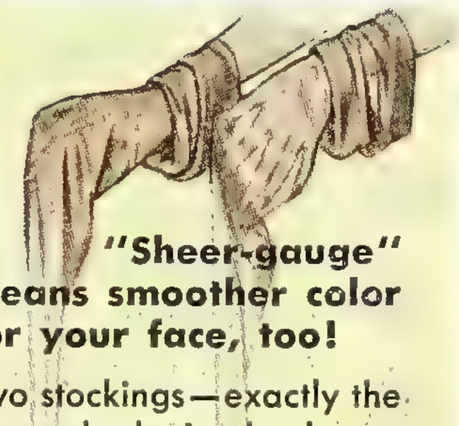
A new *suffusing* ingredient makes Pond's Powder "sheer-gauge." It spreads the myriad particles of soft color more *evenly* over your skin. More *sheerly!*

Try this new "sheer-gauge" powder that Mrs. Vanderbilt finds so flattering. See it suffuse your face with more glamorous, smooth color! 6 luscious shades.



POND'S Dreamflower Powder

—made "sheer-gauge" by *experts* in beauty



"Sheer-gauge" means smoother color for your face, too!

Two stockings—exactly the same shade in the box—but so different "on"! Now—Pond's Dreamflower Powder shades look lovelier "on" because they're so beautifully "sheer-gauge"!

Special! Pond's Make-up Trio

A lovely big box of Pond's Dreamflower Powder, with *matching* Pond's "Lips" and Pond's "Cheeks." It's a $1 value for only 79¢ plus tax. Get your Pond's make-up Trio *today*—this offer is limited!

How *Powers Models* keep their hair shining bright for days!



Miss Joan Crestwell, another Powers enchantress, who always glamour-bathes her hair with Kreml Shampoo

How To Give Your Hair This 10-Minute 'GLAMOUR BATH'

If Your Hair Looks Like This—



Stringy, Drab, Lifeless Looking, Too Oily or Dry

DO THIS



Wash your hair with remarkably beautifying Kreml Shampoo. Excellent for every type, color and texture

For Glamorous Hair Appeal



Leaves hair softer, silkier gleaming with natural lustre

Leaves Hair So 'Spanking-Clean' Just Sparkling With Natural Gloss and Highlights

When a girl is *lucky* enough—is *beautiful* enough—to meet the rigid requirements for becoming a 'million dollar' Powers Model, the very first beauty advice she receives is: "Your hair is one of your greatest assets. Use *only* Kreml Shampoo to wash it." And here is why—

1. Kreml Shampoo thoroughly cleanses hair and scalp of dirt and loose dandruff.
2. It actually 'unlocks' the natural sparkling beauty and highlights that lie concealed in the hair.
3. It leaves hair shining bright for days.
4. Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh, drying chemicals.
5. Instead, it has a beneficial *oil* base which helps keep hair from becoming dry.
6. Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess dull soapy film. It rinses out like a charm and keeps your hair looking its beautiful best for days!

Buy Large FAMILY SIZE. All drug, dept. and 10¢ stores

P M M

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or a Refund of Money if Defective or Not as Advertised Therein

I saw a young colored boy sitting in a dressing room, off the ward. From the eyes down, he had no face at all. Two eyes looking at you, were all you could see. Tubes inserted in his throat enabled him to eat and to breathe. But there was a smile in those eyes. Presently, I learned why. For when the doctor came in, he said, "Ah, Miss Young, I see you have met Joe. Believe it or not, Joe is going to be the handsomest thing you ever saw when we get through with him."

Later, I asked the doctor, "What are you going to do with Joe? What *can* you do?"

"Make him a new face," the doctor said. "Not the same face he had before but a perfectly good face, just the same. In time," he added, "we may be able to build new nasal passages. When we do, Joe will be able to breathe and eat normally, too."

BUT whether surgery can make the handicapped whole again or not, there is no reason why deafness, loss of sight or loss of limbs should be the end of life for any person. A handicap can be, for those who are strong enough, *a new beginning to life.* To a different life, perhaps, than the one they had in mind before the war, or whatever may have caused their loss. But to, who knows, a better one.

Others have found the way:

And that they have found it and how they found it, and who they are, is what the handicapped need to hear about.

Not long ago, I talked with a young paratrooper who had lost his leg in North Africa. As I bent over his bed he was lying, listless, staring out of the window, his eyes as clean-washed of interest in life as two bits of blank, blue slate.

When he spoke, his first words were, "Did you know I had lost a leg?"

I said I did. I said it was a tragedy, no doubt about it. I said I supposed he would not, however, make it the most important thing in his life but would cast about for more constructive things to think about . . . a book to write, perhaps, a child to be born (his wife was expecting a baby), someone to make happy.

I added, "*Others have:* Franklin Delano Roosevelt was seriously crippled and became the President of the United States.

"Lieutenant Ted Lawson lost his leg in the Doolittle flight over Tokyo—had some black hours, then wrote 'Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo,' later rejoined his outfit and is now a Major.

"Herbert Marshall lost his leg during World War I, and although, being an actor, he needed to walk properly, he became one of the most active and attractive personalities in motion pictures."

I told him about another friend of mine —I'll call her Anne.

Born deaf and mute Anne, at twenty, had both arms cut off in an accident in the factory where she worked. Now, in her so narrowly limited world she lives like—as a neighbor of hers describes it—"A little star in a warm and fleecy cloud." For her lovely disposition, her serene faith in her God, her shining spirit made everyone love her. And as love, so deserved, is a lovely thing to have, Anne is content.

When I finished speaking, the boy had tears in his eyes. But his eyes, no longer blank, were smiling, as he said, "Thanks for telling me about your friends. A person with an affliction," he added, reflectively, "is inclined to relax and beef about his fate. Your friends didn't just moan, did they? They used their handicaps to make themselves more useful. Yeah, I see. . . ." Then he looked up at me with a bright, defying grin. "Guess I can find the way, too."

I said, "I am sure you can."

I am sure he did.

Because he was brave enough. . . .

THE END

Where's Kelly?

(*Continued from page* 56) house to be had.

But sne and Gene refused to admit that. They moved briskly into the Hamilton Hotel; every morning Gene left for work at the U. S. Navy Photographic Science Laboratory and simultaneously Betsy left to begin a day of house-hunting. While he labored over films and overseas plans, Betsy labored over want-ads, real estate agents—and tracking down the thousand-and-one false leads given them by hopeful pals of Gene's in the Navy. But she came home every night with no news whatsoever.

THEN would begin the second search of the day: The hunt for a meal! In Washington they found that the tale of restaurants with two-block-long queues of people waiting outside was not exaggerated either. By the time they had stood in line, finally eaten and staggered home again it was almost midnight and Betsy would tell Gene, "Navy life is killing me off—no matter how well you're weathering it, old boy!"

"If you're going to be killed off, die near me," Gene would tell her, grinning. "I'd rather have you right here and hungry than comfortable and far out of sight!" (This, from the man who swore he'd never get married—and who meant it until he met wholesome-looking blonde Betsy. To this day his advice to single friends is, "Never marry until you can't stand the idea of living without some one person. Then you're sunk and you might as well give in!")

The last straw in their exhausted hunt for a home came after the wild scramble had been on for two months, with no sign of a let-up. The telephone rang one midnight just after Gene and Betsy had triumphantly returned from hunting dinner, and Gene picked it up.

"'Tis I!" shouted a cheerful voice at the other end. Gene almost dropped the telephone in his astonishment.

"Stanley Donen!" he shouted back, delighted. "Where are you—California? What gives?"

Then Betsy saw Gene's face do several rapid changes of expression, from delight to horror. He was listening to the news that Stanley (a handsome brown-eyed dance director who is Gene's best and oldest friend) was right here in Washington and planning on visiting them, beginning now!

"Fine, okay, come right up," he finally said in a die-away voice, and hung up limply. "We have a house guest. Too bad we haven't a house," he told Betsy feebly—and they were both still roaring with hysterical laughter as their surprised pal Stanley appeared in the doorway, complete with suitcase. P.S.—He disappeared again, complete with suitcase, and spent that first night in the lobby!

But once let in on their house-hunting (and dinner-hunting) problems, Stanley found himself a room and then dedicated his life to helping them out. He dedicated his nights to commiserating with them. One or two evenings a week they all ate well, because one of Gene's more fortunate friends would invite them all over for dinner—Collier Young, or Hugh McMullen, or Commander Gene Markey, or Bob Taplinger, all of whom Gene had known in Hollywood. Finally Stanley wrested a house from Richard Carlson—though only for a few weeks. But that was enough for Stanley. Once he saw Gene and Betsy settled in its tidy brick front on "P" Street, N.W., he disappeared back to Hollywood like a streak of lightning. He'd had enough of the Kelly family's wartime problems.



Be Lovely to Love

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use
F r e s h
.....
the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth. Doesn't dry out... usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50¢...25¢...10¢



MOST FASCINATING AND INTRIGUING...TUNE IN "DAVID HARDING, COUNTERSPY," WED. NIGHTS, 10 E.W.T., AMERICAN (BLUE) NETWORK

A Star is Bathed!

(using mild, soothing MENNEN Antiseptic Baby Oil, of course)



by BARBARA STANWYCK *and* DENNIS MORGAN

in the won-n-nderful Warner Bros. movie
"CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT"



Dennis Morgan bathes baby, Barbara Stanwyck watches. To help keep skin healthy, Mennen Baby Oil follows the bath.



Barbara and Dennis "coo" over that happy, healthy baby. No wonder babies are so happy, with Mennen-protected skin.

★ YOUR BABY may not be a movie star (*yet!*) but it's just as important to you to keep his (or her) skin smooth and healthy! That's why you'll surely use mild, soothing Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil all over baby's body daily. It's the oil used by most hospitals . . . recommended by most doctors . . . bought by most mothers.* You'll be delighted at how well Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil helps prevent diaper rash, urine irritation and many other skin troubles. *Mennen*-oiled babies smell so sweet, too!

*According to surveys

Your baby deserves the best—

MENNEN
Antiseptic
BABY OIL
50¢ — $1
$2 Money-Saver size



Also, be sure to use MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER to help keep baby's skin comfy and healthy. Super-smooth; new scent makes baby smell so sweet. Preferred by more Baby Specialists than any other powder.*

Not that he had been able to forget their problems for long, ever since Gene had joined the Navy. As Gene's best friend and co-dance-composer ever since Broadway days of "Pal Joey" and "Best Foot Forward"—and all through "Cover Girl" and "Anchors Aweigh"—Stanley had been a familiar audience at all their various upsets.

Out in Hollywood, a year ago, he had witnessed Gene's frantic struggles to get "Anchors Aweigh" finished before entering the Navy—with everything possible going wrong at the last minute. The three big dance numbers for the picture were still unfilmed only a few days before Gene was due to report to his Naval Training Station at San Diego, California, and by the time those days were over, Gene had run so difficult an obstacle course of his own that the Navy obstacle course looked like a mere trifle!

Gene danced steadily, day and night, those last hectic days—with the painters on strike, the Cartoon Dance Song unwritten until the night before the dance was shot and recorded, and finally with a blood clot in his hand. This last blow came with the Tango Dance Number. The rose thrown gracefully to him by Kathryn Grayson had a lead wire for a stem and it caught him as thoroughly as he caught it.

But he simply had to go on ahead of the Navy. So, while the exhausted cameraman shot around his swollen hand, Gene went on dancing—until he got a charley-horse in one leg. Then he still went on dancing, getting the numbers on film hour after hour throughout the days and nights before he had to report for duty. By the time he reached San Diego in uniform his hand was bandaged, he was limping badly and his voice had sunk to a mere whisper.

But, though Gene was almost a hospital case, one of the most successful musical comedies ever made was finished—and while Gene was beginning his new life, the picture was delighting audiences all over the world.

Once Movie Star Gene Kelly was Seaman 2nd Class Kelly and the world turned



Study in intensity—Lieut (j.g.) Kelly

as upside down for the Kellys as it had for thousands of others all over America. Betsy realized this the minute Gene disappeared into training at San Diego in his bell-bottom trousers—and she began sitting by the telephone in their suddenly empty house in Beverly Hills waiting for Gene's calls.

Weekends became what weekends have been to most of America—a hasty telephone call from Gene: "Betsy, I'm getting weekend liberty. I'll be riding up to town with Tennessee and some of the other guys." Then Betsy would begin hurriedly phoning friends to come over that night. "Gene's coming home," she'd tell them—the Keenan Wynns, Maria Montez, the Richard Whorfs, the Hume Cronyns, the John Garfields, Ralph Blane, Stanley Donen, writers Norman Panama and Mel Frank. "We'll be there at eight, sharp!" they'd all promise.

At seven, Gene would arrive on foot, after a three-mile walk from the street-corner where he'd been left off by the carload of sailors—but not the same Gene she was used to. This was a skinny, weary Gene who could barely grin at her on his way upstairs to snatch a quick nap before dinner. You know the rest. The guests all came—but the host never did! He was upstairs sleeping the sleep of the dead.

And at three in the morning his disappointed friends gave up their vigil and went home—still without a glimpse of the guest of honor!

Then Sunday would come. Sunday meant a rushed breakfast, with Gene's watch on the table beside his coffee-cup, a hasty romp with little Kerry—and then Betsy would drive him to some street corner and wave him goodbye as he disappeared in a carload of gobs, on the way back to San Diego.

ONE fateful weekend Betsy had saved up enough gas (by walking on her household errands for weeks) to drive Gene back to San Diego herself. At the last minute, Stanley Donen decided he'd better go along to be with Betsy for the long ride home again late at night. It was one of the coldest nights in California history, and the three of them were huddled in the gray convertible telling stories to forget the fog-wrapped freezing night, when Gene suddenly looked up at the canvas top of the car and discovered a tiny slit in it.

"Easy," said he. "We'll tape it up in typical Navy style!" So, while Betsy held the tape, Gene went to work on the hole in the roof. Meanwhile Stanley kept the car parked on the side of the highway. But finally all was well. "Let's go!" Gene said with the vigorousness of a Navy man who knows how to do things right. They went—and so did everything! With a shrieking "R-r-r-rip!" the entire top tore apart and for the rest of the icy ride the three rode gloomily in a wide-open car festooned with clouds of fog! Gene was blue with cold when the ride was over—and Stanley and Betsy were blue with rage.

They rode home through the shivery dawn with many sour remarks passed on Gene's ability as a roof-fixer—Navy training or no Navy training!

But those weekend ducks into Hollywood ended for Gene with the end of his training at San Diego. Then he went East to be stationed at Anacostia, just outside of Washington, D.C. Betsy soon followed, and behind them, in Hollywood, the Kellys were missed by everyone—from Hollywood acting friends to the kids on the block who used to play softball with Gene every Sunday afternoon of their lives.



Give your face and neck this *COMPLETE* 'BEAUTY-LIFT'

Treatment takes only 8 minutes



Famous *Homogenized* Facial Helps Skin Appear Firmer, Fresher, Smoother With Each Application—

After the ravages of summer sun and wind—your skin deserves *special* attention. And you'll be delighted to learn that now, right at home, you can give yourself a remarkable 'beauty-lift' which works *wonders* for face and neck.

All you need is this *one* de luxe cream—Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream—famous for its *super-lubricating* qualities.

Directions So Easy! Results Sô Divine!

Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over face and neck. (Follow arrows in diagram.) Leave on about 8 minutes. Or overnight if you prefer.

Notice how Hopper's leaves your skin feeling so *satin-smooth*. Notice how your skin appears *firmer*, so *delicately textured* with almost a *baby-freshness*.

The reason Hopper's Facial Cream is so ACTIVE and lubricates the skin so EXPERTLY is because it's *homogenized!* Use nightly to help maintain exquisitely lovely, *natural* skin beauty thruout the years. Also an unsurpassed powder base for dry, contrary skin. All cosmetic counters.



For Enlarged Pore Openings and To Help Loosen Blackheads

You'll find Hopper's White Clay Pack very effective for this purpose. It's also marvelous to help clear away ugly, faded, dried-up 'TOP SKIN' cells.

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** **HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM**

For free advice on care of your skin write Beauty Consultant, Room 2204, Affiliated Products, Inc. 22 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

P M M

"Hollywood isn't the same," everyone agreed mournfully and gave themselves up to going without the Kellys for the duration and six.

But of course no one in Hollywood counted on mercurial Gene and his sudden impulses. Late one Saturday night, for instance, at exactly two A.M., Stanley Donen and his song-writer friend Sol Chaplin and Mrs. Chaplin were skimming along Sunset Boulevard, on their way to polish off the evening by going to a late nightspot named Dave's Blue Room.

AS THEY sped along Stanley spied a sailor standing on a corner of Sunset with his duffel bag in hand. Right then and there Stanley did a doubletake. "If I didn't know better," he said, craning out of the car at the diminishing figure of the sailor, "I'd swear that was the one-and-only Gene Kelly."

"You know that couldn't be Gene—he's 3,000 miles away in Washington," the Chaplins hooted derisively.

"It sure looked like him," Stanley muttered. "It sure did." By this time the sailor had been left far behind . . . but not for long. A few minutes later he came into the night club, lugging his duffel bag, and his opening shout was, "Hi, gang!"

Of course, it was Gene himself, and he'd just hitchhiked a ride down to Dave's Blue Room.

He'd been given a five-day leave in Washington twenty-four hours before and he had instantly hitched a plane ride to Hollywood. He could only stay for two hysterical days—during which time he stayed at Stanley's house, went out on a fast visit to his old-time studio, and also managed to see his sick friend Keenan Wynn. Keenan was just back from the hospital after his motorcycle accident. He was on crutches and his teeth were so thoroughly wired into place that he could hardly talk. How did Gene make him feel at home?—by talking the same stiff-lipped way Keenan talked, without opening his mouth either!

Those two wild days in Hollywood convinced everyone of one thing: Hollywood can't do without Gene Kelly any more than can the public. And as soon as Gene's world is right-side-up again (along with the worlds of all of us), everyone wants to forget the question, "Where's Kelly?"—and be able to say, "Kelly's *there!*"

THE END

CROWNED IN COLOR—

Little Queen Bess!

You'll find two pages of beautiful color pictures and the gay tender story of

Elizabeth Taylor

BY HERB HOWE

in December Photoplay

Margaret O'Brien TELLS HER *Favorite Stories*

See her in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES"



For the first time, the inspired artistry of lovely little Margaret O'Brien is available on phonograph records. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's beloved star tells "Two Stories for Children," with delightful musical accompaniment. Three full size records in a colorful album that will make a treasured gift. At your favorite record store $2.75*

*PLUS TAX

Capitol RECORDS
FROM HOLLYWOOD

SUNSET AND VINE

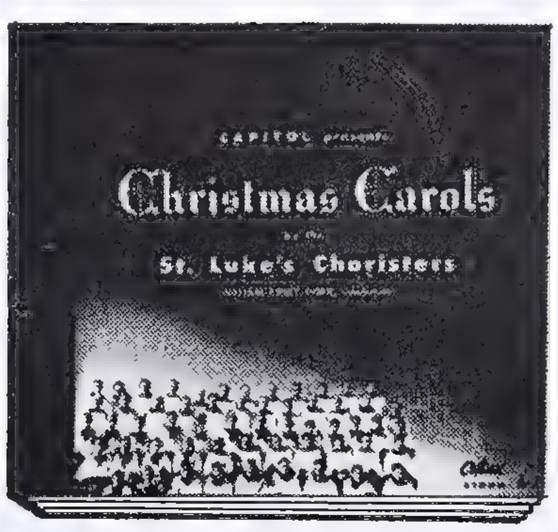




THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE, HAL PERRY, tells three immortal Fairy Tales. $3.50*



COWBOY TEX RITTER, in favorite songs and stories of the West $2.50*



CHRISTMAS CAROLS, sung by the world-famous St. Luke's Choristers. $2.50*

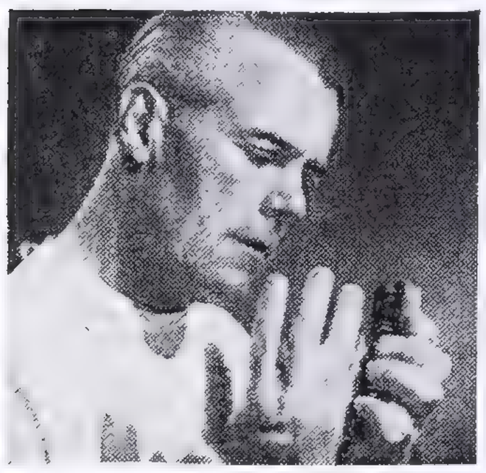
"The Touches of Her Hands, and the Delight"—*James Whitcomb Riley*



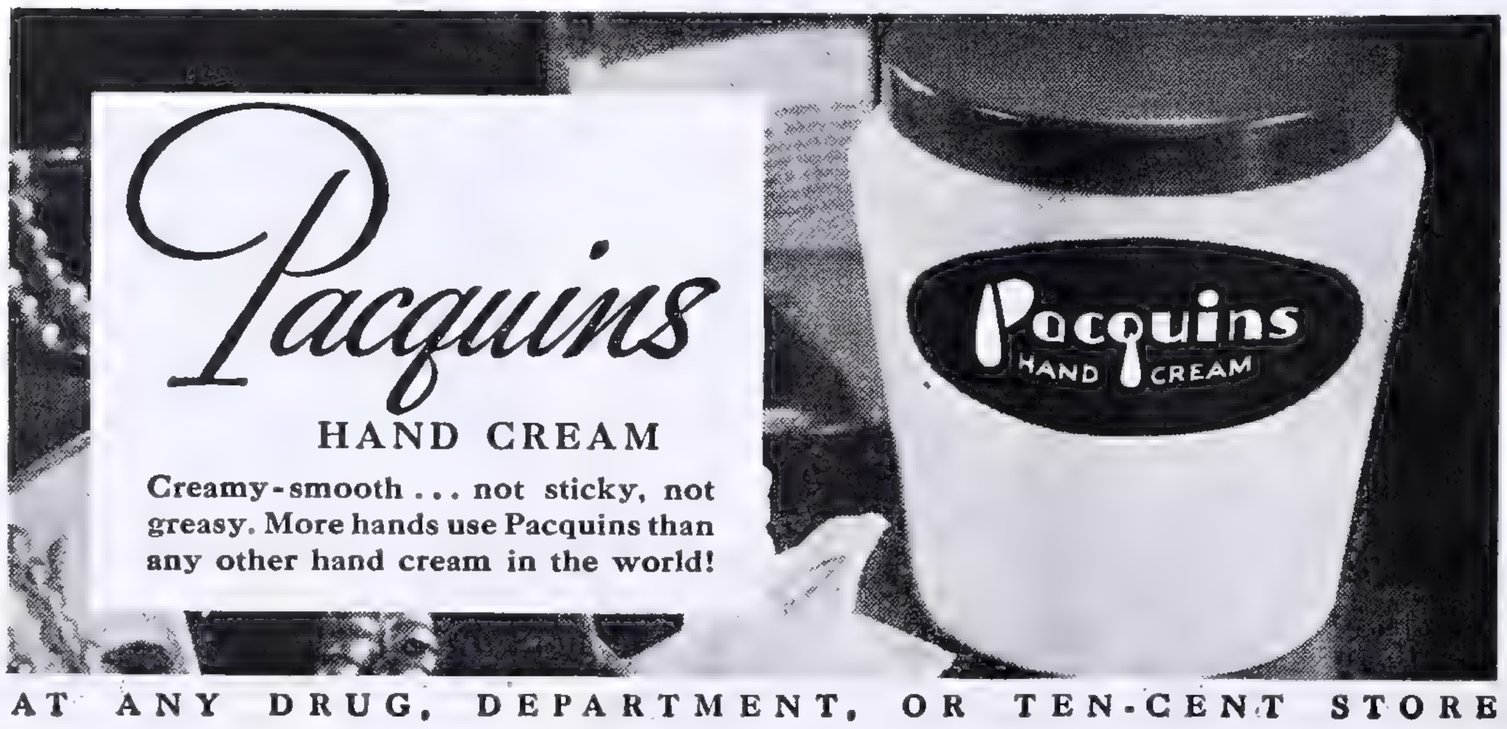
We bet the lady never "touched" household Drudgery!

Housework can make your hands look like anything but a poet's dream. Rough, red, older-looking than *you* are. So be *sure* to use Pacquins Hand Cream twice daily to help give your hands a "young-skin" look.





Ask your Doctor or his Nurse about . . . how they keep their hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 washings a day. Harder on hands than housework! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated for their professional use. Here's the secret—it's *super-rich* in what doctors call "humectant"—an ingredient that helps keep skin feeling soft, smooth, supple!



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

Horseshoe Haymes

(*Continued from page* 62) in a French movie years ago, a tragedy in which he portrayed a neurotic little boy who hung himself. The tragic stigma hung over him during those first hectic Hollywood days when he worked in Western pictures as an extra and stunt man. "Whenever they wanted anybody to die young, they got me," he says. He doubled on the chase scenes, took the falls and usually was the younger brother the bad men bumped off. His most dramatic problem was how to slump—whether forward, backward or just a simple semi-slump to the side.

He saw many of those old Westerns after he started singing, when he was going cross-country with the Harry James band. It was a standing gag if they stopped off in a little town like Humdrum, Iowa, or Two Forks, Oklahoma, for somebody to say, "What'll we do to kill time?" And James would say resignedly, "Well, let's go to a Western and see Haymes die again."

Money in itself means very little to him. Which is why most of it that doesn't go for taxes and War Bonds remains in the capable hands of his manager where it belongs. He's grateful for money because it means a nice home for his pretty wife, Joanne, his three-year-old son Skipper, and baby daughter Pidge. It means a good stable for his thoroughbred Palomino named Pappy (after Bill). It means also that now he can give things to people as he couldn't before. He has a passion for giving presents and is, in turn, touched deeply by any little thing somebody gives him. He loves especially giving Joanne gifts. They went without things so long that he more than makes up for it now.

SOMETIMES it takes a bit of finagling to manage the money from Burton. The routine goes thus. When Joanne wants something, she mentions it to Dick, who works hard at selling it to his manager, who raves at him but thinks so much of her that he usually sneaks down himself and has it sent out to her as a gift. One such gift recently was a beautiful pearl ring.

The other day even Burton, always prepared, was a little startled when he walked onto the set of "Kitten On The Keys" and the sound man in casual conversation remarked that Dick owed him $175.

"He owes *you* $175! Whatever for?" said Burton amazed.

It seems the sound man had a pair of pearl earrings which Dick bought "to go with the pearl ring."

Bill asked Dick about it. "Yes, they go with the ring you gave Joanne that she likes so much," said Richard, closing in quickly and selling fast.

So Bill gave the sound man a check. The next time he saw Joanne she was wearing the ring but no earrings. He asked her about them. "Oh," she laughed, "I guess I'll have to have holes drilled in my ears or something. Dick didn't notice they're the pierced kind."

Because of his generosity, Haymes is a terrific touch for old pals and acquaintances who "knew him when." If it weren't for his manager he'd have been down to his last song long ere now. Whenever an old pal approaches him, if Dick has any cash in his pocket he digs, but since he usually hasn't, he sometimes gives them his wrist watch saying, "Take this and see what you can raise on it."

The case of the disappearing wrist watches, none of which cost less than $150, has gone on for some time, Dick having given away at least ten watches in the past two years.

Joanne shares Dick's feeling for manager Bill and will (*Continued on page* 112)

In all the world

No Girl like You!



Two hearts, one glorious future. Since the world began, no two have been so perfectly attuned as you. And for the engagement ring that proclaims it to the world . . .

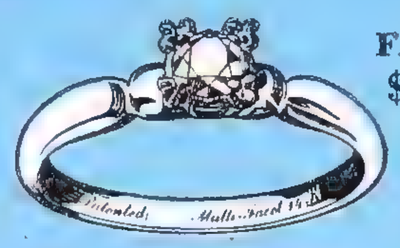
No Diamond like This!



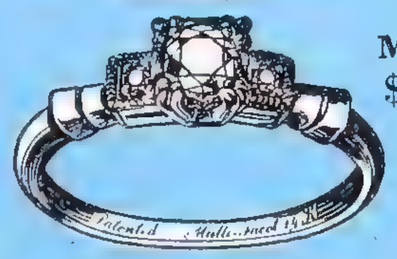
Forty extra facets, blazing around the "equator" of each Multi-Facet Diamond. In all the history of diamond cutting, no other achievement has produced such beauty, such brilliance, such intensity of color.

Multi-Facet Diamonds *look* larger than they are. And the *exclusive* Multi-Facet feature helps prevent chipping.

Your jeweler has many exquisite designs in Multi-Facet Diamond Rings . . . including one perfectly attuned to *your* taste.



FANTASY
$100.00



MELODY
$225.00



CORINNE
$500.00

Wedding Bands to Match

Other Styles—$75 to $7500
All prices include Federal Tax
Rings Enlarged to Show Detail

*Multi-Facet**

DIAMOND SOLITAIRES

DIAMOND CRAFT OF AMERICA • 551 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y. • FOUR GENERATIONS OF DIAMOND CUTTERS

*Pat. and Reg. in U. S. & Foreign Countries

New! Exclusive!

for the ULTRA-RELAXING GLAMOUR BATH!

TUBLETS

Enjoy a unique bathing experience! A bath unusual . . . exotic! Try a TUBLET BATH. Sophistication yields instantly to its enchantment. You will be thrilled by the fragrance each Tublet imparts to the bath, and the way it softens the water! Your skin will respond gratefully . . . It will feel so satin smooth and be so delicately perfumed. Just drop a single Tublet in the hot water while you are drawing your bath . . . that's all . . .

At Cosmetic Counters everywhere, or write us.

Your choice of four exquisite fragrances: Gardenia, Apple Blossom, Whispering Pine, Lavender—$1.25, box of 16 Tublets, plus Fed. Tax.



Schratz

SINCE 1888

DETROIT

(*Continued from page* 110) tell you, "He's the best fixer-upper in the world."

There was a time when he really felt like fixing them up. It was before he started managing Haymes, when Dick was singing with Tommy Dorsey's band and Burton was managing Jimmy Dorsey. They had adjoining apartments in the El Cadiz apartment court right off Hollywood Boulevard. Burton, who had just a nodding acquaintance with the Haymeses, was a little startled one evening to come home and find Skipper in a big basket in the middle of the living room, with a note pinned to the basket that said, "This is the Haymes baby. We'll pick him up right after the show."

They wanted to go to a movie and had nobody with whom to leave Skipper until Joanne remembered that Burton had a maid. "Why not leave him at the nice man's next door?" she said. And they did.

Skipper's room was smack up against the wall of Burton's in the court and it seemed to "the nice man" that the baby would always wait until he went to sleep and then open up with all throttles at once. "Why don't they strangle the brat?" he asked himself more than one night. That was the extent of his acquaintance with them until Helen O'Connell talked him into managing Haymes. Now Bill is very fond of Skip and Skipper fairly adores his "Uncle Bill."

THE HAYMESES, who have weathered one slight eruption, are a happy hilarious combination that nobody in Hollywood would want to see broken up. They live in the San Fernando Valley in a lovely eight-room white colonial home, surrounded by a white wall banked by masses of red geraniums and spacious green lawns shaded by wide-spreading walnut trees. A far cry from the rented room they had before Dick's horseshoe started to work.

There's a swimming pool, a tennis court and a dark room built in spare moments by Dick and his stand-in. His four horses, including the prize Palomino, are kept in a stable four miles away. Which makes Dick a little unhappy. He wanted to buy the lot behind the tennis court and turn all of it into a stable—"but it seems there's some restriction or something against it in our neighborhood."

His dog "Bonnie," a brown and white pointer, is a stray dog who was there when they took the place, but was so wild she ran whenever they came near. Somebody had given her an awful scare.

"I'm Like This!"

It's really something
when a shy guy like

GREGORY PECK

breaks down and
talks about himself!
But that's just what he does for
you in a self-reflection story

in December Photoplay!

The Haymeses put food out for her, but for three months she'd have nothing to do with them. Then about two o'clock one morning, Dick heard a wild yelp, an anguished cry from the dog. He jumped out of bed and ran out into the yard where Bonnie lay whimpering with a big gash in her leg, the victim of a dog fight. Dick carried her upstairs, bathed and cleaned the wound, and stayed up all night with her applying hot poultices on it every hour. Bonnie has refused to leave his side since.

Baby Pidge's name is Helen Joanne, but they say she doesn't look like a Helen yet. "Every girl I know by that name has a special Helen look about her," says Joanne. "Maybe she'll grow into it, but for the present she's just plain Pidge."

SKIPPER, whose real name is Richard Rothwell Haymes, really sends Dick after the aspirin.

Dick nicknamed him Skipper after his favorite comic strip and the child does more than his best to live up to the name. Ask Dick if he looks like him and you'll get a pleased, "I'm afraid so." His wife says, "Skip *is* Dick." Certainly they have identical features, the same hair, eyes, tilted nose and grin.

He imitates Dick in everything he does. So nobody was surprised the other morning to find the three-year-old in the shower religiously "warming up." He was clearing his throat, throwing his little mouth from side to side and singing the scale like mad. "On key too," says his proud pop.

Skipper has watched his dad dress and survey himself in the mirror many times before going out. So the other day they found Skipper standing in front of the glass in his new sun suit, looking himself over admiringly, turning to look over one shoulder, then the other, saying, "Isn't he cute! Skipper's so cute! Isn't he cute!"

Joanie grinned at his father.

"Don't look at me," said Dick, embarrassed. "I've never said that in my life!"

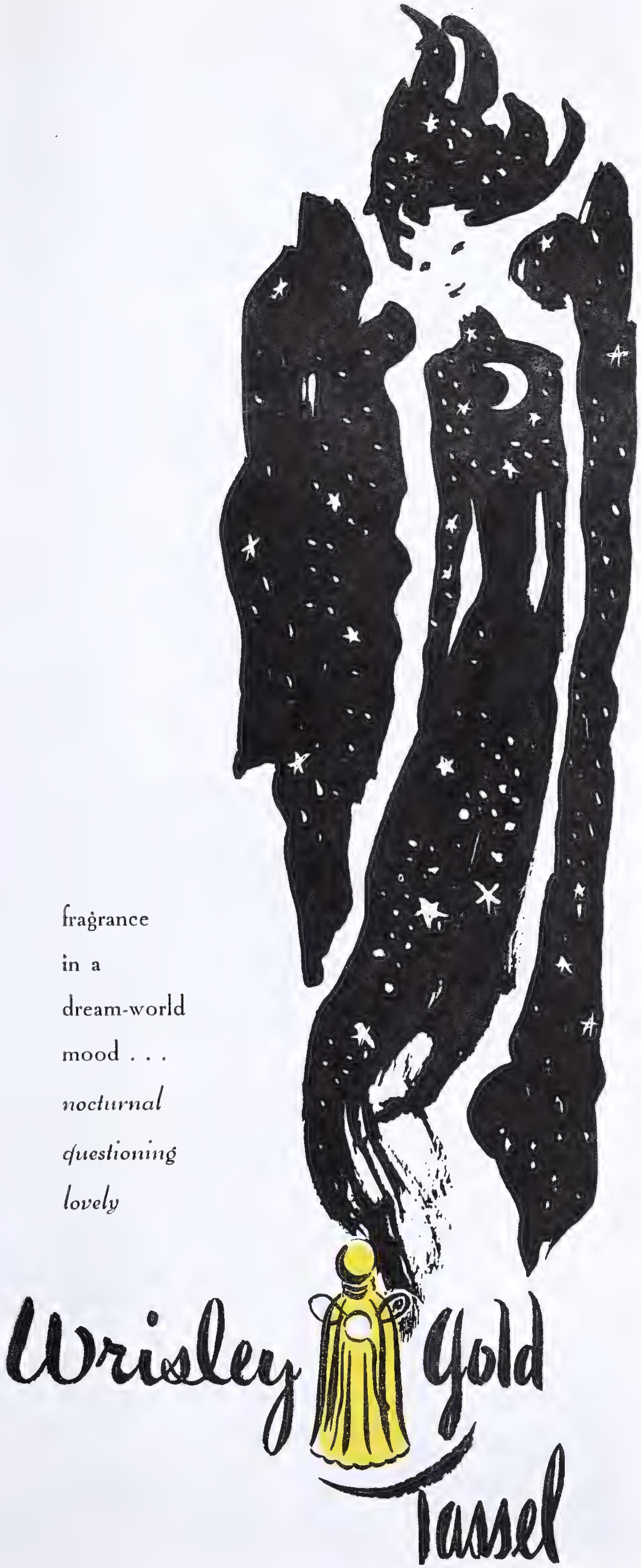
Bing Crosby is Dick's favorite singer. And though he usually just laughs it off when reporters try to put him on the spot about Sinatra, actually Frank and Dick have a great deal of respect for each other. They've known each other a long time, inasmuch as Dick replaced Sinatra when Frank left both the Harry James and Tommy Dorsey bands. At one time they roomed together during an engagement at the Capitol Theater in Washington when Frank was leaving Dorsey and Haymes was breaking in with the band.

He's portraying a crooner on the screen for the first time in his current Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Kitten On The Keys," in which he swoons Maureen O'Hara right and left. But of himself Dick says he's strictly not swoon stuff at all. "I guess I'm just not the type. I'm a farmer boy at heart."

His favorite role thus far is that of a farm boy in "State Fair." He loved that one because he got to wear overalls and mingle with the horses in the hay. "This is swell, Pappy," he kept telling his manager throughout the production. "Why don't you get us more pictures like this?"

He dislikes dressing up, loves to be casually comfortable, and when at home likes to put on sneakers and levis and prop his feet up on his desk upstairs, listening to symphonies for hours at a time. He has an enviable record collection, including Ravel's *"Rhapsodie Espagnole,"* his favorite, not only because of the music, but for his own personal memories of meeting Maurice Ravel abroad when he was a small boy.

Joanie goes to dramatic school now and Dick rehearses every scene with her be-



Your length with a Snip!



Sixteen Colors
About $2.25

Celanese*
"CLAIRANESE"*
RAYON TAFFETA
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

At Fine Stores Everywhere...Write for Color Selector

S & Z Manufacturing Co. 412 South Wells Street Chicago 7, Illinois

MOJUD

...a name that means everything you can ask for in stockings

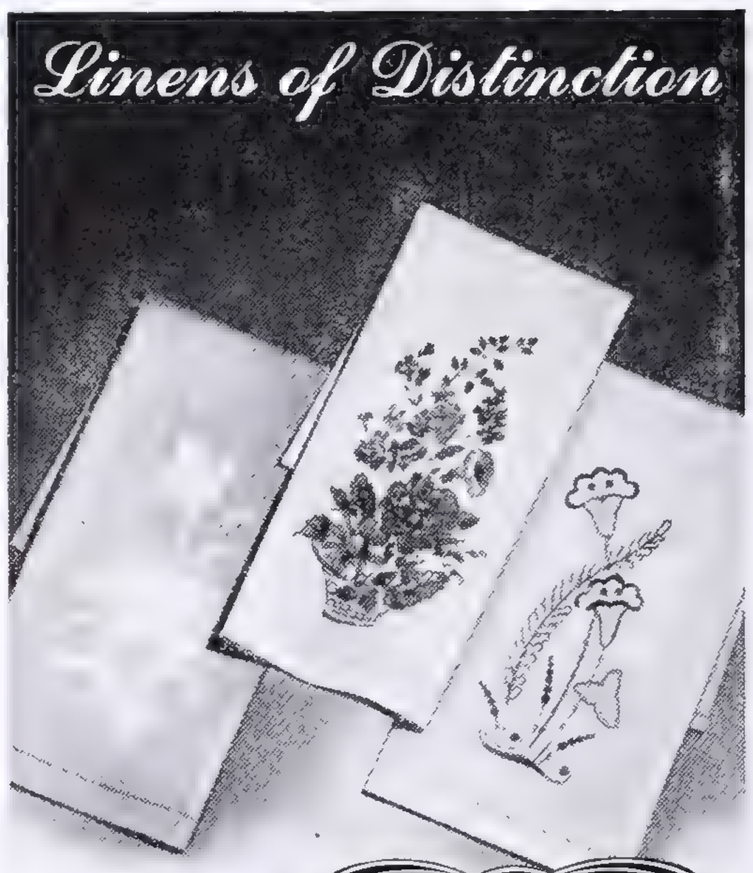
"Mojud" means stockings we're proud to make and you'll be proud to wear. It stands for a long-established tradition of quality and the constant care that maintains it. It means stockings you can always depend on for long-lasting loveliness.

At better stores everywhere.



TRADE MARK REG.
©1945, MOJUD HOSIERY CO., INC., N. Y. C.

Linens of Distinction



The mark of good taste and good value.

Bucilla
DECORATIVE LINENS

Bucilla guest towels make exquisite gifts. Decidedly different. Delicately embroidered with the refreshing originality of all Bucilla Linens. Ask for Bucilla luncheon sets, bridge sets, cloths at all good stores.

OTHER Bucilla PRODUCTS

Knitting Yarns — Crochet Cottons
Embroidery Flosses — Stamped Goods

230 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

forehand at home, holding post mortems at great length afterward. She'll tell you Dick will be a great director someday. They are in this as in all things, completely honest with each other.

Strangely enough it was their innate honesty that once threatened to break them up. And it was done the way the straightforward Haymeses would do it. No punches pulled. Without consulting anybody, Joanne went to see a lawyer and Dick told a surprised columnist that they were through. None of that show-must-go-on stuff for the Haymeses. If the show's over it doesn't go on. Dick was hurt deeply. So was Joanie—while Burton who loves them both, was fairly breaking up inside.

It started over the old subject of a motion-picture career for Joanne. Dick is very proud of his pretty vivacious little wife and believes she has much talent, but had hoped she wouldn't listen to talent scouts and beat her head against Hollywood in an all-out motion-picture career. On the other hand, everywhere she turned she ran into the you-oughta-be-in-pictures routine. Finally, what with Dick being so busy with motion-picture and radio work, and gone so much of the time playing hospitals and Army camps, time hung heavily on her hands and she wanted to try film work. They argued over it. Each thought the other was being unfair. And that was that.

When the columnist, shopping around the studio for news, kiddingly asked Dick if there was ever any chance of his getting a divorce, he was surprised to hear Haymes say frankly, "Yes we are." There's no compromise with honesty for Dick. Ask him a question and you'll get an answer. No hedging.

It was the first his own studio knew about it. And Hollywood literally sat back on its props and stared. Nobody wanted to see that happen to the merry Haymes gang—to Skipper's sun suits—the 600 pages of longhand—the tennis court they wanted to fill with hay.

Their manager went out to see if he couldn't help save it all before they went down for the third time. He heard both sides, then sat them down together saying, "Now you two little bums thrash this thing out."

Despite which they decided to try a trial separation anyway. But it was no go. The song had ended but the melody lingered on. Whether before the camera, at the mike singing torch tunes, or in the apartment, everywhere Dick turned he ran into memories of Joanne. Joanie taking the bad breaks with a grin. No complaints. Fighting for him in New York when he was broke and when he was sick in Hollywood. Fighting until she helped sell Bill Burton into taking him on. While out in their pretty home a sad Joanne was thinking too. About the generous lovable Haymes who'd always wanted to give her so much, often when he hadn't had it to give.

They reconciled the night of the Academy Awards when Joanne called Burton, indignant and tearful, wanting to know why Dick hadn't called her to take her to the Academy show. "Why he hasn't called you!" said Bill, more than a trifle exasperated. "He doesn't think you want him to."

"You tell him to come home the minute it's over," she sobbed.

When Dick, who was having dinner at the Arthur Stebbins's got the message, he startled the other dinner guests by all but turning the table over in his rush for the phone to tell Joanie he'd be right home.

"My two brats," said Burton, fondly, and slept a lot easier that night.

But people still (*Continued on page* 116)



To every woman the delicate, enchanting Djer-Kiss scent whispers words of love.

This Christmas you can choose from a wide selection of gifts perfumed with Djer-Kiss. A gift just right for every girl on your list! All of the famous Djer-Kiss quality in smart holiday wrap!

1. **Djer-Kiss Perfume Set.** Perfume, Sachet, Cologne, Powdered Perfume, 5.75.
2. **Djer-Kiss Perfume.** 3.50.
3. **Djer-Kiss Vanity Set.** Toilet Water, Talcum, Sachet, 2.50.
4. **Djer-Kiss Twosome.** Sachet, Vanette of Perfume, 1.00.
5. **Djer-Kiss Dusting Powder.** (with large puff) 1.00.
6. **Djer-Kiss Talcum.** .59.

NOTE: In addition to the sets illustrated, there are other Djer-Kiss sets from 5.75 to 1.00. These contain, in various combinations, the articles illustrated as well as Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge and Djer-Kiss Soap.

Many of the articles included in Djer-Kiss sets are also packaged in individual gift boxes, from 3.50 to 1.00.

HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

USE WESTMORE'S *Overglo*





Joan Leslie

Starring in the Warner Bros. Picture
"RHAPSODY IN BLUE"

FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

NOT A CAKE . . . NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN

FOR the flawless-looking complexion of the stars . . . one drop of Overglo . . . and presto! Quickly; evenly applied with your fingertips, this new liquid-cream foundation of the Westmores camouflages large pores and little lines. Adds youthful smoothness under powder and rouge. Keeps make-up fresh all day. Never gives a masked appearance. Non-drying, definitely! Its emollient lanolin and oil base helps defy dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts for months. Seven flattering shades. $1.50 *plus tax*



PERC WESTMORE, *Director of Make-up at Warner Bros. Studios in Hollywood, using Overglo to make up Joan Leslie.*

NEW . . . OVERGLO FACE POWDER . . . ONE SHADE FOR EVERY COMPLEXION



A make-up discovery! Overglo Face Powder . . . completely different . . . one *practically colorless* shade perfect for *every foundation-tinted complexion.* Permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with *natural youthful beauty.* A face powder specially created for use with Overglo or any *tinted* cake, cream or liquid foundation. $1 *plus tax.*

PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

(*Continued from page* 114) won't stop telling Joanne she ought to be in pictures. Executives, the grocery man, the gardener, even the laundry man said he thought she oughta be in pictures. So they've decided maybe she ought to. She's taking dramatic lessons and getting ready for a picture career now.

OFTEN when Dick is home you'll see the two Haymeses riding horseback, galloping all over the Valley on their Palominos, side by side. Other times you'll find Dick down at the stable, lovingly grooming his horse, or sitting on the fence talking about ranch life with an old grizzled former Texas cowhand named Tom, who now drives a little cart around the Valley sharpening knives. He feeds Dick's horses on the side. Dick talks to old Tom by the hour, asking his advice on raising stock, or just chewing the lariat over ranch life in general. For a ranch is what Haymes wants most from Hollywood. A big ranch, with lots of growing room for Skipper and Pidge.

He's always dreaming it over with his manager, making plans about the ranch "we're" going to have.

"Someday, Pappy, we're going to really have one too," he says. "Five hundred acres, maybe. All stocked with horses and white-faced cattle. Rolling pastures with a little knoll at one end for the house." Adding, "Do you think we're asking for too much?"

"I guess not, Kid," says Bill.

He's planning on Burton's living with them. And because his manager is so deathly afraid of horses, offers to build a telephone booth out in the corral for him to run into—and get the race results on the side.

"That'll be the life, Pappy," enthuses Haymes. "You'll live with us. My kids will be your kids. . . ."

"Wait a minute, you bum," interrupts Burton. "I've got my rights. Nothing over ten percent."

THE END



The crooner is an apt grass cutter—Dick Haymes mowing the lawn at his home

Redheaded Woman

(*Continued from page* 47) playing a native girl in George Bernard Shaw's "Too Good To Be True."

When she says she's a feminist the reasons seem clear to any old seeing-eye dog, even without benefit of viewing native girl. But that's not what she means. She means her sympathies are with her troubled sex in its endless struggle for new opportunities and for emotional security and traditional harbors. When she learned of Lupe Velez's suicide she ran upstairs and wept. Blowing her nose she asked herself why she grieved inasmuch as she had met Lupe only twice. Not wanting long for a reason, being feminist, she swiftly concluded she was weeping for all women in this sorrowful world.

To America she gives credit for her reformation from Jezebels to warm-hearted women. She was startled when called womanly by our reviewers. In London she glittered in "Mademoiselle" by Noel Coward, whose women generally are more smartie pants than old bustle.

An omen, unregarded then, marked her first appearance on the London stage. She was pronounced a promising American actress by the critics. This was at once a tribute to her playing of an American girl in "The Golden Arrow" and an augury. Only a Delphic oracle or Drew Pearson could have foretold she would be America's favorite actress in 1944.

BORN Irish in County Down on September 29 under the influence of the planet Venus and the sign of Libra, propitious to all artists, notably the redheaded, she was christened with her mother's family name of Greer, Irish contraction of the Scotch McGregor.

"Why, my baby has red hair," exclaimed her mother with the humored surprise of an Irish woman whose ancestry goes back to Rob Roy (Red) McGregor. Her father, who died when she was four months old, claimed equally colorful descent from Eric the Red, Norseman.

Mrs. Garson, handsome and gray haired, a completely natural and unretouched mother, is prized highly in Hollywood where so many moms, God bless 'em, strive earnestly to live up to their daughter's beauty via the beauty-parlor routine. She has the magnetic composure of a strong perceptive soul and you know her dark bright eyes are seeing through you. Though aware of clairvoyance you are not uncomfortable because you also know she is wise and kind and therefore tolerant.

"Oh, give him a highball," she said as her daughter started dishing tea.

Ah, that Irish intuition! Small wonder Nina Garson is called glamour girl by gentlemen of her daughter's entourage.

Somehow the idea prevails that the Lady Greer dwells in a royal park. It's no FHA slum clearance project, but it's no Windsor Castle either. It's a homey, mildly Tudor white brick manse secreted in its own little canyon through which a brook flows, with some artificial goading, under ancient sycamores. Alt California in feeling rather than brash Hollywood, it also reminds you of both Old and New England. Mists rolling up from the sea and an occasional wind like the cold mistral give the place exhilarant weather in contrast to Beverly Hills which dreams in the eternal calm of a well-kept cemetery.

The drawing room is not quite as some Cinderellas dream it. The staircase is neither gilt nor marble. The rooms are comfortably luxurious, panelled in bleached oak, furnished in shades of green blending into the garden foliage through long French windows.







Hairfussing Horrifies

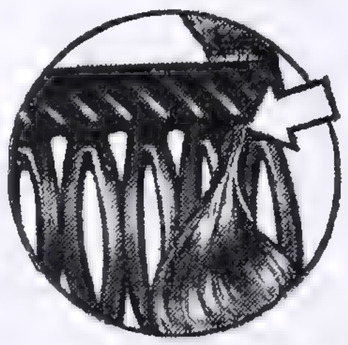




The girl who gets the rave notices *never* annoys others by "hairfussing"! She's sure of a smooth, *"in-place"* coiffure — thanks to Grip-Tuth HAIRTAINERS*! They keep *any* hair style secure with exclusive spring-tooth action that grips firmly yet gently!

Movie stars, famous beauties, models — *all* women who know how needless and irksome untidy hairfussing is — rely on Grip-Tuth HAIRTAINERS*! *Card of two* (or one extra-length) *at beauty salons and notion counters.*





HAIRTAINER*
grips hair here



ORDINARY COMB
lets hair strands slip through

Mfd. Proc. Pat. No. 2,196,815
*HAIRTAINER . . . Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

DIADEM, INC., DEPT. AF, LEOMINSTER, MASS.

There are electric waves, with possibility of summer storms, emanating from our hostess. When her lightning flashes and the sea-green eyes reflect the gray of lowering clouds her mother sets her down to a dish of Irish stew. It always calms her.

Sparkling, her conversation has the verve and brace of the *Widow Clicquot's* bubbling beverage. It also can befuddle. Real high-class writers have been led off into delightful verbal mazes from which they limped home unable to remember a thing. "Brilliant," was all the dazed things could say.

A REDHEADED woman should not be so otherwise gifted. For the benefit of you girls who want to know: The hair is not touched up; it is the color that only nature gives to her precious pets and to autumn leaves and firelight; the complexion too is pure petal stuff that grows in misty emerald isles.

If you try to get her onto redhead subjects, like why torchy titians have played havoc with men through the ages, she'll slip past you like redhead past sailor and next you know you will be looking at, of all things, snapshots of a sailor—the Lieutenant Richard Ney, her husband, handsome and joyful.

When he returned from eleven months overseas, Greer stopped being the first lady of the screen and became a wife in two seconds flat. As a matter of fact, Hollywood—and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—are still a little dizzy. Nobody ever left anything or anybody as fast as Greer forsook her co-star Clark Gable, her coming picture and the entire studio. Right in the middle of a sequence—practically in the middle of a short—and regardless of cost, Miss Garson walked off the set, ignoring the wails of producers and directors, and didn't come back until the Lieutenant had rejoined his ship. Of a lady of less dignity one might say that the great Garson told em to like it or lump it.

They spent their leave-honeymoon quietly—Greer had rented a little house secretly that nobody knew anything about and she and her husband disappeared for a week.

"Did you have a wonderful time while Dick was home?" I asked her.

Greer looked illumined and nostalgic. Being British she said, "I gave up all my ration points forever, and decided I was going to put more weight on Dick no matter what happened. He was so thin. We had all the food I could get and all his favorite dishes and everything out of the Victory Garden and he didn't gain an ounce and I gained three pounds! First time in years I've put on any weight."

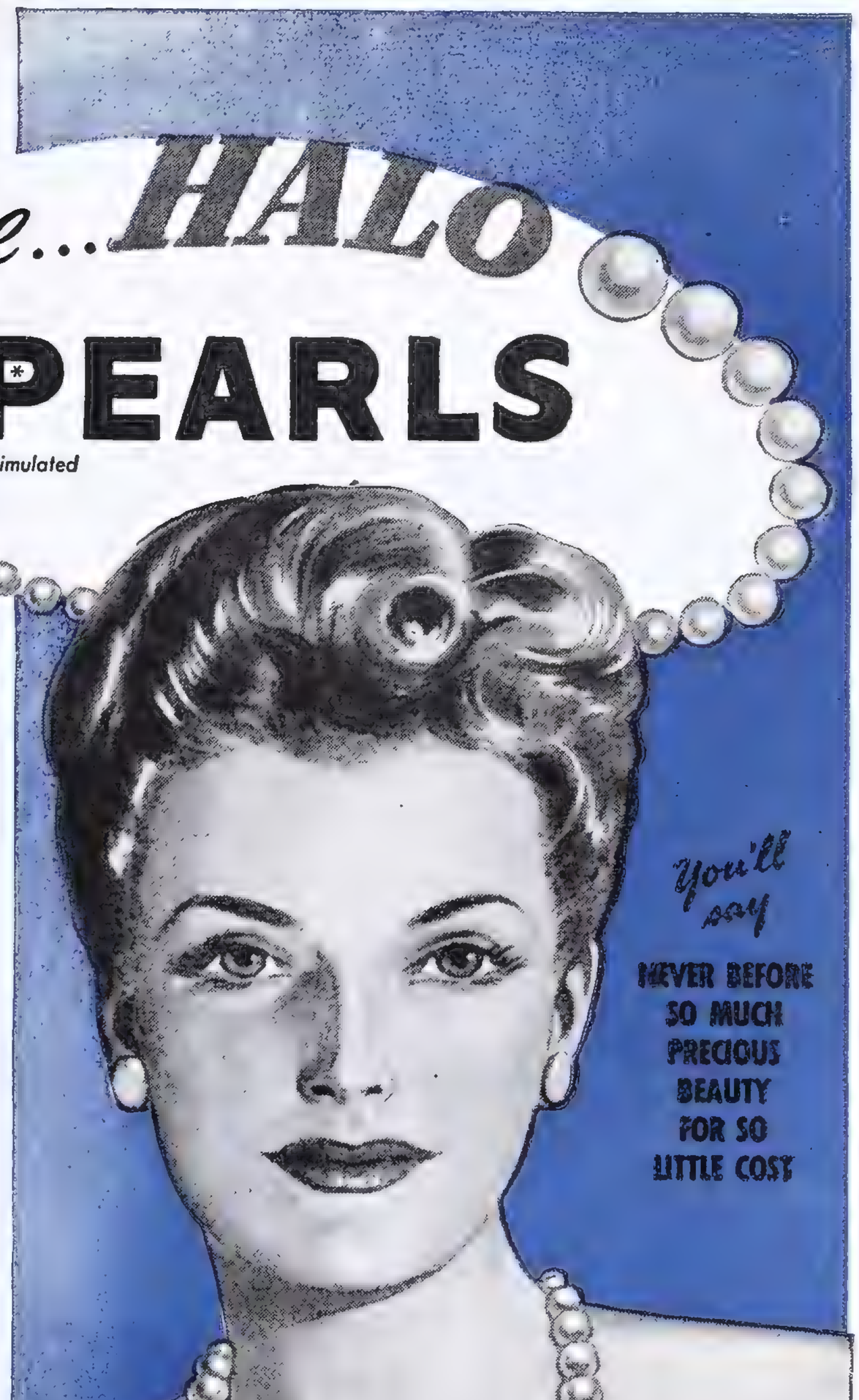
Twice they went dancing. Mocambo, Ciro's, because, as Greer explains, while they didn't actually want to see anybody and didn't care much about night-clubbing, they love to dance together and it isn't much fun dancing alone to a phonograph. But after the long separation and with another one ahead, they spent most of their time at home.

"Dick's ship came in for an overhaul," Greer said, "but he needed one, too. So we swam and caught up on our talking and then he went away again."

Getting back to the redhead subject, it brings her rueful memories of childhood. She was teased and taunted and called Ginger. For a sensitive child, there is tragedy in being different. On going to bed at night she would pray she might awake with raven locks. In addition, she was thin and tall for her age and frequently suffered bouts of illness. The outlook was grim. Then quite suddenly one day her cross was lifted. Passing by some men at (*Continued on page* 120)

To Grace Your Face... HALO *PEARLS

*Simulated



Imagine! A Thrillingly Lovely 16-inch

HALO *PEARL NECKLACE

With Sterling Silver Safety Clasp

YOURS FOR ONLY **$2.98** TAX INCLUDED POSTAGE PAID

A Halo String of Beauty Is a Joy Forever

There is something about a string of pearls that helps a lovely lady put her best face forward! So, if you have longed for the elusive beauty and charm which pearls inspire, and have heretofore permitted a price you couldn't afford to stand in your way of pearl ownership, you'll welcome this opportunity to acquire an exquisite Halo strand of extravagant beauty at a truly low affordable price!

A Few Pearly Words of Wisdom Why Halo Necklaces Are Preferred!

- Halo Beads Are Uniformly Perfect
- Halo Beads Are Coated with a Pearl Essence that is the Essence of Loveliness
- Halo Beads are Enduringly Lovely
- Halo Safety Clasps are Sterling Silver
- . . . and Halo Necklaces Cost No More

"Wear At Our Risk" Money-Back Guarantee of Satisfaction

We want you to be as proud and pleased to wear a Halo necklace as we are to have made it possible. That's why you can wear it for 5 whole days at our risk after the postman delivers yours. Then, if you are not delighted with it, if you can bear to part with it, if you can give up the praise and compliments that its wearing has brought you — simply mail it back and we will refund your money *cheerfully* — and that's a promise!.

You'll say

NEVER BEFORE SO MUCH PRECIOUS BEAUTY FOR SO LITTLE COST



So smart

2 and 3 Strand Halo Chokers with Velvet Ties

Flattering

1, 2 and 3 Strand Halo Necklaces with Matched Bracelets and Earrings



Ideal For Treasured Gift Giving!

Halo *Pearls For All Occasions

★ 1-strand 16" Halo Necklace—Sterling Silver Clasp	$2.98
★ 2-strand 16" Halo Necklace—Sterling Silver Clasp	5.98
★ 3-strand 16" Halo Necklace—Sterling Silver Clasp	8.98
★ 2-strand Halo Choker with Velvet Ties	5.98
★ 3-strand Halo Choker with Velvet Ties	8.98
★ 2-strand Halo Bracelet—Sterling Silver Clasp	2.98
★ 3-strand Halo Bracelet—Sterling Silver Clasp	4.49
★ Assorted Size Halo Earrings on Sterling Silver	1.49

Above prices already include tax

LUXURIOUS SATIN-LINED JEWEL BOX INCLUDED

Mail This Coupon Today

NATIONAL NOVELTIES · Dept. N-12
608 South Dearborn St. - Chicago 5, Ill.

My Total Order Amounts to $_____

Please rush Halo *Pearls in Gift Box as checked off below. If not delighted after 5 days I may return them for money back without question. I understand prices already *include* tax which you are paying.

- ☐ 1-Strand 16" Halo Necklace @ $2.98
- ☐ 2-Strand 16" Halo Necklace @ 5.98
- ☐ 3-Strand 16" Halo Necklace @ 8.98
- ☐ 2-Strand Halo Choker @ 5.98
- ☐ 3-Strand Halo Choker @ 8.98
- ☐ 2-Strand Halo Bracelet @$2.98
- ☐ 3-Strand Halo Bracelet @ 4.49
- ☐ Halo Button Earrings @ 1.49

Mark Earring Size

☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large

CHECK ONE

☐ I am enclosing $_____ Send my Halo *Pearls Prepaid

☐ Send my Halo *Pearls C.O.D. I will pay postman $_____ plus postage

Name_____
Please Print Clearly
Address_____
City_____ Zone_____ State_____

P M M

New!... the "Embracelet" that says, "I love you!"



Instead of tying a string around her *finger* so she'll remember you, tie an "Embracelet" around her *wrist* — a stunning, stylish URISCRAFT bracelet that carries *your* name in ten Karat gold letters on a ten Karat gold chain! Or thrill her by selecting an "Embracelet" with *her* name on it. Either way, you're sure it spells LOVE! And either way, be sure it's a URISCRAFT "Embracelet" — hand-finished by New York artisans — priced to give Cupid a helping hand — and so new it's actually making fashion news!

You can't mail an Embrace — so mail her a URISCRAFT "Embracelet"!

30 feminine and 30 masculine names in stock. Others made without extra cost. Three letter names $10.50 — each additional letter 75c. Add Federal tax. Sold at Jewelry and Dept. Stores, Px's and Ship Service Stores everywhere.

"Embracelets" can be furnished with Army Eagle, $2.25 extra, or Propeller and Wings, $1.10 extra . . . Navy Anchor, $1.50 extra, Cap Shield, $2.25 extra, or Wings, $1.10 extra . . . Marine Corps Emblem, $1.50 extra.

URISCRAFT

URIS SALES CORP., 222 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 118*) work in the street she overheard one say: "Not bad—not bad!" Could they mean her? A quick glance assured her. "Not bad," she repeated softly, "not bad!" and went swinging her unbustled little person down the thoroughfare.

When you ask her why 'tis we love her, she'll answer like a loving bride that it is simply because she loves us. But don't take it too big personally or else you'll be looking at more sailor snapshots and hearing more about that recent Jeane.

Greer Garson is a passionate Americophile, a word you never saw before and will not find in Webster. You have heard of Anglophiles and Francophiles among us Americans but of Europeans our Greer alone is so hotly Americophile as to require the word's invention. Her paeans in praise of Americans match in fervor those of our major poets. She shares the Saroyan view of American life and thinks "The Human Comedy" a true version of what she has seen and felt on her Bond tours, particularly in the little towns, in rural and mining districts of Tennessee and West Virginia and through the Middle West.

THE people, she says, are curious and natural and friendly with the easy relaxed manner that comes from confidence in themselves and their neighbors—the good neighborly spirit which to a foreigner coming here is the delight and definition of our American democracy.

Meeting them personally has warmed and relaxed her into what is her own original Irish nature. She thinks she was on the defensive for many years; the English formal manner, the tight-lipped restraint of emotion, familiar, acceptable and well justified in the tight little isle, somehow makes for the appearance of stiff-necked pride and indifference in this land of space and abundance.

Perhaps she was at fault, perhaps she never loved people before, she says ruefully.

"You always loved people," said her mother firmly. "When you were a little girl you would go up to old men sitting on park benches and hold up your doll to them. 'Isn't she a pretty dolly?' you would say."

She's still doing it, for at that very moment she was holding the Fuzzy Wuzzy doll the sailors sent her from the South Pacific.

She takes small-fry delight in circuses, sea shells and sleigh bells. She always attends the visiting tent shows and would carry water to the elephants if she couldn't get in by other means, like crawling under the canvas.

Angna Enters's painting of the Cirque Medrano in Paris with the Freres Fratellini has the welcome spot in the entrance hall. Sea shells, the sort you used to find on Grandma's what-not and hold to your ear to hear the waves, are collected on a what-not in her sun room, and on the wall there is a painting of them by Edna Reindel, a young American artist who knew her fondness. Sleigh bells are employed at the studio to summon her from dressing room to stage. They always bring her merrily skipping whereas less joyful sounds might excite a mood requiring a hasty call for Mama's wonderful Irish stew.

She's high tempered and high talented—has capacity for taking pains with the smallest detail of work and life.

But the side of her we most enjoy is the red-headed girl merrily swinging her small unbustled person down the highroad to our cheering chorus: "Not bad—not bad!"

THE END

(*Continued from page* 31) to notice what she has on before they notice *her.*

A girl's suits and gowns and dresses and sports wear should be a background, should be part of her, a "help" as she puts it, but by no means have star billing. She thinks Judy Garland and every other girl should look "nice" (her own word) and well groomed and well dressed and becomingly garbed, but nobody should separate her costume from herself.

Perhaps that is why Judy isn't a designer's dream by any means. She always has ideas of her own and they are usually still on the "plain" side. She has never been known to add anything to a design or a dress, but she very often takes things off, modifies a drape, erases a trick neckline, refuses an extreme shoulder.

THE world of fashion seemed to open up —or maybe burst would be a better word—to Judy all of a sudden. For years, while she was a chubby little thing with a great big voice, she hankered after long, slinky, sophisticated black dresses—but she always had the common sense to know she couldn't wear them. So she took what the studio provided for her picture wardrobe and just bought anything for herself. The plainer and simpler the better. Half the time her mother or her sister or her secretary bought her clothes.

Then she fell in love—and that did it. Vincente Minnelli—of New York—of the New York theater—a man who had traveled everywhere in Europe and seen all the famous best-dressed women in the world—Vincente was a man who made her think of clothes and she started in from there.

Now, for all evening gowns and afternoon (cocktail) dresses, Judy has sketches made first, examines them carefully, makes her own alterations, and has things made.

Right here, it occurs to me that I had to stop and think quite a while in order to remember what Judy Garland had on one day when I went to lunch with her and Mr. Minnelli—about the time they announced their engagement. I remembered I thought she looked charming, and chic and sort of smooth. But it was an hour before I could get it definite in my mind that she wore a simple black skirt and a tailored white blouse.

Donn of Donn Ltd.—who also designs

"Sweet and Lovely"

is Alice Faye

And so are her

two little daughters!

Catch up on the happy Harrises

Next Month!

Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont

"The quickest, most refreshing complexion pick-me-up that I know is a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," says Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, of Wilmington. "The moment my skin begins to feel rough, I smooth and brighten it with a Mask."



"I 're-do' my complexion 3 or 4 times a week with a 1-Minute Mask," says Mrs. du Pont

Give your skin this refreshing beauty "pick-up"!

When your skin is coarsened by curling, dead skin cells that "snag" your make-up—slather a luxurious fluffy white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—all except your eyes.

Leave this fragrant Mask on for one minute. The cream's "keratolytic" action goes to work—*loosens and dissolves* particles of roughness and imbedded dirt! After 60 seconds, tissue off clean.

Right away, your complexion looks clearer . . . fresher! Feels *smoother!* And your make-up goes on evenly. Clings!

Grand powder base . . .

Use your Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, too! Just smooth on a light film—and leave it on. *Not greasy! Not drying! "It holds make-up beautifully," says Mrs. du Pont.*



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

ADVERTISEMENT



"It takes Pepsi-Cola to make them feel they're <u>really</u> back home."

Lana Turner's clothes—says that probably Judy Garland was named the best-dressed woman in the world by the experts of Paris because her clothes are more completely her own, more a part of her and her personality than those of anyone else. A tall, skinny blond lad with freckles, who thinks he knows how girls ought to look, Donn gets a little wistful about Judy.

"I used to wish she'd let me make her just one dress completely the way I wanted to make it," he says, "and sometimes I come close. The two-piece wool suit in gray that she had in her trousseau as her 'going away' costume—that was almost exactly the way I did it originally—only she changed the way the sleeves were set a little." Naturally, he was excited over having designed so many of the gowns for the girl who was named the best-dressed of them all, and he said, "She is awfully right about what she wants. She usually makes the suggestions about the kind of thing she needs and wants—and we stay within her ideas. She isn't exactly easy to dress because she is so little and she won't ever let you do anything—well, sensational. She says that's never good taste and of course she's right. But she has a perfect figure and that helps."

Judy's first rule about clothes is—they must *fit*. Even when she bought them just anywhere and often took them home and had her mother pin up the skirt and hemmed it herself, the main thing was that everything should fit properly. Often, especially on a suit, even the simplest little suit, she has anywhere from three to seven fittings—and that's tough on her because Judy works so hard and has so very little time. But she manages to work it in somehow. She isn't cranky, but she just keeps at it, patiently, determinedly, pleasantly and sweetly, continuing to say "No—that's not exactly right, is it?" to the most expert tailors until they get it the way she wants it.

"Oh yes, that's very nice," she will say, "but you see—for me—I like the sleeves a little tighter, like this"—or looser, or the skirt shorter or longer. They tell me she is practically downright fussy about how a skirt hangs and sets over the hips. She calls it taking pains.

"If you're really going to try to look nice," she says, "you have to take a lot of pains with your fittings. It doesn't matter so much about the material or even the style—almost everything has pretty good style nowadays except the fantastic crazy things—but no girl can be well dressed unless she really takes pains about the fit. That's what—in a way—makes a thing your own."

TWO or three things are distinctive about Judy's taste.

In the daytime, on the street or in a car, she invariably wears a suit. This isn't as common as you might think, though I notice it more and more in Hollywood of late. I don't mean tricked-up, dressy suits, but very simple tailored suits with plain tailored blouses. Judy's are all almost exactly alike. Either soft wool or gabardine—she's too little to wear anything in heavy tweeds—simply made, and she buys most of them ready made at Saks Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills.

The blouses to go with them are another matter! The blouses and the accessories—but especially the blouses. Or shirts.

Her secretary, Evelyn Powers, who has been with her for years and is her close and devoted friend, is chief blouse-hunter and custodian of the blouse supply. Over the years, Evie has become an expert on the Garland taste in blouses and it is said she can window-shop for them from a car. Some of Judy's favorites she has located in small shops or large department stores and lots of them are very inexpensive.

They must be simple, they must be a little different and, if possible, white—the only exception to that is very gay and unusual prints, no solid colors.

But the main thing in blouses—and Judy wears an awful lot of them because she wears her simple little suits so much and sometimes in the summer just skirts and blouses—is the neckline. That, in Judy's opinion, is the important and essential thing—a becoming and well turned neckline. She doesn't like ordinary V necks and hardly ever wears them, and while she likes severe effects they mustn't be mannish or look like shirts. A round neckline is her favorite, square or necklines with simple collars or with ties of the same material are okay.

At home, she usually wears slacks. Often she comes to the studio in them. "They are so comfortable," is her explanation for her fairly comprehensive collection of slacks and she doesn't think they will ever disappear from the feminine wardrobe again, no matter what anybody says. With them she wears sweaters of all kinds and colors—with one exception. She doesn't like the over-size sloppy collegiate sweater. As a matter of fact, Judy is a very neat dresser.

Until she was married to Mr. Minnelli and selected her trousseau, she didn't own a housecoat. Tailored flannel robes and over-sized tailored pajamas suited her best. But her trousseau contains one of the most beautiful housecoats I have ever seen—designed for her by Donn. In a marvelous shade of blue, a color she seldom wears, it has a full skirt and soft top with long sleeves and little plaited frills of deep cream Czechoslovakian lace at neck and wrists and a deep lace cuff going almost to the elbow.

Speaking of colors, her favorite is brown—all shades and kinds of brown, beige, tan and cream. The majority of her suits are brown, but this year she is wearing a good deal of black.

Irene, the famous M-G-M designer, who makes Judy's clothes for pictures, says that the childish love Judy had for sophisticated black dresses still persists, but Judy has adapted them to her own style, size and personality.

"I made her one such dress for 'Presenting Lily Mars,'" Irene told me. "The director said, 'Irene, the sequence is almost a dream—when she dances with this man she hardly believes it's real, and she looks as she has always dreamed she would look, as she has always wanted to look. See what you can do and it must be sophisticated, the kind of a dress a young girl dreams about and in which she thinks she will look grown-up and elegant and like Gertrude Lawrence.'

"So—I shut my eyes and designed a gown Judy's size for Gertrude Lawrence—and to my amazement, Judy looked too wonderful for words in it. That's quite a long time ago—but you'll see another Gertrude Lawrence gown on Judy in 'Zeigfield Follies' this time—and somehow she is exquisite in them."

IRENE, who is herself a beauty and looks like the Duchess of Windsor, did Judy's wedding dress. She does not design "personal and private lives" clothes for the stars—she has too much to do as it is with the pictures. But Mr. Mayer made Judy a present of her wedding gown from the studio where she has worked so long—even if she is only twenty-two.

"Judy likes a long waistline," Irene said, "and is right there—it's very becoming to her. The gown was a soft blue—with very delicate pink beads. You see, Judy's engagement ring—did you see it?—is a large pink pearl, exquisitely set in black onyx. One of the daintiest and loveliest things I've ever seen. We tried to tie that and the wedding dress together with the pink pearl beads—and it was lovely, it really was."

For the first time, Irene will probably soon have a chance to design some really "Irene" clothes for Judy—who wants to make at least one picture, she says pathetically, where she can wear something modern and nice.

But the little blue suit which Judy wore in so many sequences in "The Clock" and which is one of Irene's creations, has been hailed by fashion experts as a real and unique and altogether smart Judy Garland number. Simple and plain as it is, it has all the Judy Garland touches—the perfect fit, the youth, the smooth look and has been one of the most popular costumes worn in a picture in a long time.

Judy never plans—or at least she hasn't up to now—a whole wardrobe. She picks up what she likes when she likes it—and when she needs something she either goes shopping or has Donn Ltd. or Billy Gordon, another designer known to New York but new out here in Hollywood, bring her some sketches.

In her trousseau was a plain black satin-backed crepe, with a little pink bead effect and Judy's favorite draped skirt. All her "dress-up" dresses have draped skirts which she adores—either in front or on the sides. Billy Gordon made her one for her wedding garments of brown crepe with a soft cream top and little bugle beads which was draped at the side and which is one of Judy's special favorites. And a black sequin cocktail dress—very simply made.

What Judy said as a kid about her party dress, "no ruffles," still goes. Nobody can find a single ruffle anywhere in the Garland closet.

All her accessories Evie Powers buys—except when Judy is shopping and sees something that catches her fancy. And here the rule is the same—as plain and simple as possible. Plain handbags and pocketbooks, perfectly plain gloves and very plain little hats. I haven't said much about hats because Judy doesn't wear many of them. With suits or slacks in the daytime she often goes hatless, and practically never in California does she wear a hat with her cocktail dresses. When she goes to New York, however, she buys simple matching hats—no egg beater effects—to wear in the afternoon.

When you come right down to it, it would seem that the rules of fashion laid down for herself by the best-dressed woman of 1945, according to the French Congress, are pretty few and simple:

No ruffles.

Find your own type and stick to it no matter what the prevailing mode, or rather combine your personal taste and idea of becomingness with the prevailing mode.

Take pains with your fittings.

Select your blouses for the neckline.

Wear suits, if possible, at all times on the street in the daytime.

Try to insure that your friends say, "Doesn't Judy look nice" rather than, "What a stunning dress Judy has on."

Accept expert advice from your own designer, store, or pattern department, but modify it to your own taste and personality so that it is yours.

If you have a choice, go plain always rather than fancy.

Be underdressed always rather than overdressed.

And, to quote Judy, "Aren't clothes fun?"

THE END

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE

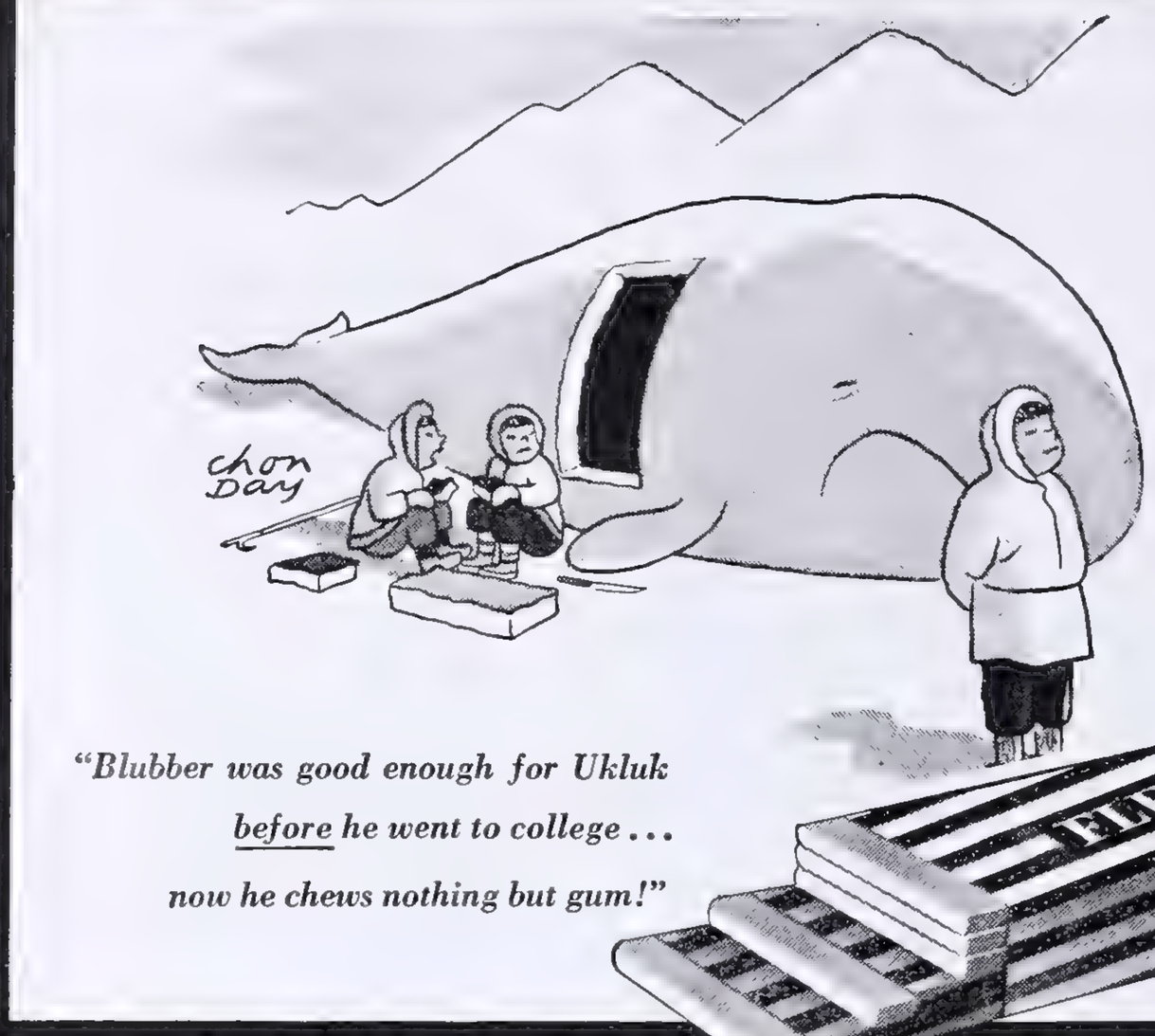
PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved.

—findings reported in a leading medical journal.



FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION



"Blubber was good enough for Ukluk before he went to college . . . now he chews nothing but gum!"



for finer flavor **FLEER'S**

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. • ESTABLISHED 1885

SOMETIMES SCARCE
ALWAYS ENJOYABLE



230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

They're Mr. and Mrs.

(*Continued from page* 34) gents such as he played in "Murder, My Sweet" and by way of characterization he was wearing a three days' growth of beard, a fake scar on his head, beaten-up shoes and a suit featuring dirt and grease spots.

"When I first saw June," Dick said, "it was on Broadway in a musical, Best Foot Forward. She came out on stage, a little fat girl, and she sang a song so hard that the veins stood out in her neck. I realized instantly that she was a talented kid, but I must admit I never gave her another thought."

YOUNG Miss Allyson, of course, not having met Mr. Powell, didn't even give him the first thought. June came west to be in the picture. Later she made "Girl Crazy," "As Thousand's Cheer," "Meet The People" and then "Two Girls And A Sailor" which brought her stardom.

During most of this time Dick was married to Joan Blondell. A second marriage for both, it began most happily and ended wretchedly. Both being people of good taste, they have never discussed what went wrong. Dick's voluntary comment was, "Joan is very nice about letting the children visit me. She is a wonderful mother. She always has been. June likes the kids and they go for her in a very big way."

"So tell me about your first meeting with June," I asked.

"I don't remember. I think it was in New York, but I'm not positive. Then I met her out here, but I don't even remember the details of that. I knew that both times there were lots of other people about. But the first time we went out alone, I took June to a night club, and imagine my surprise and pleasure too when she told me that if I liked night clubs, okay, but for her, personally, they bored her. When I found out that she actually loved to stay home of an evening—I developed the habit of dropping by her place. There was always a gang there and I would play bridge with June's housekeeper. June doesn't play."

I looked at him aghast. "But you had to have a partner."

"Oh, sometimes I brought my own," said Dick calmly. 'Sometimes I picked them up at June's. Her housekeeper was the one I was interested in. She plays a fine game."

"Do you call that a courtship?"

Dick said, perfectly seriously, "No. It wasn't a courtship. I wasn't thinking about love. I'd been pretty hurt on that score and I thought I was having no more of it. But it was pleasant to be with nice, uncomplicated people such as I found at June's." He paused, suddenly, and his whole face lighted up. "Look who's here."

Junie stood on the edge of the set, grinning that crinkly smile of hers. She had just come over from her day's work at Metro. She had on slim white slacks and a tailored white sport shirt, open at the throat, and no charmer could possibly have been less a fat little girl than she was then.

"Why, sweetheart," she said in that husky young voice of hers, "how adorably repulsive you are—or are you repulsively adorable?" She gave him a great, mock kiss. "My dream man," she said. (She always calls him Richard or sweetheart.)

It was fascinating to see the transformation that came over Dick in that instant from an almost solemn person to a very beaming one. He began clowning immediately, in response to June's mood.

He said, "Shall I tell you that I really love her because she's such a good yachtswoman? Listen to this: I let her take the wheel the other day. We were breezing nicely along when I remarked, 'There's Bogie and Betty Bacall, if you care.' 'Oh,

where, where?' asked Junie. She turned and twisted, and what was the poor boat to do? It turned and twisted also, and smack we went, right into another boat, costing me a neat repair bill. Ah, what a sailor this girl is, really."

June grinned at him: "Why, don't you tell the end of the story?"

"End? I did. That's the end."

"No, pet. There was more than that."

"I don't remember," Dick said.

"Oh, you don't," said Miss Allyson. "He never remembers the ends when he doesn't show up so miraculously either. Why doesn't he tell you that when he went to fasten a rope to that boat to tow it in, he swung around so that he knocked himself off into the briny?"

"Just for that," said Dick, "I'll tell why I really love you." He turned to me. "It's because she's so tactful. This time I'm serious. She really is tactful. She does what is known as handling me. You know how women dote on that."

It was June's turn to talk. "What a man this one is! Did he tell you how he gave me my engagement ring, which he designed himself, one chilly night when we were driving on the beach road up to town? A fierce wind was blowing and he pulled up under a tree and picked up my hand, the wrong hand, and started putting the ring on the wrong finger. So romantic! And I was so cold I couldn't even feel the kiss he gave me." She laughed.

Dick said, "I think I'll be safer in there, doing a scene. I'll leave you girls alone to pull me apart."

Despite the amusement in June's eyes, there was seriousness in her voice when she spoke again. "Actually it's all sacred to me," she said. "Richard has bought a house for us. It's a simple house, because we want to live simply. Besides, we'll probably spend more time on the boat than we will at home, we're such boat nuts. Richard says the house is early Kansas City but really it's English fieldstone and I love it. We're having it as mildly re-modeled as you are permitted to these days, and perhaps later we'll add on to it, but right now I'm so thrilled I think no further improvements are necessary. It will not only be my married home, but it will be the first house, literally, I've ever lived in. It will be the first time I've ever even lived with furniture that was mine. When we'll get in there's no telling. Richard says around October, he thinks, but I don't worry. We both know it's there, being fixed the way we want it, our pleasant house."

Only one cloud fell over the Powell honeymoon. Dick's father, who had long been in ill health, died two days after the wedding. The Powells came back, attended to all the funeral arrangements, then returned to sea. Quieter, yes, but their love was made stronger because they had taken sorrow together.

On the Sunday that marked the end of their honeymoon I ran across them at a gala garden party given by the Joe Pasternaks. The high spot came when they walked in with an out-of-this-world glow. People swarmed toward them and it was then we learned June's new nickname for Dick. It's just plain "Husband."

"Ask Husband," she would reply when deluged with dinner invitations. "Oh Husband," she'd call softly when he wandered away from her. Dick's carefully vague reply was, "Remind me to wring this girl's neck, will you?"

Whereupon June clasped her hands like an impassioned 1914 vamp. "He knows, he knows that I love him. How could he possibly have guessed?"

Yes, he knows she loves him and she knows he loves her—which is a perfect reason for their being Mr. and Mrs., isn't it?

THE END



JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..

"Some folks talk lots about the big things they're goin' to do tomorrow... but forget the little thing they ought to do today!

• • •

Lots of things shouldn't wait till tomorrow... like keepin' shoes repaired.

• • •

'Course when you get long-wearing Hood Suprex Rubber Heels, repair-time doesn't come around so often. Look for the Hood Arrow."



LOOK FOR THIS ARROW

HOOD

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
a division of
B. F. Goodrich

First Call for Dinner...
Delicious ROMA *Sherry*
For Friendly Hospitality
Elsa Maxwell





"There's friendly hospitality in ROMA California Sherry," says Elsa Maxwell. "Enjoy ROMA Pale Dry Sherry at cocktail time; and, the sweeter, golden-amber ROMA Sherry during evening hours. Serve cool." ROMA Wines give you the goodness of luscious grapes from California's choicest vineyard districts, gathered at peak flavor, gently pressed... and then, *unhurriedly*, guided to perfection by ROMA'S ancient skill. Unvaryingly good—for *only pennies a glass.*



ROMA CALIFORNIA WINES
Exclusively from Selected Grapes



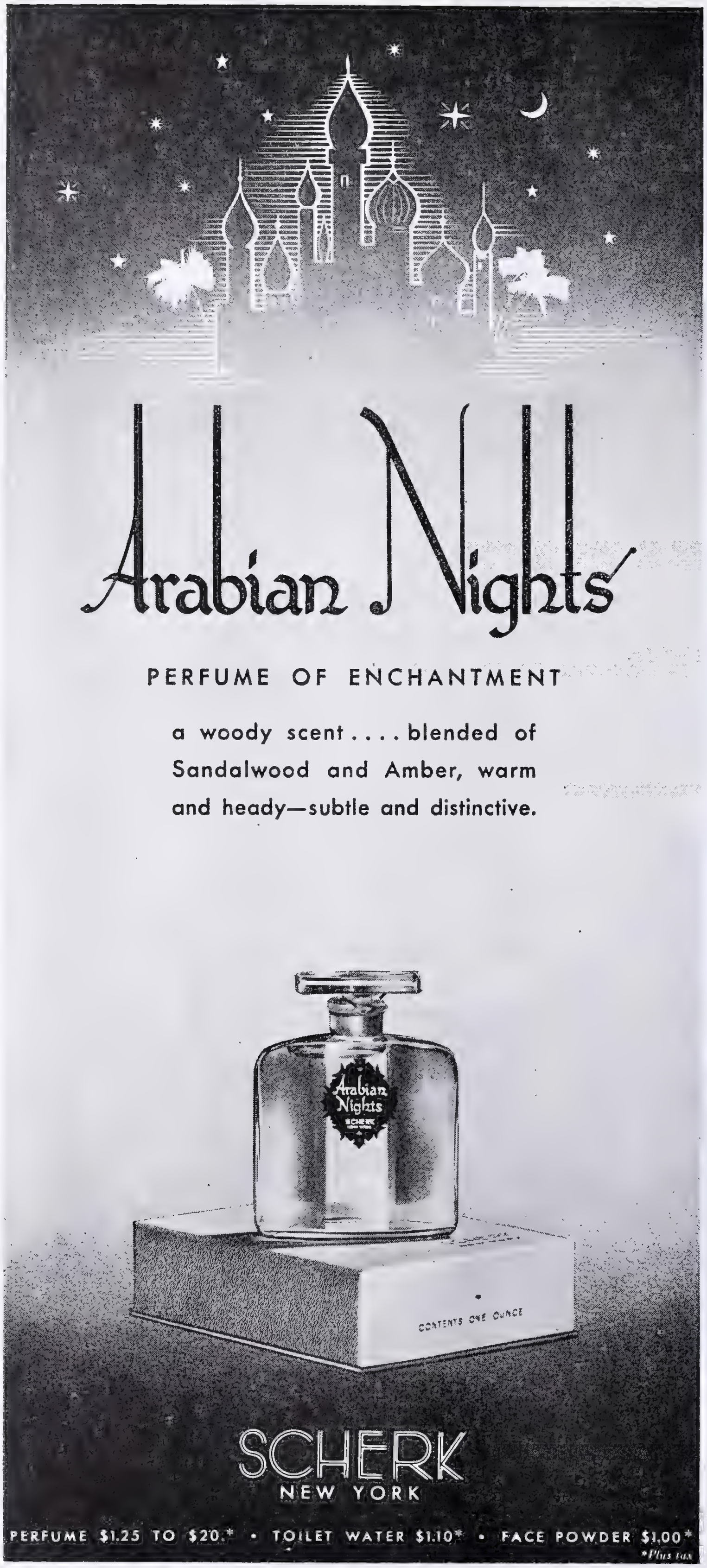
Because of Uniformly Fine Quality at Reasonable Cost ...

More Americans Enjoy Roma Than Any Other Wine

ROMA ESTATE *Wines*

HELP BY HOLDING WAR BONDS

© 1945 ROMA WINE CO. • LODI, HEALDSBURG, FRESNO • CALIFORNIA



They Might Have Been

(*Continued from page* 43) Irene Dunne, I believe, would not be averse to devoting all of her energies to the Beverly Hills Hotel in which she owns a large share of stock. Which means this hotel, if possible, would be even more delightful than it is now with its charming rooms, gardens and rendezvous of a sky-blue swimming pool. Irene has an effortless way of accomplishing the difficult. Her large pink house in Holmby Hills runs like clockwork even when understaffed, as it was all during the war years. And, as anyone who visits Irene will tell you, she has appreciation for the charm of fresh flowers and open fires and muffins hot from the oven for afternoon tea. With Irene closely associated with the supervision of the Beverly Hills Hotel you would have to make reservations even further in advance than you do now.

Clark Gable would be a rancher—full time instead of part time, as he is now. For the Gable acres in the San Fernando Valley are more than a hobby with Clark. You have only to see him on his place to know that he is not merely a property owner, that having cleared and ploughed and sown he has made the land his own, is truly a farmer. Also, because Clark has a kinship with his land and the animals that feed upon it, his yield is rich. California markets bid eagerly both for the produce of his fields and the birds from his poultry houses.

For years many people have tried to persuade Clark to sell some of his rich acres. But always, whatever the price offered, his answer has been a firm negative. Until last year when a boy he met in the Army said that all his life he had dreamed of having a place in the Valley just about where Clark's land lies. He's out of the Army now, that boy, and his dream has come true. He's living with his wife on acres that once belonged to the Gable place but to which he now holds the deed.

GINGER ROGERS also would be a farmer. Even now she has a ranch, stocked with one hundred chickens, six cows and one goat. Moreover, Ginger's feeling for the good earth goes deep; so deep, in fact, that it has influenced her politics. At the last presidential election she went over to Dewey and the Republicans, angry with Claude Wickard, Secretary of Agriculture, because three of her cows had died for lack of food.

You'd expect Ginger, denied screen fame and fortune, to reach for her dancing shoes. . . .

. . . But it would be Paulette Goddard who would do this; while Ginger would fall upon a bag of fertilizer and promptly become the woman with a hoe.

Only a few know that Paulette, fascinated with the ballet, has studied long and hard with Anton Dolin. He tells me she is amazingly good. Personally, I can imagine Paulette dancing *Juliet* to the music of Tschaikowsky conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. Well, dancing in a sensational and profitable manner anyway . . . She wouldn't do anything any other way.

Joan Bennett could be an interior decorator. She has the loveliest house in the world. Her dressing room always is delightful. And before she has occupied a hotel suite for so much as an hour it bears the mark of her magic for bringing rooms the utmost in both charm and comfort.

Or she might design jewelry. I've never seen anything lovelier than the big gold heart she wears. At the top of the heart tiny diamonds spell "I Love." Below these words are inset little jewelled charms from the bracelet of which she wearied . . . a child, a house, a book, a flower and a

speck of a ruby heart denoting love itself.

Should Gary Cooper leave the screen he would turn portraitist. Gary loves best to paint pictures—with a pipe in his mouth, his sleeves rolled up and complete silence all about. He favors water colors and portraits of men. I suspect the only woman he ever has painted is his beautiful and adored wife, "Rocky."

Historical characters are Gary's favorite subjects and several he has done are excellent; reminiscent, in fact, of the late Frederick Remington, who was an important figure in the art world of the early 1900s.

However, in spite of Gary's fine portraits and water colors, he still has a spot in his heart for the cartooning with which he earned his living years ago. His doodling is cartooning, actually. Let him sit at a telephone or behind his desk at conferences—now that he is a producer—and the scratch pad before him will be filled with little figures drawn with a circle for a head, a straight line for the body and a triangle for the skirt.

The other day, sitting for an artist who was doing a pencil portrait of him, Gary picked up a pad and pencil from a nearby table. After several false starts which were hurled into the waste basket across the room with true Western aim, he settled down to drawing a cartoon of the artist that is so very clever it now has a place of honor in the artist's studio.

Marie MacDonald, "The Body," unquestionably would be a dress designer. Very soon now hats and dresses of Marie's creation and bearing her name will be available in the general market. Which is good news. For Marie, who designs many of her own things, is always terribly smart and effective.

I'm glad, however, that unless all signs fail, Marie, like the other stars I've been speculating about, will concentrate upon a movie career for a long time to come. Marie may well make her way to the place Carole Lombard's tragic death has left too long unfilled.

For not only would the stars be poorer without the movies—the movies also would be poorer—and so would we—without the stars.

THE END

WHAT DOES HE WANT MOST IN A WIFE?

Tune in

"My True Story"

Hear real life stories on your radio taken from the files of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE
A different story every day revealing the troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures of real people. Don't miss them!



Every morning Monday thru Friday
9:00 CWT, 10:00 EWT, 10:30 PWT,
11:30 MWT

All American

Broadcasting Co. Stations

Mother of 3 becomes a PIN-UP BEAUTY!

How Mrs. Edrie Beal of Fredonia, Kansas, got a bathing-suit figure and how her Navy husband got the surprise of his life.



You would hardly have picked Edrie Beal for a pin-up girl when the snapshot below was taken. But what a difference (right) when she had completed the DuBarry Success Course!

"Many times before," says Mrs. Edrie Beal, "my Navy husband had written from the Southwest Pacific, asking for something special, and I had hurried it off to him. But this time it was a stopper. 'Send me your picture in a bathing suit,' the letter said. 'I want my own pin-up girl.'

"I looked in the mirror—at that thick waist and heavy abdomen. No! I simply couldn't bring myself to stand before a camera. But neither can you refuse a far-off husband any wish in the world. It was New Year's! Time for resolutions. If I didn't have a bathing-suit figure, I'd *get* one!

"That's why I took the DuBarry Success Course. Did it work? I lost 13 pounds right where I had to lose them. I took 6 inches off my abdomen, 4 off my waist and my hips. At the same time, the most wonderful things were happening to my skin and hair and to *me*. I look and feel like a person reborn. I'm out of that middle-aged slump—with a zest for the years ahead. Could one ask for better proof that it's never too late? Imagine *me*—a pin-up girl!"

HOW ABOUT YOU? Wouldn't you like to be slender again, wear more youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to adjust your weight to normal; remodel your figure; care for your skin; style your hair becomingly; use make-up for glamour. You follow at home the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

When this Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find out, without obligation, what it can do for you.

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
NEW YORK

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association



With your Course, you receive a Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations.

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON,
Dept. SY-8, 693 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Miss
Mrs. _____

Street _____

City _____ *Zone No., if any* _____ *State* _____

P
M
M



The "Cocktail" Flavorites ★

IN NEW POSTWAR WRAPPERS

The next time you ask for your favorite chewing gums—WARREN'S Fruit Cocktail and WARREN'S Mint Cocktail—they may look different. But they're the same old friends in new wrappers. WARREN'S chewing gums have become so popular, we felt they deserved more beautiful packages. And here they are—newly dressed—but the same in size, quality and unique flavor. Fruit Cocktail is a combination of natural and artificial fruit flavors. Mint Cocktail is a blend of natural spearmint and peppermint. It's a WARREN'S idea: Popular chewing gum flavors, like boy and girl, are *"Better Together!"*

★ In a recent consumer survey conducted by an independent research organization, WARREN'S Chewing Gum was voted better than a 10-to-1 favorite.

WARREN'S CHEWING GUM

Bowman Gum, Inc., Philadelphia 44, Pa.



COSMETIC DISTRIBUTORS, INC., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Portrait of a Realist

(*Continued from page* 49) glasses or his matches.

He has never had hay fever.

He enjoys watching prize fights, swimming and track meets and horse racing. He likes occasionally to dine alone, arming himself with a newspaper and selecting a quiet corner table in a restaurant. His eyes are brown.

His childhood idol was Babe Ruth, whose autographed baseball, long since lost, was a cherished possession. He is not systematic, likes a cold shower and, although he places no credence in fortune-tellers, likes to tell about one who four years ago predicted everything that subsequently happened.

HE HAS no interest in auctions and was married in Las Vegas, Nevada, on February 20, 1945, to Christopher Curtis, an actress whom he met during his summer stock days at Poughkeepsie in 1936. They were married by a Lutheran minister. His father wanted him to be an engineer.

Tom Drake drinks no alcoholic liquor.

He misses most in Hollywood the legitimate theaters of New York and its Central Park. He is punctual with appointments, is fond of chocolate candies and attended the Iona School in New Rochelle and Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania.

His father was an international linen merchant and jobber. He weighs 165 pounds and kissed his wife, Chris, nine years ago in a summer stock play, at which time he caught his lower lip in the braces on her teeth! He was then seventeen and she fourteen.

He admits to being very stubborn once his mind is made up.

He has a great weakness for farms and country life.

He flunked French at school and he cannot speak a word of it today. He has always had a bicycle, wears size ten shoes and hates the new styles of dancing. "Sometimes I feel I'm getting old because I like to dance the old-fashioned way."

He plays no chess or checkers.

He was an honor student at Mercersburg. He keeps all clippings about himself and dislikes political arguments. He once caught a big fish at Fire Island, N. Y.—". . . so big!"

He seldom finishes anything he undertakes.

His favorite sandwich is minced ham on rye toast and he does not believe that success necessarily brings happiness.

His wife appeared as actress and singer in several Broadway shows. He doesn't care for poetry, usually has a breakfast of orange juice and three or four cups of coffee.

He doesn't care for walking.

He sings a better than fair baritone.

He enjoys Christmas more than any other holiday, quit wearing dental braces at the age of nine, and played the juvenile lead in "Janie" in New York, 1943.

He doesn't like shad roe, crowded dance floors or radio commercials.

Tom Drake wants very much to visit England someday and believes that environment has a greater influence on the average person than heredity.

He is a rabid movie fan.

He is a collector of horse pictures and hopes someday to have a special room for them.

He once tried writing plays—"but they turned out pretty bad."

He disclaims any talent for painting or drawing and has great difficulty remem-

bering people's names when first meeting them. He hopes someday to take up the study of psychology.

His marriage was preceded by five attempts to coordinate circumstances to consummate the event. He doesn't play tennis.

He likes gin rummy and poker.

He prefers a pool for swimming, was discovered in "Janie" by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and has appeared in "Two Girls And A Sailor," "The White Cliffs Of Dover," "Mrs. Parkington," "Meet Me In St. Louis" and "This Man's Navy." He rises at ten when not working.

He is very fond of highly seasoned foods, doesn't care much for concerts and avers that New York is the most beautiful city he has ever seen.

He drinks lots of water and milk.

His most treasured possession is a St. Christopher medallion. He wears it around his neck and feels utterly lost without it. His greatest disappointment was the loss of a part in the original "Life With Father" company.

HIS investments for the future include "having a few stocks and a trust fund." He gets a special kick out of roller coasters.

He has no objection to his wife's resuming her acting career.

He wants someday to have a lot of chickens, has no allergies and gets nostalgic when he hears old numbers like "You're Blase," "All Of Me" and "My Silent Love."

He likes especially to go horseback riding at night and cooking wieners over an open fire. He dabbles in song-writing with modest success, his "If It's Love" being used as incidental music in "Janie."

His sleep is not affected by the amount of coffee he consumes.

He is a lazy gardener, sun-bathing being the extent of his gardening activities.

He takes a singing lesson every morning at eleven when not working. His favorite radio singer is Jo Stafford and he indulges no superstitions although he playfully makes a wish on a white horse or says, "Bread and butter."

He is crazy about garlic.

He likes "The Afternoon Of A Faun," last rode in a street car with Judy Garland when their car broke down enroute to a benefit performance. He sang, as a youngster, in a church choir in New Rochelle and once played in "The Barker" with stripteuse Ann Corio.

He doesn't go in for winter sports and wears a solitaire set in a plain gold ring which he inherited when his father passed away.

He was outstanding at school in the high jump, 100-yard dash and swimming. He likes giving parties only occasionally and made his first professional appearance in "June Night" with Martha Scott in 1937.

He gets out into the country every chance he gets and the only time he ever experienced stage fright was an occasion in summer stock when he came out on the stage and saw the set for the first time. "I got to thinking about the strange furniture and completely forgot my lines."

He is not too satisfied with his screen work to date and hopes still to prove himself. He sang in several musical comedies at Fitchburg, Mass.

He is utterly devoid of affectation, has no delusions and is characterized by a forthright, realistic outlook. He feels badly the loss of a wristwatch which was his father's and which he had had a long time.

Tom Drake's sleeping moments are full of funny jokes at which he dreamingly laughs uproariously, but on waking their humor completely baffles him.

THE END

UNRATIONED COMFORT

Tequa Moccasins



$3.75 PREPAID

HANDCRAFTED FROM GENUINE DEERSKIN

These creamy colored wonderfully soft pelts make a chamois-like moccasin that you would not expect to find anywhere except on an Indian reservation. Men enjoy them as well as women.

We have a size for every foot. Small, medium, large, and extra large. The drawstring tie closes snugly around the ankle and makes gift ordering easy. And what a gift—real deerskin is a rare article. NO RATION COUPON NEEDED—IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

Gentlemen: Send immediately.....pairs of TEGUA Moccasins. Size: I enclose $..... (No COD's please)

Name.....

Address.....

.....P

Foreign Traders
SANTA FE NEW MEXICO

SENSATIONAL



Charm-Kurl

PERMANENT WAVE HOME KIT

Each Kit Contains Curlers, Shampoo, End-Tissues, Wave Set, Rinse, Plus Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Solution and 4 Striking New Charm-Kurl Hair-Dos.

Only 59¢

Nothing Else to Buy

Free

Each Charm-Kurl kit contains 4 new hair-dos. They're easy to do when you follow the complete illustrated instructions. This is an exclusive feature with Charm-Kurl.

DO IT YOURSELF—at Home

It's easy and safe to give yourself a thrilling, machineless permanent wave at home. The result will amaze you. Your hair will be permanent waved into soft, luxuriant curls and waves which are easy to manage and look like natural curls and waves. Charm-Kurl is the rage from Hollywood to Miami. Over 6 million sold last year.

Easy As Putting Your Hair Up in Curlers

Yes, it IS easy to Charm-Kurl your hair to long-lasting new beauty. Requires no heat, electricity or mechanical aids. Contains no ammonia or harmful chemicals. Charm-Kurl cannot possibly harm children's soft, fine hair. Get a Charm-Kurl kit today.

8 Reasons Why You Should Use Charm-Kurl

1. Easy to use—It's Fun.
2. Safe, for every type and color of hair.
3. No Experience Necessary.
4. COOL — No Heat or Electricity.
5. Contains No Ammonia or Harmful Chemicals.
6. Convenient—No Machines or Dryers.
7. Everything Needed is in the Kit.
8. Works Equally Well on Dyed or Bleached Hair.

AT ALL DEPARTMENT STORES, DRUG STORES AND 5c AND 10c STORES

Charm-Kurl is for sale at Department, Drug Stores and 5c and 10c stores. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE. Get the original Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit, it's your guarantee of thrilling results.

Charm-Kurl Outsells All Other Home Wave Kits
Over 6,500,000 Already Sold. It's America's Favorite



Does your Daughter dare *approach marriage--*



without first knowing about these *Intimate Physical Facts?*

Mother! It's your solemn duty to tell your daughter how important douching often is to feminine cleanliness, health and marriage happiness.

But first make sure *your own knowledge* is just as modern, up-to-date and scientific as it can be. And it will be if you tell her about ZONITE for the douche—how no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is *so powerful* yet *so safe* to delicate tissues.

Smart Young Women No Longer Make This Mistake

Certainly no well-informed mother would even think of telling her daughter to use weak, homemade mixtures of salt, soda or vinegar. Because these DO NOT and CAN NOT offer women the great germicidal and deodorant action of *modern* ZONITE.

Yet despite its great strength ZONITE is positively *non-poisonous*, non-irritating, non-burning. It contains no creosote, phenol or bichloride of mercury. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without risk of injuring delicate tissues.

Principle Discovered By Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's *so powerful* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE that ZONITE immediately kills all *reachable* living germs and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE *today!*

Zonite

FOR NEWER

feminine hygiene

FREE!

For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 503-T-T, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

British—on the Beam

(*Continued from page* 39) in on it. And referring to his little put-put.

"What kind is yours?" said Keenan, interestedly.

"A Cushman," said Pete.

"A *what?*" said Keenan. "I'd like to see it. I've never heard of that kind."

One day he ran into Peter on the studio lot. "Is *that* what you said you were riding?" he said, taking an amazed look at the little inoffensive vehicle. So they went looking for a motorcycle for Peter and rode together thereafter on weekends.

When Peter heard of Keenan's accident, he rushed over to the hospital and, together with Van Johnson, spent the night in the "Father's" room of the maternity ward. It was four A.M. before they knew whether or not Keenan would live. They stretched out on sofas, getting reports from the doctor every hour and snoozing briefly, to the accompaniment of frenzied fathers pacing back and forth in front of the divans. Nurses came in and out with hoods to put over the heads of fathers, so they could go in disinfected to see their newborn. When he knew Keenan would live, Pete went fast asleep. Awaking a little later, he forgot where he was, and was startled to see a nurse standing over him and men wearing weird Mars-like contraptions over their heads. No more motorcycles for Peter again. "That's all, brothah!" he says.

Though most actors object to playing opposite horses or dogs, Peter loved making "Son Of Lassie," in which he made his bid for fame the hard way, with the world's most famous dog in a double role.

When he finishes his present role, his best thus far, the lead opposite June Allyson and Kathryn Grayson in "Two Sisters From Boston," Peter is eager to get the role in "A Star From Heaven," the story about a thoroughbred horse.

He's fighting for this one, even though it might cost him the chance for the lead in a best-seller opposite an Academy Award-winning star.

WHEN Lady Lawford saw "Son Of Lassie," she teased him saying, "I couldn't tell you apart—both with that long shaggy hair. He's prettier in Technicolor anyway."

Of Lassie, Peter says, "He's the most wonderful dog I've ever met!" For in Peter's mind you "meet" animals. He's more than a little like Elizabeth Taylor in this respect.

During those weeks they spent in Canada on location together, swimming the treacherous Columbia River in thirty-two-degree water and walking over ice fields, he and Lassie gained a lot of respect for each other. A skilled swimmer, from accompanying native pearl divers in underwater swimming in Nassau, Bahamas, Peter did all his own swimming for this film, including the forty-foot dive in one thrilling scene.

The only drawback to working with such a Ph.D. pooch as Lassie was the inevitable reflection cast on the I.Q. of his own dog, Spot. Peter would go home in the evenings after working with Lassie and see "my queer-looking little mutt," whose only trick is to slap at him with his paw when he's hungry.

Spot, a dog of strictly non-royal parentage, is descended from pirate dogs on Nassau, where Peter rescued him nine years ago when the authorities were going to kill him. Peter took the wild pup home with him, tied him to a tree in the garden, threw food at him, and soon tamed him. He's been around the world twice, usually bunking in the bathroom of Lady Lawford's stateroom on luxurious liners.

About his screen future, Peter says, "I don't want to become tagged as a personality. I want to be an actor—like Keenan Wynn, Spencer Tracy, Thomas Mitchell, Cary Grant or Van Heflin. They know what they're doing when they go on the set. They get everything out of it. I cahn't come up to any of them yet—but that's what I want to be. Just a good, solid actor."

Since childhood—that's what he's wanted to be. Then in 1937 came the arm injury that made it possible, making impossible the military career for which he'd been headed.

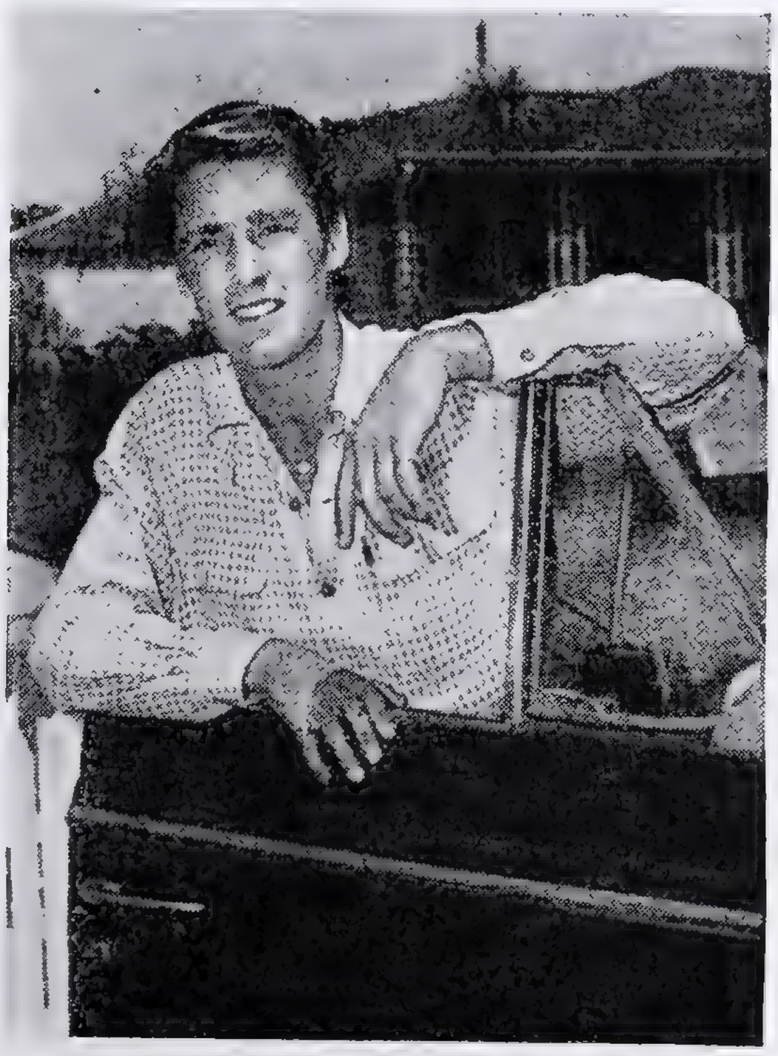
"We were all reaching for some reason for it at the time it happened," he says earnestly. "I'd always been so athletic. I kept wondering what I'd ever done that God would do this to me. But apparently it was for this," he says, speaking of his motion-picture career.

Of his religion, Peter says simply, "Well, I believe in God—and things like that."

Yes, a devout member of the Episcopal church (Church of England), Peter believes very much in God—which has something to do with the framed words in his bedroom at home. "Go out into the darkness and put thine hand into the hand of God. That shall be to thee better than light and safer than a known way." And things like that—like the motto pasted in his scrapbook at home. "The only thing worth having is a smile. The only thing worth doing is making others laugh."

Peter's military life was all planned for him. He came of a long line of generals. He was to go to Sandhurst, thence to join the regiment of his father, who was knighted for heroism in World War No. 1, in his grandfather's regiment, or his great-grandfather's. Take a number—they were all Generals.

But for the accident to his right arm, the Lawfords would have stayed in London, Deauville, Paris or Monte Carlo, up to their crests in maids and valets. And would never have struck out like three musketeers on a world binge that eventually wound them up without money in their little white bungalow here. Where the tall General, with his pink cheeks, gray mustache and hair, tenderly tends his rose garden and bed of mignonette and Lady Lawford struggles to solve the mystery of a white cookstove that, as she says, "looks so cold and is so hot." Nor would she have been cleaning her own dresses,



Out of the car, through the white gate to the bungalow where Peter Lawford lives

Ann Dvorak REPUBLIC Pictures Star



Overnight...

YOU'LL HAVE LOVELIER HAIR

Convince yourself with one application of this Famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment

Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this *overnight* 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous, with an overnight application. Glover's will accentuate the natural color-tones of your hair with clear, sparkling highlights—freshened radiance—the soft, subtle beauty of hair well-groomed. Today—try *all three* of these famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Use separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon!

Your Hair will be Lovelier with

Glover's

with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

FREE!

Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, with complete instructions for Glover's 3-Way Treatment, and useful FREE booklet. "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

GLOVER'S, 101 W. 31st St., Dept.5511, New York 1, N.Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

P M M







LEARN NURSING AT HOME

High school not necessary. No age limit. Send for FREE "Nursing Facts" and sample lesson pages. Earn while learning. Act now!
Post Graduate Hospital School of Nursing
160 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois



before each operation of which she waves "goodbye" to the General and Pete, saying, "Bless you, my darlings. It's been charming knowing you." When they both look up with a startled "What!" she goes on, "I understand you sometimes blow up or something," pointing to the cleaning fluid.

Lady Lawford was an active member of the United English Party in politics. Her boss, Sir Thomas Poulsen, who also owned controlling shares in a film company at Elstree Studios, was very fond of Peter, and one day gave him a letter of introduction to the studio for a test. Peter was jubilant . . . though his Mother just shook her head and reminded him that he was set for the Army instead.

"If they say I have no talent . . . then I'll be a General," promised Pete. And she was so sure they wouldn't take him that she agreed. They shook hands on it in front of his tutor . . . and Peter got her promise that if they did say he had talent, he was to be given his chance.

Sitting over in a corner of the executive's office the next day, thinking about a speech she had to write, she heard Peter say, "Would you like me to recite in English, Spanish or French?" He was there to give them everything. "Poor man . . . he's really in for it," his mother thought.

He recited in all languages, did his imitations and danced. Following which the executive picked up the phone and was soon telling Monty Banks, "This is the boy you've been asking for. I'll bring him right up."

THE NEXT day the London papers were calling Peter "The English Jackie Coogan," and had headlines reading, "British General's Son Goes Into Films." Peter gave interviews to them saying, "I shouldn't mind the Army if I could start as a General. But I think I like films best. Film acting is such a lovely game."

Since no child of Peter's parentage ever went into films in England, his grandfather, Lady Lawford's father, was irate. "Do you think nothing of putting your only child into hell?" he said furiously to her, over the phone. But she'd given her word to Pete. They never saw his grandfather again and when he died he cut them completely out of his will.

Peter worked in "Poor Old Bill" and several more films. It was about this time they passed a child labor law in England preventing any child from working in pictures until he was fourteen years old. The General, retired now, wanted to travel, so they all took off around the world to Tahiti, Australia, Nassau, Panama, New Zealand and India, stopping at each place for just as long as it was fun, and then packing for the next one. The Lawfords wanted Peter to travel, to learn the beauty there is in the world, to be tolerant of everything and everyone.

It was back at Aix les Bains, France, one season that Peter reached for the handle of a French window, missed, and ran his arm through the glass, cutting the main artery and endangering the use of it forever. His mother was out walking Spot at the time. When she came in Peter was almost unconscious, but he'll never forget what she said. "Didn't you know I was dining out tonight?" "Yes," murmured Pete. "Well . . . you would do this. Thanks very much." She was keeping up his courage. "If she'd looked frightened or gotten sympathetic I couldn't have stood it," he says.

The specialist prescribed a warm climate for Peter, so the Lawfords came to Santa Barbara, where the combination of ultra violet and hours of exercising his hand with a rubber sponge ball made the muscles begin to heal.

They moved to Hollywood, where they

were approached by a woman agent, Ruth Collier, who talked them into letting Peter be interviewed at Metro for a part in "Lord Jeff," which he got, and during which he became great friends with Mickey Rooney.

But Peter's voice was changing about this time, and there was no further career until it made up its mind. They went to New York, during which time war broke out in Europe and their income was frozen. Their checks, when they got them at all, were for $200 a month. They went to Florida for the warm winter, took a tiny place, and Pete got a job managing a parking lot in Palm Beach. He made $25 a week and tips, which were quite large, since he knew socially most of the wealthy patrons he parked. He saved up $600, with which they all headed back for Hollywood, with Peter driving a family out for his transportation and Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford jolting out in a little jalopy with Spot.

They took a small cabin at the Mission Bell Motel on Ventura Boulevard, at the end of the same street on which Mickey Rooney's spacious estate, where Peter had often visited, is located. But Peter had too much pride to let Mick know he was back in town.

HE got a job at the Village Theatre in Westwood working as an usher for $15 a week and remembers one night when they were holding an M-G-M preview there and he brushed shoulders with Mick. Rooney was sitting in the upstairs loge section when the manager sent Peter up with a message. He disguised his voice, tapped Mickey on the shoulder and said, "You're wanted on the phone, Mr. Rooney." "Thanks," said Mick, and to this day he doesn't know it was Pete.

He got his picture break one Saturday afternoon when all the kids were flocking in to the matinee and Peter was on the door. The agent called, telling him to go over to M-G-M right away. "They want an English boy for 'Mrs. Miniver,'" she said. So Peter got a girl usher to switch shifts with him, promising to stand hers that night, and took off but fast.

Within two hours, he read for Director William Wyler, got the part, was fitted in wardrobe, did his scene with Richard Ney, and was back on the door at the theater, very relieved because the manager hadn't come while he was gone. His line in the picture—"It looks like a big show tonight—the Jerries are coming"—seemed like a dream.

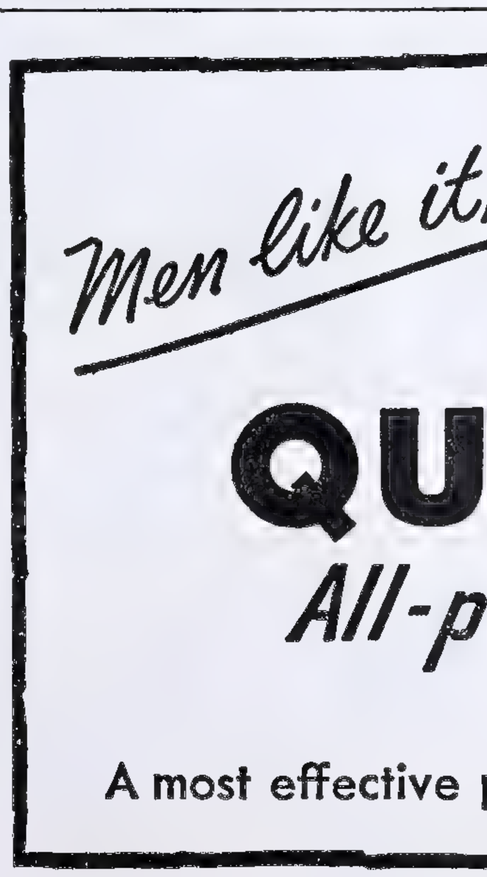
Soon came "Thunderbirds," "Eagle Squadron," and eventually his contract at Metro, with "A Yank At Eton," "White Cliffs Of Dover," "Mrs. Parkington," "The Picture Of Dorian Gray" and "Son Of Lassie."

In Peter's home in Westwood, the Lawfords have neither the time nor the inclination to be regal. They're much too busy having fun. They have tea in the dining room on a mahogany table set that Peter bought proudly at an auction for $69. He got the brown chintz covered living-room suite for $50 and the lamp with the onyx base for $3.

He usually goes to the auctions around 11:30 P. M., just before they're over, because, as he says, "By that time the man's throat is tired and he's glad to let me have it for what I can afford. If I go earlier when he's fresh . . . I cahn't get it."

Their home in Westwood is a mixture of their poorer present and their wealthier past. There are scrapbooks filled with clippings of them in front of the spacious villas or dining with royalty. Around the living room and on the table that Pete picked up for $5 are autographed pictures of the King and Queen of Belgium, of







Tampax is so well known, now

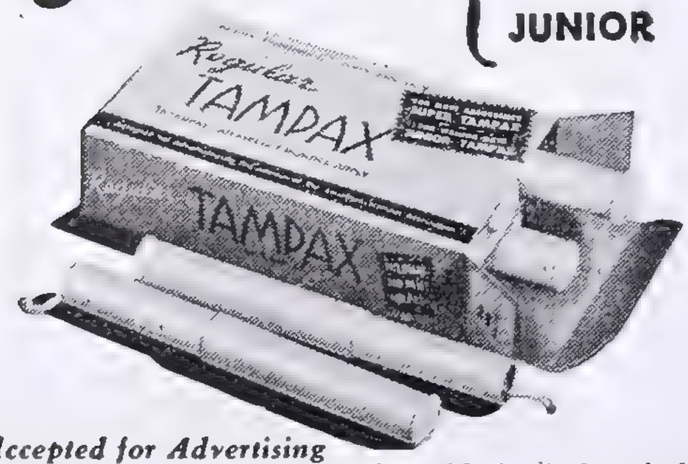
NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

THROUGH the length and breadth of the United States—in city, town and remote village—millions of women are buying Tampax regularly at their local stores. So you can confidently discuss Tampax with anyone to whom you would mention *any* monthly sanitary protection.

The Tampax method has definitely arrived! The reasons are obvious. First, Tampax discards all outside pads and their needed supports of belts and pins. Then there can be no bulges—no chafing—no odor. Changing is quick and disposal is easy . . . Tampax gives a feeling of comfort and *freedom* that probably always surprises the new user.

Perfected by a doctor to be worn internally, Tampax is made of long-fiber cotton firmly stitched and compressed in applicators for efficient insertion. You do not feel the Tampax when it is in place . . . Sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 *absorbency-sizes* (Regular, Super, Junior). A whole month's supply will fit into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Queen Mary, King George and the Prince of Wales. Smack up against them stands a big colored cardboard poster ad of "Son Of Lassie" that Peter got from some theater and stood up proudly beside the King and Queen.

They all have their own jobs to do around the house, and for a family who once had seventeen servants, they manage very well.

"It's going to be tough," Peter told them, when they headed for Hollywood the last time. "You'll have to learn to cook, Mothah."

So she learned—on the little white stove that "looks so cold and is so hot." Then they worked everything out on paper, with lists of what to do and when. Sir Sydney does the floors, Lady Lawford does the dishes and cooking, with both of them helping her with the washing up. Peter looks after his own room, dusts and makes the bed. He doesn't particularly like the "washing up." But he makes his own breakfast, and his mother tells you proudly, "Petah does eggs bettah than I."

THERE are a lot of laughs at the Lawfords, and they usually pick up when Peter breezes in from the studio in the evenings, throws them a kiss, and says, "Hullo, children—what's new?" Usually there's plenty new. He keeps busy wising them up about American customs and slang.

Such as the other afternoon when a man from the telephone company, while there working on their phone, remarked in casual conversation that his wife was "honery." Sir Sydney and Lady Lawford held whispered asides trying to figure out what he meant. "I think he means she's the Honorable Mrs. Somebody," said Lady Lawford. "No—he must mean she's an honorary member of something," the General said. Then the telephone man remarked that his foreman was honery too. "That," as the Lawfords say, "really put a biscuit on it for us." They knew the foreman wouldn't be an Honorable Mr. Anything.

They waited for Peter to come home and hep them up. If the man's wife was "honery" she wasn't on the beam, he told them. And they still didn't know.

They're a mighty close combine, these three, and Pete's own consideration of his parents is a beautiful thing to see.

Speaking of girls—and what with Peter's popularity, you must speak of them—there's no confused British-American mix-up there. He definitely knows what he likes. Peter's dates vary from top motion-picture actresses to the co-eds at U.C.L.A. He likes girls who are natural and wholesome, with a sense of humor. Who like to go to the beach, to movies and dancing.

He doesn't want to marry for six years. And he doesn't care whether she's a movie star or the girl next door. "But she surely won't be one of those ultra career-conscious girls. I cahn't stand them," he says. "Always looking around as if they'd lost something. Peeling a room to see whom they can see. Who cahn't eat without first looking to see if a director is watching. . . ."

Peter practically swooned away in very un-British style when he learned he was leading the Photoplay Color Portrait Poll. "You cahn't mean it," he said. "Somebody must have made a mistake. You wouldn't kid me?"

No—we wouldn't kid him.

"Okay," he said happily. *"Righto!"*

And that's Pete for you. Very okay—very righto. And if you predict top stardom for him—you're being very hep. For Photoplay is in the know.

THE END

For Enchanting Color Effects and Sparkling Lustre . . . use this

new "make-up" for the hair



If your complexion is lovely, but no one notices . . . if your eyes are beautiful, but no one responds . . . drab-looking hair may be to blame! What you need then is Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse to give your hair the color and brilliance that will turn admiring glances *your* way!

So simple to use, so safe, Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse can enrich the natural color of your hair . . . give it a "warmer" or "cooler" tone . . . even blend little gray streaks in with the original shade! A color chart on the package shows which of the 12 Marchand shades will give you the effect you want.

After your shampoo, simply dissolve Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, soap-film disappears! Your hair is bright with shining new color . . . softer and more manageable, too!

Not a bleach — not a permanent dye — Marchand's Rinse is *absolutely harmless.* It goes on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up.



Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash



What puts addresses on to stay
And speeds each package on its way?

Dennison
ADDRESS LABELS
At Stationery Departments Everywhere

The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page* 24) military career when he had to ask the General to do his speech over again).

The power of the picture lies not in its high moments, not in its personnel, but in its cumulative effect. It is an experience that as an American, as a member of "the family of nations," you cannot afford to miss.

Your Reviewer Says: To each and every one of them, our gratitude and our prayers.

✓✓ State Fair
(20th Century-Fox)

A GREAT big dreamboat of technicolor and romance, enhanced with good old American hominess and set off with fine performances by the nicest people possible.

The romance is the kind that everyone loves—the boy-girl brand that intrigues the imagination and pleases the heart—even the hardest kind of an old heart. The setting is rural but exciting as one travels with the *Frake* family from farm to fair replete with merry-go-round, roller coasters, ferris wheel and the usual popcorn and hot-dog stands. And of course there's the hog-judging routine and the home-products booths that fairly make the mouth water.

Jeanne Crain is the *Frake* daughter who longs for romance and finds it in newspaperman Dana Andrews, sent to cover the fair. Dick Haymes is her brother who also finds romance in pretty Vivian Blaine, a singer at the fair, but finds it a hopeless love from which he recovers wiser but not sadder exactly.

Charles Winninger and Fay Bainter are the parents who bring so much honest happy realism to their roles one fairly suffers with them, while Charles's hog *Blueboy,* and Fay's pickles and mincemeat meet the test. Donald Meek is cute as a judge, Frank McHugh kinda sweet as the song plugger, and Percy Kilbride comical as usual as the farmer who believes in taking a constant gloomy view of everything. In a short sequence as a barker, Henry Morgan is a riot. What a fine actor.

But it's not the story exactly that counts, so much as the charm and warmth and delightful heart appeal that intrigues. The music is catchy, with L..ck and Vivian delivering several lovely numbers. Come to think of it, little Jeanne is a fair little songstress herself. And that Dana goes right on proving himself a man who wins hearts and influences people.

Your Reviewer Says: Delightful.

✓✓ The House On 92nd St.
(20th Century-Fox)

WITH members of the FBI and Mr. Hoover's special assistant, a few members of the Hollywood Press were privileged to see the uncut, uncensored version of this rare and impressive picture. Filmed entirely in New York, Washington and immediate surroundings, the picture proved, even in its raw stage, a sock between the eyes because it deals with the actual and factual cases of German agents seeking secrets of our atomic bomb then in the process of production. How nearly they succeeded in obtaining even the last final detail of the bomb is something to gasp over, and how our men thwarted and out-guessed them is something to glow over.

It is gratifying to realize our own FBI is such a thorough and competent organization protecting and guarding our security. With the exception of Lloyd Nolan as *Briggs,* all FBI members are played by themselves. Their resourcefulness and





cleverness cannot help but astonish the layman.

Bill Eythe plays the young American of German extraction who is approached by German agents who offer him special schooling in Germany. Realizing their motive, Bill reports their proposal to the FBI and they suggest that Bill accept. In no time he is studying espionage in Germany and in six months returns to America with credentials ready to take up his work with actual German agents. The manner in which they work, their cunning and skill, how details of the atomic bomb are gotten to the agents, are incredible when one realizes this is not a fictional but an actual story.

Eythe has never seemed more natural, honest or sincere. His work is outstanding. Nolan, as always, is wonderful. Signe Hasso, Gene Lockhart, Leo G. Carroll, Lydia St. Clair and William Post take the places of the actual spies, now in custody. Director Henry Hathaway deserves great praise, as do all concerned for bringing us a film of such tremendous and timely importance.

Your Reviewer Says: Here is a cinematomic bomb.

✓In Hollywood (M-G-M)

IT'S A cute idea having Bud and Lou as agents who heckle producers who, in the past, have heckled us with corn such as this. If only it were real, how happy and revengeful we would feel.

This is, clap hands, a little better than the average Abbott-Costello fare, and proves quite amusing in spots. The boys are studio barbers who decide to turn agents and get rich the quick way. Their one and only client, Bob Stanton, almost gives up in despair before he finally becomes a star playing opposite the girl he adores—Frances Rafferty.

Bob Stanton, who in real life is Dick Haymes's brother, is a meek young man who sings pleasingly. Carleton Young, who plays an actor, and Warner Anderson who plays an agent, turn in good jobs. Mike Mazurki, Donald MacBride, Rags Ragland and Jean Porter are a nice array of names for any picture.

Best Pictures of the Month

Three Strangers

The True Glory

State Fair

The House On 92nd Street

Best Performances

Jeanne Crain and Dana Andrews in "State Fair"

William Eythe in "The House On 92nd Street"

Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre and Geraldine Fitzgerald in "Three Strangers"



SEND TO HOLLYWOOD *for* Satisfaction

Campus or career girl . . . you'll win a high pin-up rating in this competent, figure-flattering, classic jumper. Precision tailored of fine rayon-reinforced gabardine with side stripes, belt and shoulder scroll in contrasting color. Smooth and streamlined as tomorrow's airliner . . . versatile as a magician in its never-ending usefulness. Colors are **Lime, Aqua, Gray, Blue, White** and **Melon** with contrasting trim. Sizes 10 to 20, also 40. **$8.98** plus mailing costs.

BOW BLOUSE—The bow tie and high neck line is extra smart with this jumper. Long, full sleeves. Rayon cloth in White, **$3.98**, Maize, Green and Baby Pink, **$4.98** plus mailing costs.

SEND NO MONEY Mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. Yes! On approval (10 days' examination privilege). Money refunded if not delighted. Send to Hollywood for guaranteed satisfaction.

JANNE OF HOLLYWOOD
Dept. 65-A, 5071 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Please send "Airliner" Jumper
☐ Lime ☐ Aqua ☐ Gray ☐ Blue
☐ White ☐ Melon (mark 1st or 2nd choice)
Size 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 (circle size)
Send Bow Blouse—
☐ White ☐ Maize ☐ Green ☐ Pink
Size 32, 34, 36, 38 (circle size)
Name.....
Address.....
City..... **State**....

Now—hair that gleams like a dream



LACO'S 3 rich oils give triple-action results!

Here *is* a shampoo that can really clean your hair and give it a fresh sheen—a shampoo that leaves the hair so soft, so manageable you create more alluring hair-dos. The three rich beneficial oils in Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo give triple-action results:

1. Lathers quickly.
2. Cleanses thoroughly.
3. Rinses away speedily.

No after-rinse is needed. Laco is just as mild as it is effective! Contains no alcohol, no free alkali—no harsh acids or synthetic chemicals. The three rich oils leave the hair so soft, clean and mildly fragrant. Ask for Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo at your favorite drug, department store or five-and-ten. Laco Products Inc., Baltimore 24, Md.



MWG 11-45

LACO GENUINE CASTILE SHAMPOO

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 Inches on DOUBLE-WEIGHT PAPER Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Original returned with your enlargement.

57¢

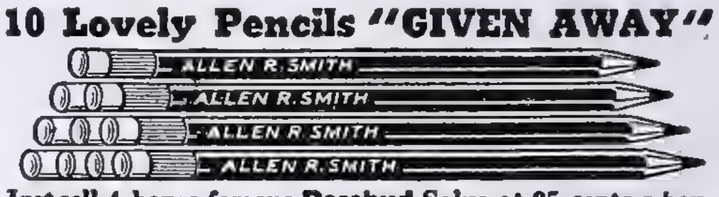
3 for $1.25



SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo, negative or snapshot (any size) and receive your enlargement, guaranteed fadeless, on beautiful **double-weight portrait quality paper.** Pay postman 57c plus postage—or send 59c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. **Send your photos today.**

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
100 East Ohio Street Dept. 1555-P Chicago (11), Ill.

10 Lovely Pencils "GIVEN AWAY"



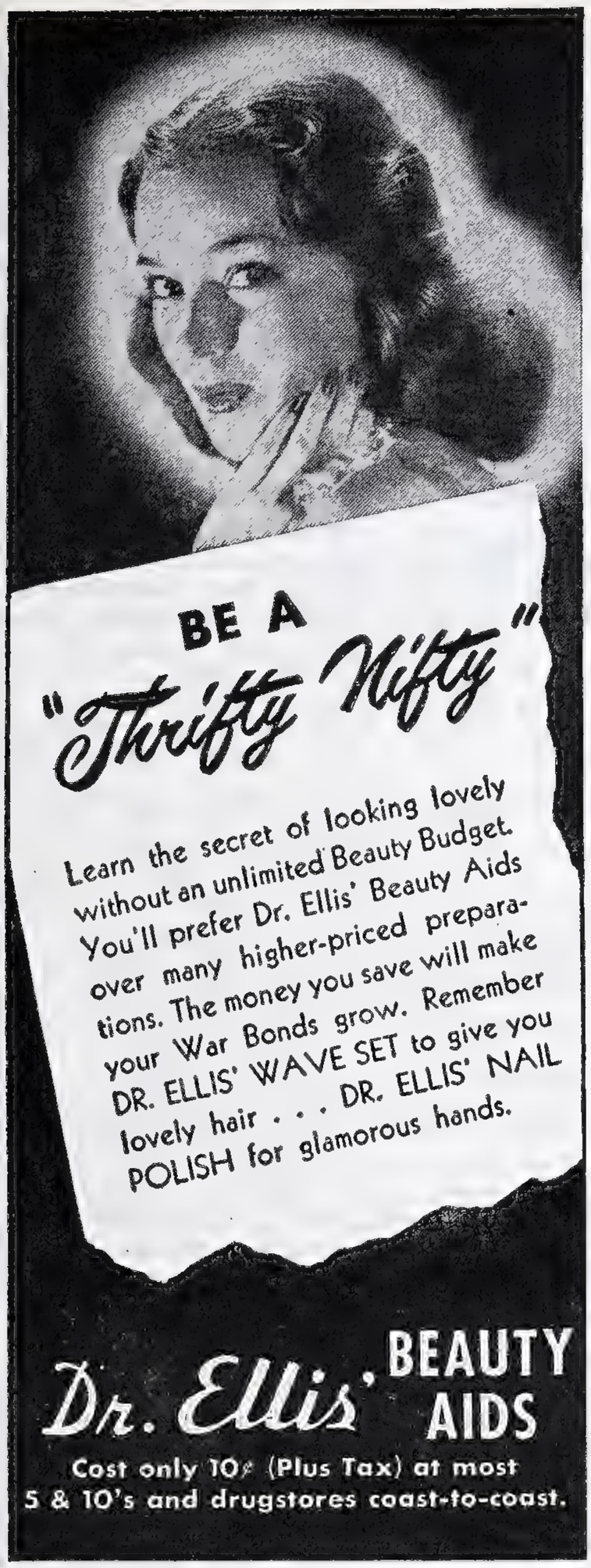
Just sell 4 boxes famous Rosebud Salve at 25 cents a box, remit the $1.00, and we will mail you Prepaid 10 lovely full length high-grade yellow color pencils with eraser, red plastic tip, coal black No. 1 soft lead, with Your Name imprinted on each pencil in high gloss Gold Foil. Send No Money. Order 4 salve today. Use One cent Post Card. *Will mail pencils and 4 salve NOW if you send $1.00 with order.*
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO, Box 14, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

WHAT TO DO FOR SO-CALLED

RHEUMATIC PAIN

Arms ache?
Back feel stiff?
Sore all over?
Get Sayman Liniment and massage on gently. Starts to work FAST. Helps to loosen "tight" muscles. To relieve stiffness, soreness. To ease pain while breaking up congestion due to over-exertion, exposure or fatigue. You'll say it's WONDERFUL! Only 50c. All druggists.

SAYMAN LINIMENT
Made by the Makers of SAYMAN SALVE



Tint YOUR HAIR
the way you like it

★ FREE—GRAY HAIR ANALYSIS! ★
Send name and address with a few strands of your hair for FREE confidential color analysis and expert advice.
(CAUTION: Use only as directed on label)
RAP-I-DOL DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
151 West 46th Street Dept.2211, New York 19, N.Y.

RAP-I-DOL SHAMPOO TINT

PRETTY LEGS



BEAUTIFY CONTOURS, EASILY, QUICKLY!
New, lovely proportions for your legs: hips, thighs, calves, ankles, etc.—in this healthful, new, astonishingly easy way. Only a few minutes per day in your own home.
EFFECTIVE, LASTING RESULTS!
Used successfully by hundreds of smart women everywhere.
WRITE FOR FREE LITERATURE TODAY!
Surprise everyone: get started now, without obligation, by mailing coupon immediately to
ADRIENNE
915 SHREVE BLDG., Salon E, SAN FRANCISCO, 8, CAL.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

For no other reason, the jaunt all over the M-G-M lot with Bud and Lou may help make the film enjoyable.

Your Reviewer Says: Those boys do get around.

✓ Captain Kidd (Bogeaus UA)

WE'RE not sure about the Yo-Ho-Ho, but a bottle of rum would definitely help in digesting this morsel of good old hokumy piracy with Charles Laughton at his rascally best. How he chortles and hams and struts and spreads himself in all directions. It's fun just watching him. In fact the ol' boy put on such a good show one doesn't mind the hoary whiskery tale of a socially ambitious pirate employed by a king to escort safely into port a treasure ship from India. But Captain Kidd Laughton is such an inbred villain he blows up the ship before delivering the treasures to the king and thereby gets hung by his picturesque old neck.

Randy Scott, a nobleman posing as a pirate in order to find his father's murderer, didn't convince us in the least—especially in the dueling scene with Gilbert Roland. John Carradine as Laughton's little "mother's helper" and Reginald Owen as the villain's valet are interesting. Barbara Britton is pretty but why not give her a chance to act? Or did Laughton have to do it all?

Your Reviewer Says: A tongue-in-cheek bit of malarky.

✓ Uncle Harry (Universal)

YOU should know what went on when "Uncle Harry" hit the preview screen. The Hays office, which will not permit crime to go unpunished but will nevertheless punish millions of movie fans with their demand for trite "happy endings," nixed the intelligent and gripping story and sent it back to Universal's oven for a little recooking. Result—when that second version hit the screen, the producer Joan Harrison walked out of the studio in a huff and everybody was doggoned blooming mad at everybody else. Which shows people in Hollywood at least try to please, but look what's against them.

Anyway, we thought Sanders splendid as the stodgy, middle-aged bachelor caught between his possessive sister, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and his fiancee Ella Raines. With mid-Victorian "faints" and "spells" Geraldine finally manages to break off George's engagement to Raines. When his sister's trickery finally percolates George's thick masculine intuition, he decides to kill her—but who are we to ruin a story for you that is tense and exciting right up to the last?

Sara Allgood as the family servant, Harry Von Zell, Craig Reynolds and Coulter Irwin complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Poor, poor Uncle Harry!

✓ Lady On A Train (Universal)

SINCE the departure from the studio of director Henry Koster and producer Joe Pasternak, Deanna has suffered from stories not always suited to her talents. This film, while fair, is still not up to the Durbin standards. Nevertheless, in spite of weak spots in the plot and the fact that Deanna does not appear to best advantage, plenty of the customers will find this duly entertaining.

In this story Deanna is a precocious and wealthy miss from San Francisco who witnesses a murder through the window of her train as it pulls into New York. When police ignore her explanations, she sets out on her own to unearth the murderer, roaming through the house of the victim while his will is being read to the family,

Stop tearing your hair!



"NOW...I'm curling my hair the safer, pleasanter way with 'EASY-LOCK' Curler"

Now you can "curl up in comfort" with the wonderful new Easy-Lock curler. No snagging or cutting your hair...no tiresome fumbling. Just a twist of the wrist and then snap — it locks almost automatically, one-handed!

Women who do their own hair find it safer and easier with Easy-Lock curlers — and they marvel at the luxurious curls they achieve.

SAFER: No projecting rivets to catch hair. The distinctive open end means no cutting, mashing or pulling of hair.

EASIER: Unique patented feature — snaps closed easily with one hand from any position. When opened, loop is firm, a convenient handle for winding.



Copyright 1945 Gaylord Products Incorporated Chicago 16 Illinois

"Gayla EASY-LOCK CURLERS"
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS
HOLD-BOB bobby pins • hair pins

IN A MINUTE!...





From COLD Discomfort...to WARM Smiles

Rub MINIT-RUB on chest and back.

1. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub stimulates circulation, brings a sensation of warmth. That *quickly* helps relieve surface aches and pains.

2. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub's welcome pain-relieving action begins to soothe that raspy local irritation.

3. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub's *active menthol vapors* begin to ease that nasal stuffiness feeling.

MINIT-RUB is wonderful for both children and adults. Greaseless! Stainless! Disappears like vanishing cream! Won't harm linens. Get a jar—today!

MINIT-RUB

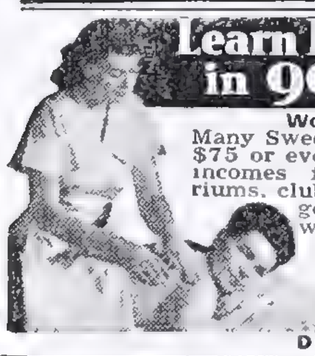
The Modern Chest Rub

STUDIED AND COMMENDED PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home



Women and Men, 18 to 50

Many Swedish Massage graduates make $50, $75 or even more per week. Large full time incomes from doctors, hospitals, sanatoriums, clubs or private practice. Others make good money in spare time. You can win independence and prepare for future security by training at home and qualifying for Diploma. Anatomy Charts and 32-page Illustrated Book FREE—Now!

THE College of Swedish Massage
Dpt. 559-P, 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11

Be an ARTIST



LEARN AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

Trained artists are capable of earning $30, $50, $75 a week. By our practical method, we teach you **COMMERCIAL ART, DESIGNING** and **CARTOONING**, step by step, all in ONE complete course. Write today for **FREE BOOK** —"Art for Pleasure — Profit" describes training and commercial oportunities in art. No obligation. State age.

STUDIO 8611P, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
1115—15TH ST., N. W., WASHINGTON 5, D. C.

DON'T FORCE SLEEP!

TRY DR. MILES NERVINE



OFTEN the harder you try to get to sleep, the longer you stay awake. Dr. Miles Nervine (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it when you are **Nervous, Cranky, Restless?** Get it at your drug store. Liquid, **25c and $1.00;** Effervescent Tablets, **35c and 75c. Caution;** read directions and use only as directed. **Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.**

DON'T DYE GRAY HAIR



. . . until you try the new color-control method of Mary T. Goldman's! Then watch your hair take on the beautiful, natural-looking color you desire, quickly—**or** so gradually your friends won't guess.

Simply do this: Buy a bottle Mary T. Goldman's ... just comb it through your gray, bleached, or faded hair. See how this **new scientific color-control** gives you the youthful hair shade you want. Pronounced harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed). Will not harm your wave or change the smooth, soft texture of your hair. It's inexpensive and easy to apply, **too.** For over 50 years millions have found **new hair beauty** by using Mary T. Goldman's in the privacy of their homes.

So help yourself to beautiful hair—today! Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldman's at your drug or department store on **money-back guarantee.** Or, if you'd rather try it first, mail coupon below for free test kit.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 635 Goldman Bldg.
St. Paul 2, Minn. Send free sample. Check color
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn.

Name
Address
City State

consisting of Elizabeth Patterson, Ralph Bellamy and Dan Duryea. Mistaken for the dead man's night-club-singer sweetie, Deanna takes over the job as cafe singer with some of the oddest happenings known to man. It all ends up with Deanna back in the very room where she first saw the murder, about to be killed herself. David Bruce, the mystery writer to whom Deanna appeals for help, seemed mystified by the whole proceedings.

Your Reviewer Says: It could have been so exciting!

✓George White's Scandals Of 1945 (RKO)

HERE'S the line-up: Joan Davis and Jack Haley; Phillip Terry and Martha Holliday; Gene Krupa at the drums; the Broadway producer himself, George White, and Ethel Smith at the organ.

And here's the story: Miss Holliday (a ballerina and daughter of a prominent family) visiting her friend Joan Davis backstage, is mistaken for a chorus girl, joins the show as a lark and then disappears after achieving a spot billing when her identity is discovered. Naturally she reappears at the crucial moment and saves the show—but not the picture, alas.

The comedy goes thus: The disapproval of Margaret (Whirlaway) Hamilton to the marriage of her brother Jack Haley and Joan Davis, and their attempts to lure Margaret into a romance of her own and so divert her attention. Very quaint, too, is Joan's own daughter Beverly Wills playing her mother as a child.

The music goes round and round and comes out with Gene Krupa playing the drums until they literally smoke (we're not kidding), Ethel Smith at the organ with all stops out and a cute song number by Joan and Jack called "I Wake up in the Morning and It's You" and a pantomime song called "Who Killed Vaudeville?".

Bettejane Greer is "turrible purty" as the gal who attempts to lure Terry away from Miss Holliday and Fritz Feld is *très* cute. Altogether it's not bad, it's not good, it's not depressing, it's not invigorating, so we guess it's just a plain old movie and a trifle better than the average.

Your Reviewer Says: Another backstage whoop de doo.

✓ Johnny Angel (RKO)

GEORGE RAFT has a vehicle well suited to his talents in "Johnny Angel," and in flashes proves himself the terrific box office hit he could be. But there are too many involvements and heavy inserts in this story to keep the interest fever high. The story deals with a derelict ship which proves upon investigation to have been under the command of Raft's father. Not a soul is found on the ship.

Pretending to fall in with a come-on blonde, Claire Trevor, he eventually solves the mystery of what happened to the captain and crew of the abandoned ship.

Signe Hasso is very pretty and does a fine job as the French girl. Hoagy Carmichael warbling "Memphis in June" is refreshing. Marvin Miller impressed us with his work as a heavy of sorts.

Your Reviewer Says: A good little mystery all bound up in too much plot.

Mama Loves Papa (RKO)

LEON ERROL'S legs still collapse and so does this insipid little story of a playground commissioner who exposes (while drunkee) the crooked manufacturer of playground equipment. Paul Harvey who gets told on, Elizabeth Risdon as Errol's wife and Edwin Maxwell as the boss waste

everybody's time, including their own.

Your Reviewer Says: Mama Loves Papa, we hate you!

Radio Stars On Parade (RKO)

MY HEAVENS to Katie, must all movie night club singers be in constant peril? Such a dangerous occupation, yet! Anyway, Frances Langford finds herself in such a tizzy over the passes made by her racketeer boss, she flees in a panic and a cute little hat. When she meets up with a pair of so-called comics (to us very unfunny) who have inherited an agency, the plot gets the air—literally. Radio stars including The Town Criers and the Cappy Barra Boys, Skinnay Ennis and his orchestra, parade before us. One cute incident has Wally and Alan in a Truth or Consequences take off. Frances sings in her own inimitable manner. But. . . .

Your Reviewer Says: You *should* have the air, little movie.

✓ Man From Oklahoma (Republic)

WELL, I do swan to goodness if here ain't one of them real, honest-to-goodness old western pictures that delight the eye and tickle the ear with some real first-class music. And Roy Rogers has himself a field day especially in that exciting wagon race.

The constant heckling feud between Gabby Hayes and Maude Eburne of feudin' clans is a bit on the corny side, but who cares as long as Roy rides and sings and courts pretty little Dale Evans.

Roger Pryor is the villain and Trigger is the scene-stealer as usual.

Your Reviewer Says: Yippee!

Dangerous Intruder (PRC)

EVERYBODY wants to get into the act, it seems, and here's PRC's effort to cash in on the psychological riots that are reaping a golden harvest these days.

Veda Ann Borg is the unfortunate victim this time, playing a show-girl who is struck by a car and taken into the home of a paranoiac killer who has disposed of his wife, his servant and is busy as a little beaver disposing of his stepdaughter, Jo



Sailing along in Fair fun—Dana Andrews and Jeanne Crain in Fox's "State Fair"



ARE YOUR *Gowns*

CHARM-REVEALING

or must they be

CHARM-CONCEALING

because of—

PSORIASIS

Must you forego the joy of wearing glamour gowns because of ugly psoriasis lesions? Then try *SIROIL*. It may solve this problem for you. *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linens, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept., M-33 Detroit 26, Mich.
Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

*NAME*_____

*ADDRESS*_____

*CITY*_____ *ZONE*____ *STATE*_____

Marvel WHIRLING SPRAY SYRINGE for Women
AT DRUG COUNTERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
Free Booklet—The Marvel Co., 1111 East St., New Haven, Ct.

High School Course at Home — **Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects completed. Single subjects if desired. Ask for Free Bulletin.
American School, Dpt. H-892, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37



Perfume won't MASK

SCALP ODOR

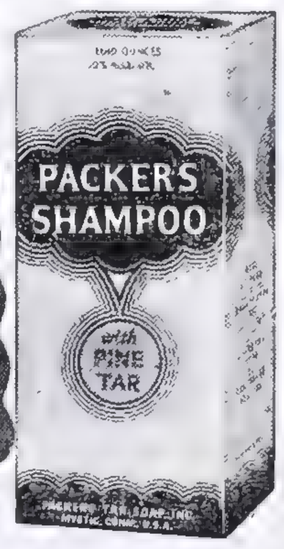


NO MATTER how fragrant your perfume, it can't *mask* disagreeable SCALP ODOR!

That's what *he* could've told you as you danced last night—the hat you wore today would probably reveal your secret, too. But why wait for an unfortunate situation to *prove* to you that *just as the body perspires, so does the scalp.* And hair, particularly *oily hair,* collects disagreeable odors. The result is SCALP ODOR—an unpleasant offense.

Make sure your hair doesn't offend. Shampoo it regularly with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo . . . the gentle, pure, medicinal pine shampoo that leaves your hair thoroughly cleansed . . . *naturally* fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Get Packer's today —at any drug, department or ten-cent store.



PACKER'S *Pine Tar* SHAMPOO

DON'T CUT CUTICLES



This clever preparation removes rough, dead cuticle without scissors, and helps keep nails more flexible, easy to shape. Manicare brings out their natural beauty. It is a cuticle oil and a stain remover, all in one.

Keep nails nice. Avoid hangnails or brittleness. Use Manicare!

Manicare 35¢ *a jar* Plus tax

Sold by leading department stores, drug stores and 10¢ stores

Ann Marlowe, when Veda Ann herself becomes a near victim. Boy friend Richard Powers got there just in the good old nick of time, let us tell you.

Your Reviewer Says: Kill everybody for all we care.

Tell It To A Star (Republic)

ALAN MOWBRAY struts into a Palm Springs hotel, pretending to be a colonel which he ain't, and eventually lands his niece, the cigar-counter girl, a job singing in Robert Livingston's orchestra.

Anyway, it's designed for laughs, and except for the leaks in the roof, it almost achieves its precious little purpose. Franklin (yoo hoo) Pangborn, Eddie Marr and Isabel Randolph do pretty good jobs. Aurora (no relation to Borealis) Miranda does a sister Carmen routine.

Your Reviewer Says: Whatever happened to the Lane sisters?

White Pongo (PRC)

"WHITE PONGO," in case you wondered, is a white ape and, brother, you are too if you fall for this one. It ends up with two apes, white and brunette, battling over the heroine. Since when have men become secondary to ape heros? Anyway, we won't waste your time and ours trying to "explain" it.

Robert Fraser, Maris Wrixon, Lionel Royce, Gordon Richards and Al Eben don't help matters much.

Your Reviewer Says: This makes a monkey of everybody.

Song Of Old Wyoming (PRC)

BAD boy out west turns good boy and gets himself shot dead for it. So there you are. Al La Rue is the young desperado who helps heckle his own mother, *Ma Conway,* out of her newspaper press and rob her out of the cattle business. Then he gets noble, gets shot, while *Ma,* befuddled by the whole thing, gets more befuddled and the baritone sings "Hills of Old Wyoming." Sara Padden is *Ma,* Eddie Dean the hero, and Jennifer Holt his girl friend.

Your Reviewer Says: Amscray, little movie.

The Shanghai Cobra (Monogram)

CHARLIE CHAN, come war, peace or high water, goes right on his placid way ferreting out murderers with his usual Oriental chi chi. This time he solves the mystery of who murdered, by way of cobra poison, three employees of the Sixth National Bank. Which leads one to wonder what goes on in the other five banks?

As usual he's hindered in his work by his bungling son Benson Farg and his chauffeur Mantan Moreland which is supposed to be side-splittingly funny. We'd knock both their heads off once and for all if we were *Charlie.* But of course we're not *Charlie* because Sidney Toler is and very good he is too. John Barclay, James Flavin and Addison Richards go along for the clues.

Your Reviewer Says: Velly nice, Cholly!

Dangerous Partners (M-G-M)

IT'S a mystery to us how a studio that turns out such honeys as "Anchors Aweigh" and "National Velvet" could turn around and produce something as confused and pointless as this one. Three-fourths of the way through we still didn't know what was going on. Came the end and we were even more confused. For instance, there was James Craig up there on the screen acting first like a heel and then



BE A NURSE



LEARN QUICKLY, EASILY AT HOME

Splendid income, new social contacts, and the satisfaction of serving humanity can be yours as a Trained Practical Nurse. Ages 18 to 60. High School not necessary. Training plan welcomed by physicians. Prepare in spare time. Many earn while learning. Nurse's Outfit and placement service included FREE of extra cost. Write now for facts and fascinating FREE sample lesson pages.

WAYNE SCHOOL of PRACTICAL NURSING, Inc.
2301 N. Wayne Ave., Dept. G-8, Chicago 14, Illinois



You will *love* Paddy and his growing hair

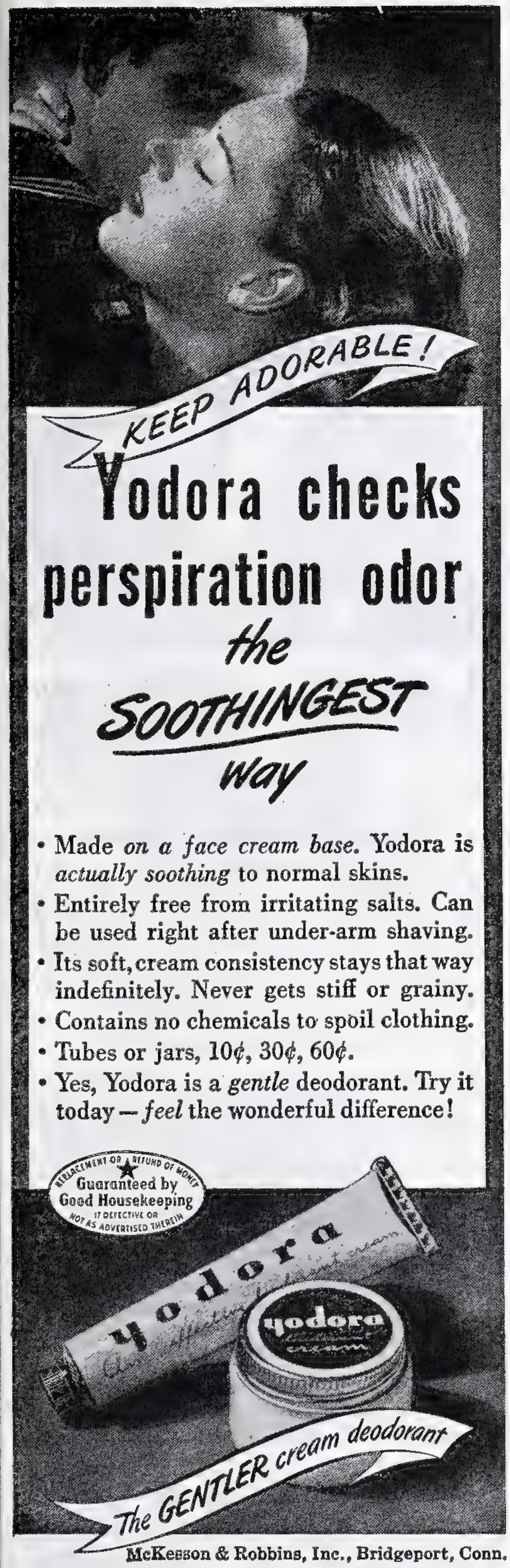
BEFORE

In millionaires' mansions and cottage kitchens, you'll find PADDY O'HAIR—the most beloved, amusing novelty ever created. Shure—'tis magic! Fill with water; spread special seed—watch the miracle! PADDY grows thick crop of bright green hair, eyebrows, and sideburns. You can give him haircuts; the grass will grow for months; can be planted again and again. Head Thousands buy PADDY for themselves then reorder is durable pottery; rich suntan color; 5 inches tall. for gifts. Sent complete with special seed and instructions. $1 postpaid, money back guarantee. Avoid disappointment; order full supply of this ideal Christmas gift NOW. Send $1 with order and we pay postage; or will ship C.O.D. and you pay postman $1.36. Order PADDY today.

PADDY NOVELTY CO.
320 WASHINGTON AVE.,
GOLIAD, TEXAS



AFTER





all of a sudden he's a blooming hero permitting his sweetie Signe Hasso to be lambasted to death before he'll talk, by gum. And there was Edmund Gwenn as a Nazi agent trying to collect money scattered among various people in America before Craig could get it. Surely someone must have read the script and known this couldn't possibly have made a good movie.

Your Reviewer Says: We're still confused.

Easy To Look At (Universal)

GLORIA JEAN deserves better as a would-be designer who roams through her own wonderland peopled by such weirdies as J. Edward Bromberg as a night watchman with a flair, Eric Blore a producer with no flair, and George Dolenz a designer with bad dialogue. Kirby Grant as the hero performs as if he'd come out of a Disney ink bottle. Only the songs of Gloria lighten the burden.

Your Reviewer Says: We prefer vanilla.

✓✓ Three Strangers (Warners)

THE barometer of emotion drops with such a thud into out-and-out depression, we'd advise your seeing this only on one of those "nothing-can-daunt-me" nights.

But the acting—well, for sheer histrionics you can't beat it. Peter Lorre plays his *Johnny* with a light, easy relaxed air; Fitzgerald gives to her role of the menace a cunning, sly quality more convincing than overly done dramatics; while Sydney Greenstreet runs the gamut from rare moments of humor to complete madness that leaves one hanging onto the seat.

The story has a fault, however, that keeps it from achieving the merit it should have attained—and that is its determined habit of wandering off into episodic bypaths. There are too many detours with Lorre, Robert Shayne and Joan Lorring involved in a murder that seems to have little to do with the main issue.

Rosalind Ivan, so wonderful in "The Corn Is Green" and "The Suspect" turns in another gem as *Lady Rhea* who is not so whimsically stupid as she pretends.

Your Reviewer Says: Mood for murder.



Arresting study—Geraldine Fitzgerald of Warner Brothers' "Three Strangers"



New—**Hair Rinse**
safely
Gives a Tiny Tint
and...
Removes this dull film



1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing — your hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from tedious, vigorous brushings . . . plus a tiny tint—**in these 12 shades.**

1. Black	7. Titian Blonde
2. Dark Copper	8. Golden Blonde
3. Sable Brown	9. Topaz Blonde
4. Golden Brown	10. Dark Auburn
5. Nut Brown	11. Light Auburn
6. Silver	12. Lustre Glint

4. The improved Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radien, all new, approved ingredients.

Try Golden Glint...Over 50 million packages have been sold...Choose your shade at any cosmetic dealer. Price 10 and 25¢ — or send for a

FREE SAMPLE

Golden Glint Co., Seattle, 14, Wash., Box 33668-95

Please send color No._____ as listed above.

Name_____

Address_____

GOLDEN GLINT

EYES DEAD TIRED?

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients — safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • REFRESHES



✓✓ Mildred Pierce (Warners)

CRAWFORD fans, attention—your dream girl is back in her best performance in years. As the Glendale wife and mother who sacrifices everything for her child to the child's complete detriment, Crawford is unbelievably good. Even her appearance is kept to a level of acceptable plainness, her former mannerisms gone and her playing earnest and sincere, with a quality of sympathy that overrides the impatience of the audience, on occasion, when her wilful submission to the daughter she adores becomes downright embarrassing.

Ann Blyth takes a long forward stride as the nasty, selfish daughter who, in the end, is forced to pay the price of her own wilfulness. Jack Carson, easy and relaxed, is completely believable in his role of friend who contributes to the happiness as well as the troubles of Miss Crawford.

Zachary Scott is a fine actor who makes a crackerjack villain—more weak than cruel, more spineless than dangerous.

Eve Arden as Joan's aide in the business, Bruce Bennett as her former husband, Lee Patrick as *Mrs. Biederhof*, contribute to this beautifully acted and brilliantly directed tear-jerker. Jo Ann Marlow as the younger daughter is interesting, and Butterfly McQueen comical as the maid.

Your Reviewer Says: 'Twill wring the heart.

Shadow Of Terror (PRC)

WE KNEW it, we knew it—the minute the atomic bomb hit Japan, we knew movie producers would go hog wild on the subject with scientists in droves being tortured by spies and thugs for control of the secret. Heaven help all scientists and chemists on the screen from now on!

Richard Fraser, as the chemist working on the bomb, is attacked and thrown off a train, and is rescued by Grace Gillern and Emmett Lynn, a desert rat. Suffering from amnesia, the scientist is kidnaped and tortured by the nasty unkind men anxious to grab one missing ingredient.

Your Reviewer Says: Drop this and it wouldn't even go "boom."

Hollywood And Vine (PRC)

MANY'S the time we've stood on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, but nothing like this ever happened.

The story (what am I saying?) is all about an established New York playwright, James Ellison, who is introduced to Wanda McKay, a would-be actress, by *Daisy* the dog. Wanda, unaware of Jimmy's identity, gets him a job soda jerking, and a modest bungalow court to live in while his producer Ralph Morgan, his director Leon Belasco, and his girl June Clyde, go berserk.

You Reviewer Says: Oh, come now!

The Gay Senorita (Columbia)

IF Jinx Falkenburg had screen talent commensurate with her talent to garner world-wide publicity—wow! As it is, Miss Falkenburg moves uninspiredly through a dull little epic concerning a business man who wants to reconvert a street of old Mexican settlers into a huge warehouse. Personally, we'll take the warehouse.

Jim Bannon is the boy who sets out to fulfill his uncle's wishes—to reconvert the street—but falls for Jinx, daughter of one of the old families. The only authentic thing about it is the singing of Corinna Mura and Isabelita.

Your Reviewer Says: *La Cucuracha!*



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

HOW PAZO OINTMENT WORKS

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts, helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check minor bleeding. 4. Provides quick and easy method of application.

SPECIAL PILE PIPE FOR EASY APPLICATION

Pazo ointment tube has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. Ask your doctor about wonderful Pazo ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles.

PAZO SUPPOSITORIES TOO!

Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories. So Pazo is also made in handy suppositories. Same soothing relief! Get Pazo in the form you prefer, at your druggists today.

A Product of
THE GROVE LABORATORIES INC. • St. Louis, Mo.

STAMMER?

GET THIS FREE BOOK!

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 44 years. Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 1177, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.



Ten Thrilling Stories *from the* WORLD'S BATTLEFRONTS.

Contains amazing and miraculous war stories, all true; one of the famous Good News Color Classics, of which nearly 2,000,000 have been sold. Send a dime for your copy.

GOOD NEWS *Publishers* 322 W. Washington St. • Chicago 6, Ill.

PAIN

Headaches, Muscular Pains, Simple Neuralgia and Functional Monthly Pains slow you down, interfere with your work, spoil your fun.

Dr. Miles ANTI-PAIN PILLS

can relieve these common pains quickly. **Caution;** read directions and use only as directed. **Regular package 25c, Economy package $1.00. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.**



TRY "BC"

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM
HEADACHES
NEURALGIC & MUSCULAR PAINS



10¢ AND 25¢

CAUTION—USE ONLY AS DIRECTED

Fine 'Conqueror' Pen GIVEN AWAY



Mail us $1.00 and we will send you by prepaid mail 4 boxes of famous **Rosebud Salve** (25c size) and will include with salve this guaranteed precision-built **"Conqueror"** PEN with instant push-button filler, deep pocket military clip, silver palladium alloy point. In Jet Black, Dubonnet, Gray or Green color. You can sell the 4 salve to friends at 25c a box to get back the $1.00 and have fine Pen without cost.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO, Box 31, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

Let Nadinola's 4-way action *help you*

CLEAR UP EXTERNALLY CAUSED **PIMPLES**

GENTLY LOOSEN **BLACKHEADS**

LIGHTEN, BRIGHTEN **DULL, DARK SKIN**



Don't give in to unlovely skin! Try famous Nadinola Cream, used and praised by thousands of lovely women. Nadinola is a *4-way treatment cream* that helps to lighten and brighten dark, dull skin—clear up externally caused pimples—fade freckles—loosen and remove blackheads. Its special medicated ingredients help to clear and freshen your skin—to make it feel softer, look smoother. Buy Nadinola Cream today and use as directed. A single treatment-size jar is positively *guaranteed* to improve your complexion or your money back! Only 55c at drug and toilet counters; trial size 10c. Also—

• SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET •

NADINOLA, Dept. 20, Paris Tennessee
Send me free and postpaid your new deluxe edition Beauty Booklet, richly printed in full color, with actual photographs and sworn proof of the wonderful results from just *one jar* of Nadinola.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Brief Reviews

√√√ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

√√ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

√ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

√√*ALONG CAME JONES*—International: Gary Cooper is a cowboy who can't shoot, but tries hard, and William Demarest is his pal. When they come to a strange town they're mistaken for a notorious bandit and his pal, but are saved by Loretta Young. Instead of getting out of town, they realize she is really shielding the bandit, Dan Duryea, and they hang around until they get into a free-for-all of shooting. (Aug.)

√√*ANCHORS AWEIGH*—M-G-M: If you want to laugh and be enchanted, this bewitching piece about two gobs (Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra) and a gal (Kathryn Grayson) will give you a joyful evening. Kelly is "The Sea Wolf," Sinatra the hopeful would-be wolf, and Kathryn the beautiful singer aspiring to an audition with Jose Iturbi. So good you'll see it twice and wish it were longer. (Oct.)

√√*BACK TO BATAAN*—RKO: History parades before us in this gripping story that covers the period from the fall of Bataan and Corregidor to the landing of General MacArthur's men on Leyte. John Wayne as the deliberate but crafty colonel who leads a guerrilla band, and Anthony Quinn as the Filipino who aids him, are both wonderful, and the rest of the cast helps to make this a memorable picture. (Sept.)

√*BEDSIDE MANNER*—Stone-UA: Charles Ruggles is the overworked doctor who desperately tries to prevent Ruth Hussey, his doctor niece who drops in for a weekend, from traveling to Chicago for scientific research. John Carroll, as the test pilot who pretends to be a case in order to detain Ruth, lends a lot of gusty humor to the story, and Ruth contributes charm and lovability to the comedy. (Sept.)

√√*BELL FOR ADANO, A*—20th Century Fox: The most touching film of the month is this war drama in which John Hodiak registers forcefully as *Major Joppolo,* who through his patience and understanding of the people of Adano endears himself to them, Gene Tierney is the Italian *Tina,* and William Bendix as the Sergeant is expertly cast. Equally good are Richard Conte and Henry Morgan. (Aug.)

√*BELLS OF ROSARITA*—Republic: Not only do we have Roy Rogers in this, but also Wild Bill Elliott, Allan Lane, Donald Barry, Robert Livingston and Sunset Carson, all riding in Dale Evans's circus in order to save it from villain Grant Withers. The way it works out, with Rogers playing himself, a real movie cowboy, is novel and welcome. (Aug.)

√*BEWITCHED*—M-G-M: Phyllis Thaxter is a young bride-to-be, torn between two conflicting emotions operating in her own mind. The horrid emotion transforms Phyllis into a girl capable of leaving her home and betrothed, and finally murder. The courtroom scene with Edmund Gwenn as they psychiatrist is good, but on the whole the story misses. With Henry Daniels Jr. and Addison Richards. (Sept.)

BLONDE RANSOM—Universal: The oldie about the fellow who's about to lose his night club to a gambler when along comes the pretty blonde who saves the day. Donald Cook is the hero and Virginia Grey the blonde who pretends to be kidnapped in order to get money from George Barbier so she can help Cook keep his night club. Jerome Cowan is good as the heavy. (Sept.)

√*BLOOD ON THE SUN*—Cagney-UA: Jimmy Cagney has no world beater in his first independent production, but he has a role that fits to a T—a cocky, enterprising reporter on an American paper in Tokyo. Sylvia Sydney, as the Eurasian whose allegiance keeps Cagney guessing, gives a beautiful, credible performance. There's a great deal of authenticity about the whole picture that is intriguing. (Sept.)

Too Strong!



Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's *too strong* will often leave a youngster feeling worse than before!

Too Mild!



A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief may be worse than none at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly,* yet be kind and gentle!

The Happy Medium!



Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is *gentle,* too. It works easily and effectively at the same time. And Ex-Lax tastes good, too—just like fine chocolate. It's America's most widely used laxative, as good for grown-ups as it is for children.

As a precaution use only as directed

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax—the chocolated laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

EX-LAX

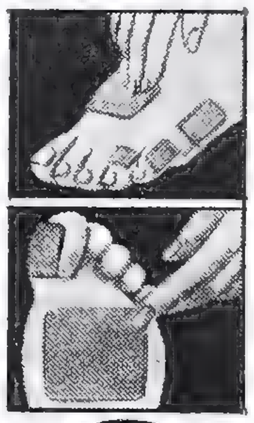
THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

10c and 25c at all drug stores

FOOT RELIEF

New Soothing Foot Plaster. Easily Cut to Any Size, Shape

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, a new, superior moleskin foot plaster—velvety-soft, cushioning. When used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves corns, callouses, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction and pressure. Soothes and protects the sore spot. Splendid for preventing blisters on feet and hands. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ stores.



Dr Scholl's KUROTEX



Newer!
Faster!
Better!

GIVE YOURSELF
A RAPID
Twurl
COLD WAVE
permanent

New! Quick! Sensational! Treat yourself to a TWURL Permanent Cold Wave—easily—comfortably—at home in 20 to 60 minutes, depending on type of hair. With TWURL you can achieve gorgeous soft, natural-looking hair . . . deep-set, glamorous curls that last longer and are easy to manage. No fuzzy, kinky hair annoyance.



Try TWURL today! Re-style your hair . . . and look your loveliest tomorrow! Also fine for children's hair. Remember—TWURL contains an exclusive ingredient that makes hair lustrous.

REMARKABLE VALUE!

$2.00 plus 30¢ Federal Tax

Complete Home Kit Includes Curlers, Tissue, Neutralizer, Wave Solution and Instructions. Money refunded if not satisfied.

If your dealer does not have TWURL, use coupon below.

Beauty Research Laboratories, Inc. Dept. A
1531 West 25th Street, Cleveland 13, Ohio.

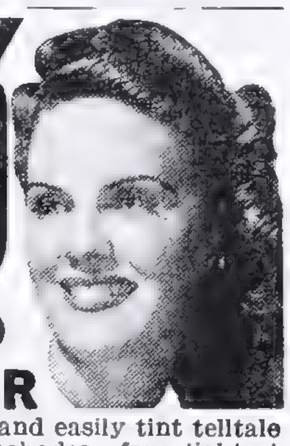
Please mail TWURL Permanent Cold Wave Kits—Price $2.00 each, plus 30¢ Federal Tax. Enclosed find $ (check or money order). Postage and packing prepaid.

Name

Street and Number

City *State*

BRUSH AWAY
GRAY HAIR
... and look 10 YEARS YOUNGER



● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

✓*BRIGHTON STRANGLER, THE*—RKO: A well-developed yarn, dealing with an actor stunned by a bombing, who sets out to enact the role he's been playing on the stage for a year—that of a strangler. John Loder plays the berserk actor with sympathy, Rose Hobart does an excellent job as his fiancee, and June Duprez and Michael St Angel add romance to the story. (Aug.)

✓✓*CAPTAIN EDDIE*—20th Century-Fox: The life and times of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker has been presented in a manner that holds the interest and intrigues the imagination. Fred MacMurray plays the noted flier with sincerity and genuineness, and the rest of the cast, including Lynn Bari as his wife, Richard Crane, Lloyd Nolan, Charles Russell, Stanley Ridges and Richard Conte, are all excellent. (Sept.)

CARIBBEAN MYSTERY, THE — 20th Century-Fox: Strange to find James Dunn playing another standard movie detective after his hit in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," this time in a Caribbean jungle with hidden treasure and corpses. Sheila Ryan is a victim, Eddie Ryan, Virginia Walker, Leslee Gray and Reed Hadley do the best they can. (Oct.)

✓*CHEATERS, THE*—Republic: A fine cast here scores a message of Yuletide good will, headed by Joseph Schildkraut and Billie Burke. Ona Munson is the kidnapped heiress held by the *Pidgeon* family trying to cheat her of an inheritance. Eugene Pallette, Anne Gillis and Ruth Terry help round out the cast. (Oct.)

CHINA'S LITTLE DEVILS—Monogram: The secret guerrilla warfare of China's children against Jap invaders is emphasized in this story of an orphaned Chinese lad, Ducky Louie, who is adopted by a group of Flying Tigers, and mighty good he is, too. Paul Kelly is one of the fliers. (Aug.)

✓✓*CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT*—Warners: Barbara Stanwyck gets trapped when her publisher, Sydney Greenstreet, insists she entertain sailor Dennis Morgan at her farm with her husband, baby and luscious cooking, none of which exists. Her frantic attempts to supply them as pictured in her magazine column provide lots of laughs. Reginald Gardiner, Joyce Compton, Una O'Connor, Frank Jenks add to the merriment. (Oct.)

✓✓*COLONEL BLIMP*—Archers-UA: A cavalcade of two men—one English and one German—and a subtle study of natural characteristics against the incidental panorama of three wars. The Englishman is well played by Roger Livesey, especially in the latter half of the picture as the lovable old *Colonel Blimp*, and Anton Walbrook is the German, urging a saddened realism on his lifelong friend. You'll want to see more of Deborah Kerr. (Aug.)

✓✓*CONFLICT* — Warners: Good psychological murder drama, with Humphrey Bogart murdering his wife, Rose Hobart, in order to marry her sister, Alexis Smith. But the suspense begins when psychiatrist Sydney Greenstreet suspects Bogie of his crime and sets out to trap him. The audience is aware of the situation from the beginning, which increases the suspense, and all the performances are very good. (Sept.)

DIVORCE—Monogram: Kay Francis, producer and



Duo domestic—Joan Crawford and Jack Carson in Warners' "Mildred Pierce"

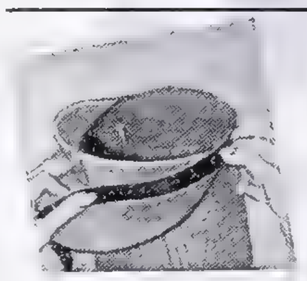


Pocahontas
moccasins 2.85
ration free

Cunning anti-freeze slippers for Yuletide-giving or personal cozying. Fleece lined royal blue or chocolate brown capeskin with cuff of lamb's wool. Sizes 4 to 9.

MAIL ORDERS *State shoe size. Please add 15c for handling. No C.O.D.'s.*

SOLBY BAYES
126 TREMONT ST., BOSTON 8, MASS.



LEARN
MILLINERY
AT HOME

Design and make exclusive hats under personal direction of one of America's noted designers. Complete materials, blocks, etc., furnished. Every step illustrated. You make exclusive salable hats right from the start. We teach you how to start a profitable business in spare time. Low cost and easy terms. Expert milliners are in demand. Free National Placement Dept. Send for free catalog.
LOUIE MILLER SCHOOL OF MILLINERY
225 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 1911, Chicago 1, Ill.



COLORING PHOTOS
Fascinating vocation learned at home by those with aptitude. Thrilling pastime. Koehne method brings out life-like colors. Free booklet.
NATIONAL PHOTO COLORING SCHOOL
1315 S. Michigan, Dept. 1388, Chicago 5

NOSE AND THROAT CONGESTION



Why start the day with hawking, caused by colds, sinus and catarrh? Try this "old stand-by method" that thousands for 69 years have used . . . **HALL'S 2-METHOD TREATMENT.** Loosens and helps clear up phlegm-filled throat and nasal congestion or money back. Ask your druggist. *Write for FREE Vitamin & Health Chart today!*
F. J. Cheney & Company Dept. 1111, Toledo, Ohio

LADIES . . . AVOID MONTHLY SUFFERING!

Just take 1 to 4 tablespoons of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters in a little water—hot or cold. Its gentle relief helps make difficult days easier to bear. Pleasant to take, not habit-forming. Get Angostura at your druggist's.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST



Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining **Dermoil**. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil** is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. **Send 10c** (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. **Write today** for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. **Don't delay.** Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. **LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 7304, Detroit 4, Mich.**

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE
©1935 LAKE LAB

CHARM-GLO
Decorative CUT-OUTS



THEY GLOW in the DARK!

Newest, most exciting idea in years! Thrilling designs for walls, ceilings and room accessories. The enchanting magic of "activated light" makes Charm-Glo decorative Cut-Outs glow in the dark and through the night. You simply can't imagine how fascinating and irresistibly different they are until you actually see them! Easy to apply.

The Star Set creates an inspiring effect . . . a heavenly constellation of 21 glowing cut-outs . . . big stars, little stars, full moons, crescent moon, comet and planet. Also available, other clever Charm-Glo Cut-Outs: Sports Set—Revelry Set—Military Set—Kiddie Set—Animal Set. Your choice of any 6 sets only $1.00. Less than 6 sets, 25c each. SOLD ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Send cash, check or money order. Save postage and C.O.D. Charges. Mail order today!

CHARMS & CAIN • 407 So. Dearborn St.
Dept. 3170 Chicago 5, Illinois

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN
Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

ASTHMATICS— POLLEN TIME is here!

Relieve pollen-aggravated bronchial asthma attacks with Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. The aromatic, medicated fumes help clear the head, aid in reducing the severity of attacks, help make breathing easier. Economical, too—so keep ASTHMADOR always on hand, ready for emergency anytime, anywhere. At all drug stores in powder, pipe mixture or convenient cigarette form.

Rely on **ASTHMADOR**

star of this little epic, plays a muchly divorced adventuress who lures Bruce Cabot away from his wife and children. The wife, played by Helen Mack, and the two children, Larry Olsen and Johnny Calkins, give a refreshing quality to the trite theme. (Aug.)

✓✓*DUFFY'S TAVERN*—Paramount: All Paramount stars (except Hope) arriving at *Duffy's* to help *Archie* out of a jam makes this fun all the way, with Victor Moore staving off the police as *Archie* introduces the acts: Crosby, Goddard, Ladd, Lake and many more. Ed Gardner in his original radio role, with helpers Eddie Green, Charles Cantor and Ann Thomas, and romancers Barry Sullivan and Marjorie Reynolds, give a swell show. (Oct.)

FALCON IN SAN FRANCISCO—RKO: Poor old *Falcon,* Tom Conway, running into a murder on his vacation-bound train! Of course, he solves everything, but ends up pretty tired. Rita Corday is a pretty ingenue. Edward Brophy, Sharyn Moffet and Robert Armstrong are in it too. (Oct.)

FROZEN GHOST, THE—Universal: Martin Kosleck is an expert in freezing people into suspended animation, and Lon Chaney is a hypnotist who believes he is going mad. Milburn Stone is Chaney's pal who plots with Kosleck to actually drive Chaney still crazier. Evelyn Ankers and Tala Birell are the girls in it. (Sept.)

✓✓*GREAT JOHN L, THE*—Crosby-UA: Newcomer Greg McClure, as the great fighter John L. Sullivan, has the build and a straightforward honesty that gives his performance credence. Linda Darnell, the girl he doesn't love but marries, and Barbara Britton whom he loves but who refuses him, are both good as the women in his life; and Otto Kruger, Wallace Ford and Robert Barrat fit perfectly into the era. (Sept.)

✓✓*GUEST WIFE*—Skirball-UA: Gay, intelligent comedy, with Claudette Colbert giving a knockout performance as the wife of Richard Foran, Don Ameche's best friend. The story concerns itself with Don's pretending to his boss, Charles Dingle, that Claudette is his wife. The awful ensuing results, with Colbert trying to help Don, are a riot of fun. (Sept.)

✓✓*HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY*—M-G-M: This charming tale will carry you straight to a happy and delightful story-book land, where Robert Walker is the bellhop assigned to Princess Hedy Lamarr in a famous New York hotel. June Allyson is the little cripple Bob really loves, Rags Ragland his dumb and likable friend, and Warner Anderson Hedy's handsome columnist suitor. You will love them all. (Oct.)

HIDDEN EYE, THE—M-G-M: This time Edward Arnold, as the blind detective with the smart dog *Friday,* catches a crooked lawyer who is after an inheritance by slowly murdering each heir. Frances Rafferty and Paul Langford are the romantic twosome and Ray Collins the bad man. (Oct.)

✓✓*INCENDIARY BLONDE*—Paramount: Betty Hutton plays the dynamic Texas Guinan with great vitality and effervescence, taking the great entertainer from her days with a rodeo to the New York stage, to Hollywood, and back to New York and her cafe era. Bill Goodwin is the press agent whom she marries, and Arturo de Cordova the man she loves. (Sept.)

✓*JEALOUSY*—Republic: Fair but not too logical is this story of the suicidal husband of a girl taxi driver who falls in love with a doctor fare. Tale builds to a climax, but rather too slowly. We liked the people in it: Jane Randolph, Nils Asther, John Loder and Karen Morley. (Oct.)

JUNGLE CAPTIVE—Universal: Mad scientists again, with Otto Kruger as the madman who restores life to the dead. His dreadful helper, Rondo Hatton, murders a morgue attendant in order to restore life to the ape woman, played by Vicky Lane, and there's a lot of trying to switch people's brains around. Jerome Cowan seems the only real person in the whole business. (Sept.)

✓✓*JUNIOR MISS*—20th Century-Fox: Fun-in-the-family fare, with a chuckle a minute due to the antics of the *Graves* family. Allyn Joslyn is the father, Sylvia Field his cute wife and Peggy Ann Garner and Mona Freeman the daughters. Peggy Ann, whose adolescent, melodramatic imagination gets her father in trouble, is delightful, and her bosom friend Barbara Whiting is a half-ton riot. (Sept.)

✓✓*LOVE LETTERS*—Paramount: A strange and sometimes eerie film, the love letters written by Joseph Cotten to Jennifer Jones for a soldier pal begins a story of mystery and beauty. Ann Richards as Jennifer's loyal friend brings warm naturalness to the screen. Anita Louise, Cecil Kellaway and Gladys Cooper complete the splendid cast. (Oct.)

✓*NAUGHTY NINETIES, THE*—Universal: It's a shame that Abbott and Costello aren't given better material, although some of the gags in this one are funny. The plot revolves around a show boat and a trio of crooks, Alan Curtis, Rita Johnson and Joe Sawyer, who get it away from Captain Henry Travers and his daughter Lois Collier; and Abbott and Costello get all involved in the complications surrounding it. (Sept.)

✓*NOB HILL*—20th Century-Fox: The same old corn, with George Raft a Gold Coast saloon owner with heart and soul of pure driven snow who falls



"Problem" Hair
made Lovely again

Now lovely hair is at your fingertips. Always use Admiracion, the shampoo that floats away lustre-dimming dirt and loose dandruff, yet avoids hair-dulling soap film. Admiracion shines while it cleans by bringing out the natural, sparkling, dancing high-lights that spell glamor to every girl. Foaming Admiracion in the green box. "No-lather" in the red box.

ADMIRACION Shampoo

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Bottle Colic guard your baby against it

EXCLUSIVE Pyrex Patented Air Vent prevents nipple collapse, guards against your baby swallowing air. GUARANTEED chill-and-heat-resistant.

PYREX BRAND NURSING BOTTLES

Earn $30 a week
AS A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE!



Practical nurses are always needed! Learn at home in your spare time as thousands of men and women—18 to 60 years of age—have done through Chicago School of Nursing. Easy-to-understand lessons, endorsed by physicians. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Nurse Cromer, of Iowa, runs her own nursing home. Others earn $2.50 to $5.00 a day in private practice.

YOU CAN EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!

Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned $474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned $1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Equipment included. Easy payments. Trial plan. 46th year. Send coupon now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 1811, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name_____ Age_____
City_____ State_____

for Joan Bennett. Vivian Blaine sings in the saloon and loves George, and Peggy Ann Garner is a small Irish immigrant. The cast includes Alan Reed, B. S. Pully and Emil Coleman, and the music is catchy. (Aug.)

ONE EXCITING NIGHT—Pine-Thomas—Paramount: You won't have such a very exciting night at the movies if you see this one, what with wise-cracking lovers who give with the chatter while carting dead people needlessly from place to place. William Gargan is too nice a guy for this kind of stuff, and so is Ann Savage. (Sept.)

✓*ON STAGE EVERYBODY*—Universal: Jack Oakie can't endure the word radio, so he ends up happily broadcasting. Pert Peggy Ryan is again his daughter, intrigued by Johnny Coy (whose dancing, we repeat, is sensational), although they are growing up in the old vaudeville tradition of their parents—which is not a very good way to grow up. (Oct.)

✓✓*OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES*—M-G-M: A series of heartwarming sketches of Norwegian people in Wisconsin. Margaret O'Brien and Butch Jenkins are so natural and lovable you forget they are acting. As Margaret's parents, Agnes Moorehead and Edward G. Robinson are understanding and perfect. James Craig and Frances Gifford furnish just the right romantic note. A quiet, tender, well-made film. (Oct.)

✓✓*OUT OF THIS WORLD*—Paramount: Veronica Lake is a philanthropist who promotes Diana Lynn and her girl orchestra, and Eddie Bracken as a singer. You'll howl when Eddie opens his mouth and Bing Crosby's voice comes out, and when he makes love to the mike a la Sinatra. Unfortunately, however, a hundred and twenty-five percent of Eddie gets sold before he hits big time, but the complications are fun. (Aug.)

✓✓*OVER 21*—Columbia: If fans worried that Alexander Knox might be typed after "Wilson" they will exult in the beautiful job he does as an ex-newspaper editor competing with the younger men in Army Officer Candidate School. Irene Dunne as his wife struggles with bungalow life, comforts her husband and placates Charles Coburn, publisher of the paper. The three turn in a solid hit. It is hilarious and touching. (Oct.)

✓✓*PARIS UNDERGROUND*—Constance Bennett-UA: Taken from the best-selling novel, the story is a little dated, but has terrific suspense and is beautifully acted by Miss Bennett, Gracie Fields and George Rigaud, who are smuggling English fliers out of France. There is an unexpected happy ending. Kurt Kreuger is arresting as the Nazi captain. (Oct.)

PENTHOUSE RHYTHM—Universal: Despite the funny people, such as Minna Gombell, Eric Blore, Maxie Rosenbloom and Henry Armetta, this isn't such a much. Edward Norris is a theatrical producer and cute little Lois Collier his secretary, who gets her brothers, the Davis lads, an audition; and Kirby Grant is a young attorney. Judy Clark works too hard at her songs. (Sept.)

✓✓*PRIDE OF THE MARINES*—Warners: This fine human-interest picture is a tender love story of hero Al Schmid, beautifully played by John Garfield, who was blinded on Guadalcanal, and the woman who loved him, Eleanor Parker. War scenes are realistic and gripping. You'll love Dane Clark and newcomer Tom D'Andrea. Don't miss it. (Oct.)

✓✓*RHAPSODY IN BLUE*—Warners: George Gershwin, his music, his life, his ambitions and dreams comes to the screen in an emotionally warm story literally crammed with people and events of his time. Robert Alda breathes life and understanding into his role as Gershwin, Joan Leslie and Alexis Smith are the women in his life and Herbert Rudle is his brother Ira. The cast also includes Charles

NEXT MONTH

Louella Parsons

talks to you about

Hollywood's newest

talked-about star

Jeanne Crain

The sweetheart of

"STATE FAIR"

Don't miss it!



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



PHOTO-RING

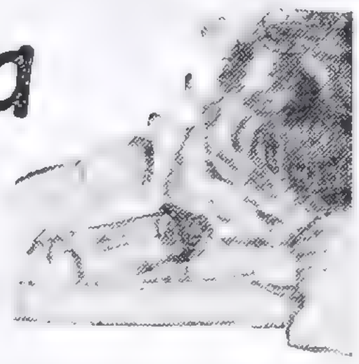
ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE of Sweetheart, Relative or Friend, reproduced permanently in this beautiful onyx like ring featuring the New Magnified Setting! Will last a lifetime! Indestructible! Waterproof! Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send cash we pay postage. (Photos Returned.)

$1

(Expertly painted 25c extra)

PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. C-58, CINCINNATI, O.

having a BABY?



Start right with Hygeia Nursing Bottles. Easy to clean—wide mouth and rounded interior corners have no crevices where germs can hide. Red measuring scale aids in correct filling. Wide base prevents tipping. Tapered shape helps baby get last drop of formula.

Famous breast-shaped nipple with patented air-vent permits steady flow, prevents "windsucking." Cap keeps nipples and formula germ-free for storing or out-of-home feeding.



NEW COMPLETE PACKAGE
Ask your druggist for Hygeia's new package containing Bottle, Nipple, and Cap. No extra cost.

Hygeia
NURSING BOTTLES
NIPPLES WITH CAPS
Sold complete as illustrated or parts separately!

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY



Flash!

A Full Color AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH of

FRANK SINATRA

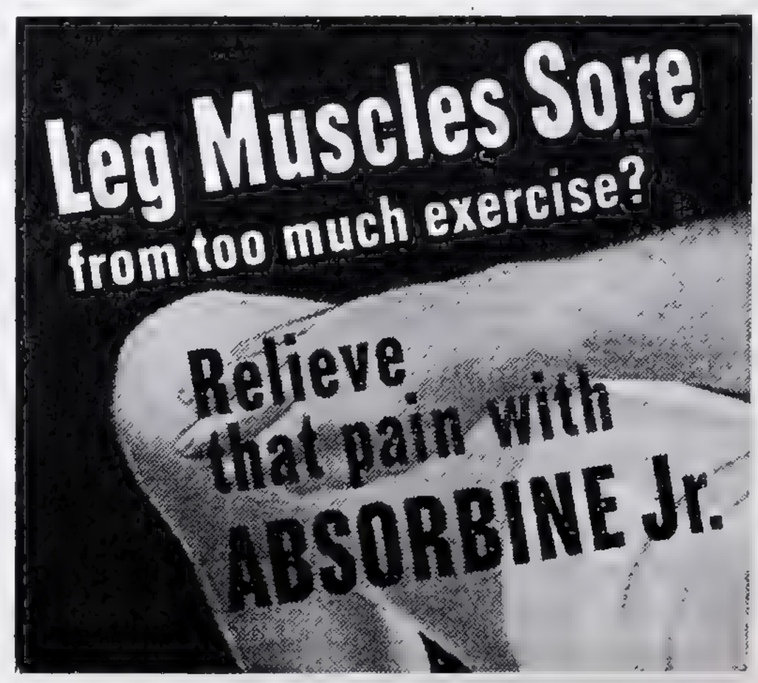
MOUNTED ON BEAUTIFUL LIFETIME LASTING PLAQUE

Will hang on wall or stand on dresser.
Quantity limited—Don't delay.
Send 35c in coin to
P. O. Box 190, Dept. A, New York 19, N. Y.



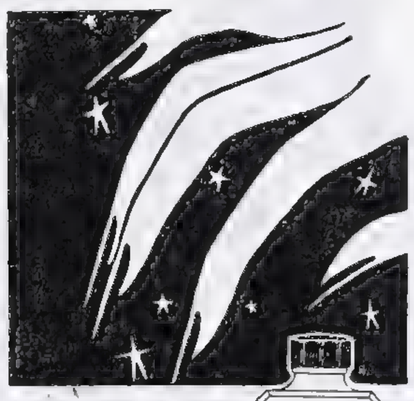
Trims hair as it combs! Easy! Quick! Keeps men's, women's, children's hair trim, neat, freshly-cut looking all the time! Trims, tapers, thins out uneven hair. Use like ordinary comb. Safe. Simple. No experience required. Fine for legs, underarms! Sells like wild! Sample offer sent immediately to all who send name at once. A penny postal will do. SEND NO MONEY. Just your name. KRISTEE CO., 452 Bar St., AKRON, OHIO.

SAMPLES FOR AGENTS



SEAL-COTE

POLISH PROTECTION



Makes



MANICURES LAST LONGER

Brush over nails daily

Only 25¢ and 35¢

Everywhere

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

FREE FOR Asthmatic SUFFERERS





Try a Free Sample of Dr. Guild's GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND and discover why it has been a trusted asthmatic aid for 76 years. Cigarettes, only 50¢. Powder, 25¢ and $1.00 at nearly all drug stores. Write today for Free Sample. J. H. Guild Co., Dept. D12, Rupert, Vt. Use only as directed.



ITCHY

Checked in a JIFFY

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription.**



LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used *while you walk*. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

LIEPE METHODS 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. M-88, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

FREE BOOKLET

Tintz COLOR SHAMPOO CAKE

New Color Cake Shampoos and Tints Hair Luxuriously without extra rinse



COMES IN 7 SHADES

50¢ PLUS TAX

Leaves No Soap Film

Get It Today—At Drug and Toiletrie Counters

Coburn, Hazel Scott and Oscar Levant. (Sept.)

ROAD TO ALCATRAZ—Republic: This isn't about Alcatraz, but about a lawyer, Robert Lowery, trying to discover who committed a murder, with circumstantial evidence pointing to himself. June Storey is his wife, Grant Withers the police inspector, Clarence Kolb the financier. Not good, not bad. (Oct.)

✔✔*SILVER FLEET, THE*—PRC: Another excellent British picture, telling the story of the owner of an important Dutch shipyard who is given the "choice" of collaborating by delivering into Nazi hands the two new submarines he is building, or else. How the owner, Ralph Richardson, solves his dilemma makes fine screen fare. (Aug.)

✔*SOUTHERNER, THE* — Loew-Hakim-UA: An arresting, beautifully written and directed story, but nonetheless depressing. It deals with the struggle of Zachary Scott and Betty Field, Southern sharecroppers, to produce cotton with nature and neighbors against them. (Aug.)

STEPPING IN SOCIETY—Republic: Even funnyman Edward Everett Horton, as a respectable judge mistaken for a former outlaw by crooks who take him over as their boss, couldn't make this little silly anything but that. Gladys George, Isabel Jewell, Ruth Terry, Lola Lane and Frank Jenks work awfully hard and do their best, but it's all to no avail. (Sept.)

✔✔*STORY OF G. I. JOE*—Cowan-UA: The simplicity and humble greatness of Ernie Pyle comes with terrific force through the story of his experiences as a newspaper correspondent overseas, and Burgess Meredith is perfect as Ernie. The picture is a monument to our infantry and to those who write of them. (Sept.)

SWING OUT, SISTER—Universal: Frances Raeburn does a fair job in an un-noteworthy tale of a night club singer who almost marries the club's owner before she discovers she still loves Rod Cameron. With Billie Burke and Samuel S. Hinds. (Aug.)

✔*THAT'S THE SPIRIT*—Universal: Music, corn, comedy and fantasy all thrown together in this hodgepodge, with Jack Oakie racing off to heaven and tearing back to earth to straighten out his daughter's career, and Johnny Coy fascinating with his dance routines. June Vincent, Peggy Ryan, Andy Devine and Arthur Treacher are in it too. (Aug.)

✔✔*THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS, A*—Columbia: A charming, nonsensical fantasy, with Cornel Wilde as *Aladdin*, Phil Silvers as a lad born out of his time, Evelyn Keyes as the genie, and Adele Jergens as the princess Cornel loves. The story is sheer romantic nonsense, but the color is so eye-filling, the sets so lavish, and the humor so delicious that it's all completely delightful. (Sept.)

✔✔*THRILL OF A ROMANCE*—M-G-M: You'll love this romantic musical, with Van Johnson mad about Esther Williams, a young bride deserted by a too-busy husband on her honeymoon. The settings of a swanky California resort hotel are a perfect background for the swimming, romance, and dancing of the pair. Lauritz Melchior, Frances Gifford and Tommy Dorsey's orchestra are in it too. (Aug.)

✔*TWICE BLESSED*—M-G-M: The Wilde twins are the object of the experiment of divorced parents, one raised by her mother, Gail Patrick, and the other by the father, Preston Foster. When the erudite twin meets up with her jitterbugging sister, the story is fairly amusing. (Aug.)

✔✔*WAY AHEAD, THE*—20th Century-Fox: This British picture is a beautiful human document about ordinary people who leave their jobs for military training. With the exception of David Niven, the cast is unfamiliar to American audiences, but it's a picture you shouldn't miss. (Aug.)

✔✔*WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF*—M-G-M: Superb! There's Ginger Rogers's and Walter Pidgeon's dramatic, adult love, and Van Johnson's and Lana Turner's tender one. There's Xavier Cugat's sambas and Keenan Wynn's and Bob Benchley's special brands of comedy. There's a crackerjack story. And there's a fine supporting cast headed by Phyllis Thaxter, Leon Ames, Rosemary de Camp and Lina Romay. (Oct.)

WEST OF THE PECOS—RKO: Barbara Hale travels (back in the '80's) to Texas with her dad, and there meets up with Cowboy Robert Mitchum. Between the two of them, they make Texas a more civilized place by helping to rid it of ornery cusses. The brawl at the end is a pip, and Richard Martin, Bill Williams and Rita Corday are around too. (Sept.)

✔*WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME*—PRC: Pamela Blake does a very good job as the girl who leaves a cozy home and family for a turn as a night club queen and thereby meets up with gamblers and near death. Claudia Drake, Constance Worth and Lola Lane also give strong performances outranking those of Sheldon Leonard and Elisha Cook Jr. (Sept.)

✔✔*YOU CAME ALONG*—Hal Wallis-Paramount: Carefree humor blends with tender pathos in a touching story of two fliers, Don DeFore and Charles Drake, sticking by their fellow-flier Bob Cummings. They all go on a Bond tour chaperoned by Lizabeth Scott of the Treasury Dept. She and Bob fall in love, have a short but ideally happy marriage in the beautiful last third of the film. (Oct.)

For American Homes

STARCROSS

STYLED RIGHT!... MADE RIGHT!... PRICED RIGHT!



STARCROSS APRONS

Smart design, gay print patterns, plus sound workmanship make these aprons real down-to-earth values. Available in extra size and medium coveralls, bibs and band styles—an apron for everybody at a price anybody can afford.

STARCROSS POTHOLDERS



More than just ornaments—these potholders really hold hot pots . . . ! Cotton filled, quilted, securely tape bound, centers finished in white, solid colors, or sparkling floral prints with contrasting colored bindings. Several popular styles.

STARCROSS PRODUCTS ARE SOLD THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES

STARCROSS INC.

NEW YORK, N. Y. GREENVILLE, S. C.

Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

SIMPLE CHEST COLD SORE THROAT BRONCHIAL IRRITATION

SIMPLE SPRAIN, BRUISE SORE MUSCLES CHARLEY HORSE

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat.

Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the *moist heat* go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain . . . reduces swelling, limbers up stiff aching muscles due to a simple sprain, bruise, charley horse, similar injury or condition.

Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) in tube or can at any drug store NOW.

Antiphlogistine

The White Package with the Orange Band



NEW° pure, white odorless* LOTION Safely REMOVES HAIR



Whisks off leg hair, leaves skin smooth, alluring.

*1. A fragrant white lotion without bad clinging depilatory odor.
2. Painless . . . not messy, quick to use. As simple to remove as cold cream.
3. No razor stubble. Keeps legs hair-free longer. Economical!
4. Does not irritate healthy, normal skin.
5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, clean, fragrant.

NAIR Cosmetic lotion to remove hair

49¢ plus tax



On sale at good Drug and Department Stores

FREE to All AUTO owners



196 PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

that will help you to get

- better gas mileage
- longer tire life
- better performance
- lower upkeep costs

Get a FREE COPY from any General Motors dealer, or use coupon below.

Customer Research Dept., Room 1852
GENERAL MOTORS, DETROIT 2, MICH.

Please send FREE COPY of new edition 64-page "Automobile User's Guide"—containing 196 practical suggestions on wartime operation.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (please print)
Address (please print)
City Zone State
Make of car now owned
10 year model

Casts of Current Pictures

CAPTAIN KIDD—Bogeaus-UA: *Captain William Kidd,* Charles Laughton; *Adam Mercy,* Randolph Scott; *Lady Anne Falconer,* Barbara Britton; *Cary Shadwell,* Reginald Owen; *Orange Povy,* John Carradine; *Lorenzo,* Gilbert Roland; *Bart Blivens,* John Qualen; *Boyle,* Sheldon Leonard; *King William III,* Henry Daniell; *Captain of Ship,* William Farnum; *Blades,* Abner Biberman; *Lord Albermarle,* Reginald Sheffield; *Duke of Shrewsbury,* Edgar Norton; *Lord Bellomont,* Clifford Brooke; *Lord Orford,* Keith Hitchcock; *Governor of Newgate,* Frederic Warlock; *Shafto,* Al Hill; *Michael O'Shawn,* Ray Teale.

DANGEROUS INTRUDER—PRC: *Max Ducane,* Charles Arnt; *Jenny,* Veda Ann Borg; *Curtis,* Richard Powers; *Millicent,* Fay Helm; *Foster,* John Rogers; *Jackie,* Jo Ann Marlowe; *Mrs. Swenson,* Helena P. Evans; *Freckles,* Roberta Smith.

DANGEROUS PARTNERS—M-G-M: *Jeff Caighn,* James Craig; *Carola Ballister,* Signe Hasso; *Albert Richard Kingby,* Edmund Gwenn; *Lili Roegan,* Audrey Totter; *Marie Drumman,* Mabel Paige; *Clyde Ballister,* John Warburton; *Duffy,* Henry O'Neill; *Jonathan,* Grant Withers; *Professor Budlow,* Felix Bressart; *Miles Kempen,* Warner Anderson; *Co-Pilot,* Horace McNally; *Farrel,* John Eldredge.

EASY TO LOOK AT—Universal: *"Butch" Billings,* Eric Blore; *Antonio,* George Dolenz; *Helene Ford,* Mildred Law; *Judith Dawson,* Gloria Jean; *Bruce Tyler,* Kirby Grant; *Gustave Levent,* J. Edward Bromberg.

GAY SENORITA, THE—Columbia: *Elena,* Jinx Falkenburg; *Phil Frentiss,* Jim Bannon; *Tomas Obrion,* Steve Cohran; *Corinna Mura,* Corinna Mura; *Chiquita,* Isabelita; *J. J. Frentiss,* Thurston Hall; *Kitty,* Isabel Withers; *Dona Maria Sandoval,* Marguerita Sylva; *Loreto,* Luisita Triana; *Lola Montez,* Lola Montes; *Paco,* Tommy Cook; *Lupita,* Nina Bara; *Padre Anselmo,* Leander de Cordova; *Pablo,* Eddy Fields; *Anastasio,* Antonio Triana, and The Tico Ticos.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS OF 1945—RKO: *Joan Mason,* Joan Davis; *Jack Williams,* Jack Haley; *Tom McGrath,* Phillip Terry; *Jill Asbury,* Martha Holliday; *Gene Krupa,* Himself; *Ethel Smith,* Herself; *George White,* Glenn Tryon; *Clarabelle,* Margaret Hamilton; *Montescu,* Fritz Feld; *Billie Randall,* Bettejane Greer; *Maxine,* Audrey Young; *Hilda,* Rose Murphy; *Lord Quimby,* Neely Edwards; *Joe,* Tom Noonan; *Gloria,* Dorothy Sebastian; *Joan Mason,* Beverly Wills.

HOLLYWOOD AND VINE—PRC: *Larry,* James Ellison; *Martha,* Wanda McKay; *Gloria,* June Clyde; *B. B. Benton,* Ralph Morgan; *Reggie,* Franklyn Pangborn; *Cedric,* Leon Belasco; *Pop,* Emmett Lynn; *Fanny,* Vera Lewis; *Ann,* Karin Lang; *Jenkins,* Robert Greig; *Chick,* Charlie Williams; *Tex,* Ray Whitley; *Mug,* Dewey Robinson; *Attorney Hudson,* Cy Ring; *Attorney Wilson,* Grandin Rhodes; *Joe,* Billy Benedict; *Assistant Director,* Donald Kerr; *Abigail,* Lillion Bronson; *Judge,* John Elliott; *Gateman,* Jack Raymond; *Cop,* Charles Jordan; *Doctor,* Lou Crocker; *Casting Director,* Hal Taggart.

HOUSE ON 92ND STREET, THE—20th Century-Fox: *Bill Deitrich,* William Eythe; *Briggs;* Lloyd Nolan; *Elsa Bebhardt,* Signe Hasso; *Charles Ogden Roper,* Gene Lockhart; *Hammershon,* Leo G. Carroll; *Johanna Schwartz,* Lydia St. Clair; *Walker,* William Post; *Max Coburg,* Harry Bellaver; *Adolphe Lange,* Bruno Wick; *Conrad Arnulf,* Harro Meller; *Gus,* Charles Wagenheim; *Emil Kline,* Alfred Linder; *Luise Vadja,* Renee Carson; *Admiral,* Rusty Lane; *Dr. Appleton,* John McKee; *Major General,* Edwin Jerome; *Freda Kassel,* Elisabeth Neumann; *Franz Von Wirt,* Salo Douday; *Sergeant,* Paul Ford; *Custom Officer,* William Adams; *Policeman,* Lew Eckles; *Interne,* Tom Brown; *Jackson,* George Shelton

IN HOLLYWOOD—M-G-M: *Buzz Kurtis,* Bud Abbott; *Abercrombie,* Lou Costello; *Claire Warren,* Frances Rafferty; *Jeff Parker,* Robert Stanton; *Ruthie,* Jean Porter; *Norman Royce,* Warner Anderson; *"Rags" Ragland,* Himself; *Klondike Pete;* Mike Mazurki; *Gregory Le Maise,* Carleton G. Young; *Dennis Kavanaugh,* Donald MacBride; *Studio Cop,* Edgar Dearing; *Miss Milbane,* Marion Martin; *Director,* Arthur Space; *Kavanaugh's Assistant,* Wm. "Bill" Phillips.

JOHNNY ANGEL—RKO: *Johnny Angel,* George Raft; *Lilah Gustafson,* Claire Trevor; *Paulette Girard,* Signe Hasso; *Sam Jewell,* Lowell Gilmore; *Gusty Gustafson,* Marvin Miller; *Celestial O'Brien,* Hoagy Carmichael; *Miss Drumm,* Margaret Wycherly

LADY ON A TRAIN—Universal: *Nicki,* Deanna Durbin; *Jonathan,* Ralph Bellamy; *Haskell,* Edward Everett Horton; *Mr. Saunders,* George Coulouris; *Danny,* Allen Jenkins; *Wayne Morgan,* David Bruce; *Joyce,* Patricia Morison; *Arnold,* Dan Duryea; *Margo,* Maria Palmer; *Aunt Charlotte,* Elizabeth Patterson; *Mr. Wiggam,* Samuel S. Hinds;



To keep precious woolens longer lasting and lovelier looking...wash them in WoolFoam. Leaves them luxuriously clean, soft and fluffy! Colors stay bright! Fibres stay alive! Economical! One 25¢ box washes 16 sweaters or woolen equivalent. At Notions, Art Needlework and Housewares Depts. Also Drug and Grocery Stores. 25¢. Economy size — 50¢.



Made for Wool by a Wool Firm

WOOLFOAM CORP.
New York 11, N. Y.

Do You Want LONGER HAIR

Just try this System on your Hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of **Attractive Hair** that so often captures Love and Romance.



HAIR MAY GET LONGER

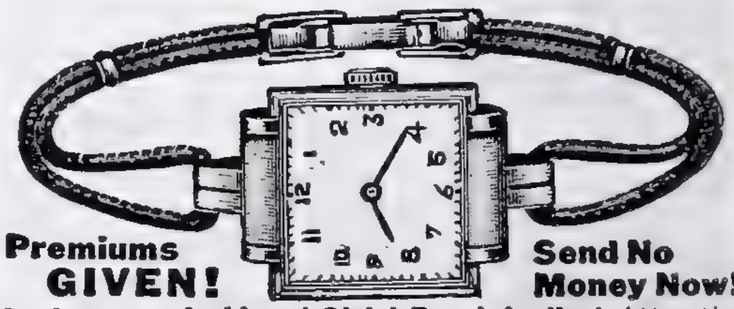
When SCALP and HAIR conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. **Just try the JUELENE System** 7 days and let your mirror prove results. Send $1.00 or C.O.D. plus postage. Fully guaranteed. Money back if you are not delighted. Write to

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Rd., Dept. F-610, Chicago 13, Ill.



Hair OFF Face Lips...Arms...Legs

Now Happy! I had ugly superfluous hair...was unloved...discouraged. Tried many things...even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It has helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My **FREE** book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair Problem" explains method. Mailed in plain envelope. Also TRIAL OFFER. **Write** Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 203, Chicago 54, Ill.



Premiums GIVEN! **Send No Money Now!**

Send name and address! **Girls! Boys! Ladies!** Attractive Wrist Watches, rings, dishes, jewelry; other personal and household premiums or **CASH COMMISSION** easily yours! **SIMPLY** give colorful pictures with **White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE** for chaps and mild burns sold to friends at 25c a box (with popular picture) and remit amounts stated for premium wanted, as explained in catalog sent with order postage paid by us. 50th year. Write for trial order of salve on trust to start. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 65-43, Tyrone, Pa.**

Knit this glamorous

BED JACKET with

Fleisher's Yarns

There's Nothing Finer

For knitting everything from bed jackets to bed socks, men's sweaters to baby sweaters—ask for Fleisher's Yarns. To make this lovely bed jacket, ask for Fleisher's Volume 22.





Swimproof

"Dark-Eyes"

EYELASH DARKENER

To keep lashes and brows bewitchingly dark and alluring . . . even after swimming, crying or perspiring, use "Dark-Eyes". This indelible darkener never runs, smarts or smudges. One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks . . . thus ending daily eye make-up bother. *Caution:* Use only as directed on the label. Try it! Get a package of "Dark-Eyes" today!

$1.00 (plus tax) at leading drug and department stores. If your favorite dealer does not yet carry "Dark-Eyes", mail coupon today!

"Dark-Eyes", Dept. JK-5
218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.
I enclose $1.20 (tax included) for regular size package of "Dark-Eyes", and directions.
Check shades: ☐ Black ☐ Brown

Name

Address

Town *State*

Sgt. Christie, William Frawley; *Miss Fletcher,* Jacqueline de Wit; *Joseah Waring,* Thurston Hall; *Cousin,* Clyde Fillmore; *Maxwell,* Bert Carter; *Cousin,* Mary Forbes; *Cousin,* Sarah Edwards; *Woman with Umbrella,* Nora Cecil; *Drunk,* Hobart Cavanaugh.

MAMA LOVES PAPA—RKO: *Wilbur Todd,* Leon Errol; *Jessie Todd,* Elisabeth Risdon; *Kirkwood,* Edwin Maxwell; *O'Leary,* Emory Parnell; *Appleby,* Charles Halton; *Mr. McIntosh,* Paul Harvey; *Mrs. McIntosh,* Charlotte Wynters; *Mabel,* Ruth Lee; *Sharpe,* Lawrence Tierney.

MAN FROM OKLAHOMA—Republic: *Roy Rogers,* Roy Rogers; *Gabby Whittaker,* George "Gabby" Hayes; *Peggy Lane,* Dale Evans; *Jim Gardner,* Roger Pryor; *J. J. Cardigan,* Arthur Loft; *Grandma Lane,* Maude Eburne; *The Mayor,* Sam Flint; *Jeff Whittaker,* Si Jenks; *Little Bird on the Wing,* June Bryde; *Miss Vera Graham,* Elaine Lange; *Chief Red Feather,* Charles Soldani; *Ferguson,* Edmund Cobb; *Slade,* George Sherwood; *Club Manager,* Eddie Kane.

MILDRED PIERCE—Warners: *Mildred Pierce,* Joan Crawford; *Wally,* Jack Carson; *Monte Beragon,* Zachary Scott; *Ida,* Eve Arden; *Veda Pierce,* Ann Blyth; *Bert Pierce,* Bruce Bennett; *Mrs. Biederhof,* Lee Patrick; *Inspector Peterson,* Moroni Olsen; *Miriam Ellis,* Veda Ann Borg; *Kay Pierce,* Jo Ann Marlowe; *Mrs. Forrester,* Barbara Brown; *Mr. Williams,* Charles Trowbridge; *Lottie,* Butterfly McQueen; *Mr. Jones,* Chester Clute; *Dr. Gale,* Manart Kippen; *Ted Forrester,* John Compton.

RADIO STARS ON PARADE—RKO: *Jerry Miles,* Wally Brown; *Mike Strager,* Alan Carney; *Sally Baker,* Frances Langford; *Danny,* Robert Clarke; *Lucky Maddox,* Sheldon Leonard; *Phil Merwin,* Ray Walker; *Steve,* Max Wagner; *George,* Ralph Peters; *Pinky Parker,* Rufe Davis; *1st Secretary,* Mryna Dell; *2nd Secretary,* Betty Gillette.

SHADOW OF TERROR—PRC: *Jim,* Richard Fraser; *Joan,* Grace Gillern; *Maxwell,* Cy Kendall; *Elmer,* Emmett Lynn; *McKenzie,* Kenneth MacDonald; *Walters,* Eddie Acuff; *Sheriff,* Sam Flint.

SHANGHAI COBRA, THE—Monogram: *Charlie Chan,* Sidney Toler; *Tommy Chan,* Benson Fong; *Birmingham,* Mantan Moreland; *Paula,* Joan Barclay; *Jarvis,* James Flavin; *Adams,* Addison Richards; *Davis,* Walter Fenner; *Ned Stewart,* James Cardwell; *Harris,* Arthur Loft; *Morgan,* Gene Stutenroth; *Lorraine,* Janet Warren; *Taylor,* Joe Devlin; *Fletcher,* Roy Gordon.

SONG OF OLD WYOMING—PRC: *Eddie Reed,* Eddie Dean; *Ma Conway,* Sarah Padden; *Cheyenne Kid,* Al La Rue; *Vickey,* Jennifer Holt; *Uncle Ezra,* Emmett Lynn; *Slim,* Ray Elder; *Buck,* John Car-

(*Continued on page* 152)



Marlene Dietrich, back from USO trip, with daughter Maria Manton (just leaving on same trip) at El Morocco

This Is It Mother!

Trouble-Saving, Time-Saving Tip From Other Busy Mothers

Best-known home remedy you can use to relieve miseries of colds—is to rub warming, soothing Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest and back at bedtime. Results are so good because VapoRub

Penetrates to cold-irritated upper bronchial tubes with special, soothing medicinal vapors.

Stimulates chest and back surfaces like a warming poultice.

Then For Hours VapoRub's special action keeps on working. Invites restful sleep. Often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone!

Only VapoRub gives you this special penetrating-stimulating action. So be sure you get the one and only VICKS VAPORUB.



STARLIGHT PUMP

Stepping up in Hollywood smartness and comfort is this ration-free Pump, a "Footnote" to your smartest suit or most glamorous party frock. Open back and toe, sling-pump heel of eye-catching, ever-wearing gabardine with grosgrain edging the platform sole and forming the gayest bow imaginable since it's set with rows of sparkling brass-like nailheads. Colors are **black brown, green and red.** Narrow sizes 5½ to 9. Medium sizes 3 to 9. **$4.95** plus mailing costs. No shoe stamp is needed.

SEND NO MONEY Mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. Yes! 10 days' examination privilege. Money refunded, if not delighted.

JANNE OF HOLLYWOOD
Dept. NV-70,
5071 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California

Please send "Starlight" Shoes. (Give 2 choices in colors.)
☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Green ☐ Red

Regular shoe size..... Width.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



La Cross

raises the curtain on fingertips with

"Real Red"

The new season nail polish color that goes on with the idea of staying.



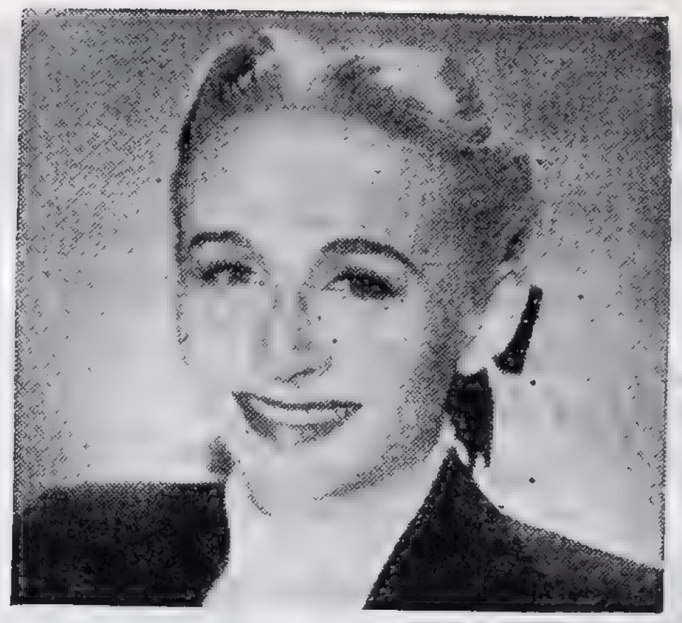
HAND BEAUTY AIDS • NAIL POLISH
MANICURE IMPLEMENTS
Schnefel Bros. Corp., 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20

Beauty Workshop by Betsy Sanford

Smile Wiles

Smile the while—you work you play. But make your smile the kind to get you places





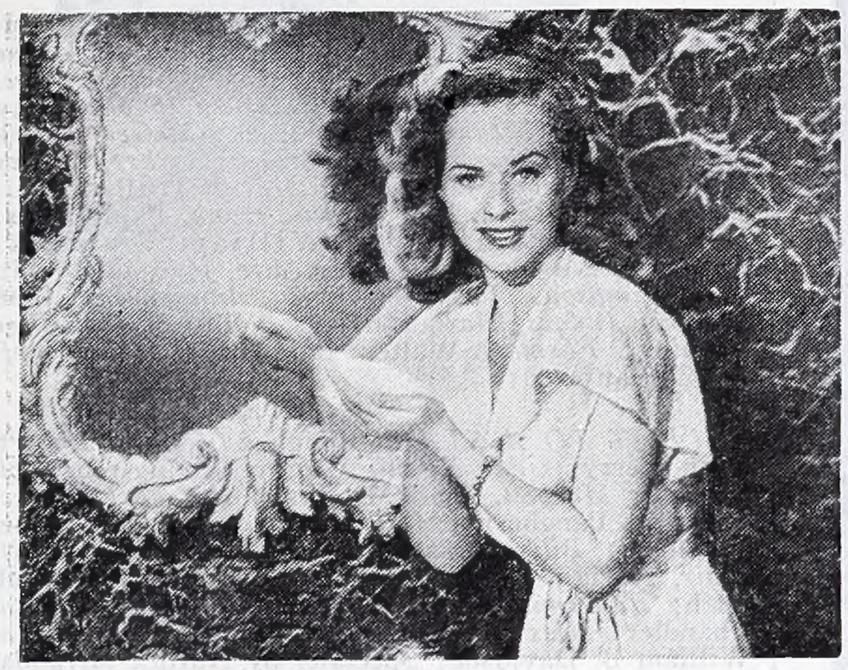
Smile when you're alone Vera Hruba Ralston! Listen and glisten

Don't keep your smile for a party; use it to promote your own happiness. When you're alone, start smiling. Remember that your smile is prettiest when it comes from shining lips. An easy way to accomplish that is to borrow Vera Hruba Ralston's method: Wet your lips when you're particularly anxious that your smile be most attractive . . . Another tip-off from Jack Dawn, Metro make-up man: Use two shades of lipstick at night if your lips are uneven. If you have a thick upper lip and a thin lower one, put lighter lipstick on the upper lip and darker on the lower. If the lower lip is more prominent, reverse the process. But be sure you try this wile only under artificial light and always watch that your lipsticks are not opposite colors but merely different tones of the same hue . . . A "must" when applying lipstick is always to "start from scratch," as retouch jobs are never very successful. Carefully remove all traces of old lip rouge, apply powder lightly to insure a dry foundation and then put on fresh make-up. Then blot your lips to prevent smearing and "pink teeth."

Smile when you're entering a room Rita Hayworth! She has a "cheek" trick

Surest way to be rated standoffish is to walk stiffly into a room. Always come into a group smiling—and not a frozen smile either. To avoid that, Rita Hayworth, just before she's ready to enter a room, blows out her cheeks to relax her mouth. Result: A natural, easy smile . . . Another trick: Try saying the word "toast" to yourself when you're nervous; you'll make your entrance charming and your presence felt . . . Gleaming white teeth really "make" a sparkling smile. Did you know that a lipstick with a slight blue undertone makes teeth appear whiter? . . . What about the bugaboo that smiling produces wrinkles? A fair question, because it is true, providing your smile is not controlled. Self-study in the mirror will show you whether your smile is producing lines around your eyes; if it is, practice on a slower, more subtle smile. As one beauty expert put it: The smile comes from the eyes and not from the skin wrinkles.

"Lux Soap Facials



"It feels as if you were smoothing beauty in when you cover your face generously with Lux Toilet Soap's creamy, Active lather and work it in thoroughly."

every day



"Easy on the eyes—that's what *you* will be after your Active-lather facial! Rinse with warm water, then cold, pat your face dry with a soft towel. A beauty care that *works!*"

make skin LOVELIER"



IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap Active-lather facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a very short time!



★★ **FIGHT WASTE** ★★

Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier...

no wonder 9 out of 10 screen stars use it!





(*Continued from page 149*)

penter; *Landow,* Ian Keith; *Waco,* Lee Bennett; *Dixon,* Bob Barron; *Meeks,* Horace Murphy; *Ling,* Pete Katchenard; *Ringo,* Rocky Camron; *Tex,* Bill Bovett; *Hodges,* Richard Cramer; *Bank Clerk,* Steve Clark.

STATE FAIR—20th Century-Fox: *Pat Gilbert,* Dana Andrews; *Margy Frake,* Jeanne Crain; *Wayne Frake,* Dick Haymes; *Emily,* Vivian Blaine; *Abel Frake,* Charles Winninger; *Melissa Frake,* Fay Bainter; *Hippenstahl,* Donald Meek; *McGee,* Frank McHugh; *Miller,* Percy Kilbride; *Barker,* Henry Morgan; *Eleanor,* Jane Nigh; *Marty,* William Marshall; *Harry Ware,* Phil Brown; *Hank,* Paul Burns; *Eph,* Tom Fadden; *Pappy,* William Frambes; *Barker,* Steve Olson; *Mrs. Metcalfe,* Josephine Whittell; *Simpson,* Paul Harvey; *Announcer,* John Dehner; *Judges,* Harlan Briggs, Will Wright, Alice Fleming; *Farmer,* Walter Baldwin; *Police Chief,* Ralph Sanford.

TELL IT TO A STAR—Republic: *Carol Lambert,* Ruth Terry; *Gene Ritchie,* Robert Livingston; *Col. Ambrose Morgan,* Alan Mowbray; *Horace Love ace,* Franklin Pangborn; *Mrs. Arnold Whitmore,* Isabel Randolph; *Billy Sheehan,* Eddie Marr; *Mona St. Clair,* Adrian Booth; *Augustus T. Goodman,* Frank Orth; *Ed Smith,* Tom Dugan; *Al Marx,* George Chandler; *Miss Dobson,* Mary McCarty; *Brannigan,* William B. Davidson; Specialty by Aurora Miranda.

THREE STRANGERS—Warners: *Arbutny,* Sydney Greenstreet; *Crystal,* Geraldine Fitzgerald; *West,* Peter Lorre; *Icy,* Joan Lorring; *Fallon,* Robert Shayne; *Janet,* Marjorie Riordan; *Prosecutor,* Arthur Shields; *Lady Rhea,* Rosalind Ivan; *Junior Clerk,* John Alvin; *Gabby,* Peter Whitney; *Shackleford,* Alan Napier; *Senior Clerk,* Clifford Brooke; *Mrs. Proctor,* Doris Lloyd; *"Major" Beach,* Stanley Logan; *Sir Robert,* Holmes Herbert; *Gillkie,* Ian Wolfe; *Flower Woman,* Connie Leon; *Bartender,* Colin Kenny; *Prison Guard,* Olaf Hytten; *Bailiff,* Eric Wilton; *Donald Fry,* Keith Hitchcock; *Detective,* Leslie Denison; *Stranger,* Leyland Hodgson; *Old Man,* Alec Craig; *Hotel Clerk,* Reginald Sheffield; *Drunk,* Benny Burt.

UNCLE HARRY—Universal: *John Quincy,* George Sanders; *Lettie Quincy,* Geraldine Fitzgerald; *Deborah Brown,* Ella Raines; *Nona,* Sara Allgood; *Hester,* Moyna Macgill; *Dr. Adams,* Samuel S. Hinds; *Ben,* Harry Von Zell; *Mrs. Nelson,* Ethel Griffies; *Helen,* Judy Clark; *John Warren,* Craig Reynolds; *Mr. Nelson,* Will Wright; *Mr. Follinsbee,* Arthur Loft; *Mrs. Follinsbee,* Irene Tedrow; *Biff Wagner,* Coulter Irwin; *Joan Warren,* Dawn Bender; *Matron,* Ruth Cherrington; *Joe, the Greek,* Rodney Bell.

WHITE PONGO—PRC: *Bishop,* Richard Fraser; *Pamela,* Maris Wrixon; *Van Doorn,* Lionel Royce; *Kroegert,* Al Eben; *Sir Harry,* Gordon Richards; *Carswell,* Michael Dyne; *Baxter,* George Lloyd; *Dr. Kent,* Larry Steers; *Gunderson,* Milton Kibbee; *Old Doctor,* Egon Brecher; *Mumbo Jumbo,* Joel Fluellen.

New News!

He's the unforgettable
Captain Walker
of "The Story of G.I. Joe"

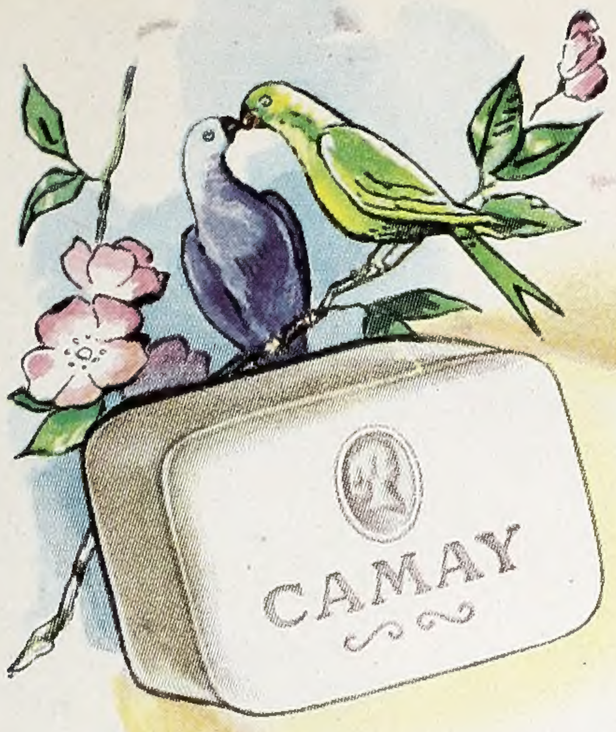
BOB MITCHUM—

a man who can be both
sinister and fascinating
at the same time.

How?
You'll find out in

Eleanor Harris's
report on this mystery man
Next Month!

Just One Cake of Camay for Softer, Smoother Skin!





Fresher charm—appealing new softness—come to your skin with your *first* cake of Camay! Yes, new loveliness comes as quickly as that, when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores and scores of complexions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a softer, clearer, younger-looking complexion!

READ MRS. ROSS' STORY

Twenty—love! Ellen an art student, Jack in the Army Specialized Training Program, they meet and find happiness in tennis, swimming, lively sports. About her pink and white, Dresden-perfect skin, Ellen says, "I care for it with Camay—for with the first cake I used, my complexion sparkled clearer and fresher."



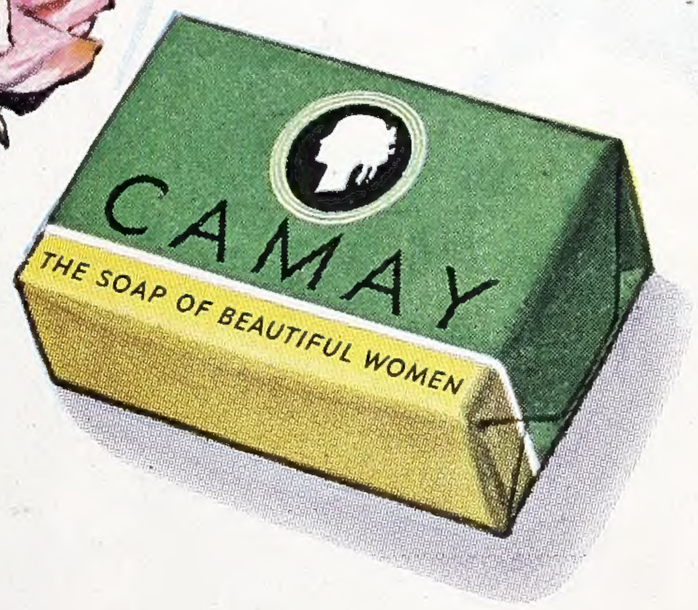
Moonlight—and Home! Ellen's thoughts turn to days ahead. "I want to keep 'just married' happiness. And to keep my Camay complexion, I'm staying on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For *your* new beauty, pat on Camay—so mild *it cleanses without irritation*. Rinse warm. Add a COLD splash for oily skin. Repeat night and morning.



—the former Mary Ellen Nelson,

Mrs. Jack H. Ross

New Canaan, Conn.



It's still important—to make your Camay last! Precious war materials go into soap!

A face forever Eve . . . created for Revlon by Hurrell. Throughout the centuries intriguing . . . today this timeless woman touches fingertips and lips with ageless red.

Revlon's altogether new I-dare-you red "Fatal Apple"



Nail Enamel and Lipstick

for matching fingertips and lips.

Most tempting new color since Eve winked at Adam!

Even "Fatal Apple" Face Powder is simply delicious.

And as ever, Revlon's staying power is terrific.

COPYRIGHT 1945, REVLON PRODUCTS CORP.